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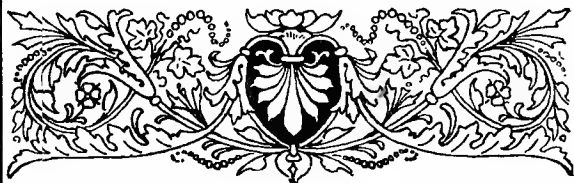


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DRIFTWOOD OF THE STAGE



.. BY ..

JUDGE HORTON.

ILLUSTRATED.

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TO MY FRIEND,
ELIHU B. WASHBURNE.

PREFACE.

In placing this book before the public, the aim has been to introduce subjects calculated to impart a greater interest to its pages than if the contents were confined to dry statistics and details of the doings of those connected with the stage.

The book, as its name implies, is a series of chapters of "Driftwood of the Stage," not confining itself to any one branch of the profession, but giving place to the circus, minstrelsy, music and the vaudevilles. The greatest care has been taken to verify all the facts (many of them here presented for the first time) in order that it may find favor with the dramatic collector as well as with those who are glad to be known as old playgoers.

Much herein contained rests upon an intimate personal knowledge of the subject, gained through many years of private friendship and business association with the profession in general.

In these reminiscences the endeavor has been to be correct, and if there is a difference from others on some points it is because romance has been sacrificed to historical accuracy. Very often the wreath of laurel has been placed on the brows of triumphant leaders and often it has occurred that they have attracted to themselves the credit and glory which justly belonged to others. In mentioning the more prominent people in theatrical life, those who occupied more humble positions have not been forgotten.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
✓The Struggle for Fame.....	11
“The Little Church Around the Corner”.....	23
A Glance at Vaudeville	34
The Origin of the Elks	46
✓Importance of Detail	58
Farewells in “Richelieu”.....	69
Sawdust and Spangles	80
Superstition and Slang	92
Graves of the Players	103
✓Historic Playhouses	116
Notable Testimonials	129
✓Church and Stage	142
Songs of Other Days	154
At Rest	166
The Melancholy Dane	178
James Fisk, Jr., in Theatricals.....	191
The One-Night Stand.....	202
The Cruel Hiss	214

Story of John Wilkes Booth.....	226
The Last Appearance	236
Old-Time Minstrels	248
A Bit of History	260
The "Shakedown"	271
At Home and Abroad	283
Patriotism of Stage Folks	296
The Actor and the Actors' Fund	308
Burning of the Brooklyn Theater	320
In Fond Memory	333
In Positions of Honor and Trust	346
Incident and Story	358

PORTRAITS.

	FACING PAGE
Louis James	18
Mrs. Fiske	38
Edward H. Sothern	56
Julia Marlowe	74
James K. Hackett	92
Maude Adams	110
Charles Richman	128
Viola Allen	146
Henry B. Harris	166
Charles J. Ross—Mabel Fenton.....	184
Alice Fischer	202
George W. Wilson	220
Isabel Irving	238
Robert Edeson	256
Ethel Barrymore	274
Ezra Kendall	292
Chrystal Herne	310
George M. Cohan	328
Florence Reed	356

DRIFTWOOD OF THE STAGE.

THE STRUGGLE FOR FAME.

Actors advance various reasons as to the impulses which led to their adopting the stage as a career. Some lay the responsibility at the door of our old friend Divine Spark. Others, mostly of the feminine gender, own in rare moments of confidence to the soft impeachment of vanity. Ambition to win the plaudits of the public, to lead the life erroneously conceived to be spent in the lap of luxury, to satisfy the cravings of artistic temperament, to verify the prophecies of the amateur stage, to fulfill the promptings of heredity, and in many instances to earn a livelihood in a congenial occupation.

To some there would seem to be no life harder than that of the struggling actor or actress who wanders through the country clinging to a career

fraught with so many trials, discomforts, and disappointments. Yet there are thousands of men and women doing it. It is ambition, hope! It is to win a prize that falls to but a score in a century, perhaps, and yet everybody expects to be of the score. Did not quite all of the illustrious histrions begin as humble and skirmish along the same lines? Edwin Forrest, Stuart Robson, Frank Mayo, Sol Smith Russell, James A. Herne, and the others of the few famous ones, endured the struggle and reaped the reward. Why, then, should not all of them believe in their hopes, and refuse to be dissuaded from their purpose?

Is there any prize open to the ordinary person starting out without money or prestige as glittering as that achieved by some of these player folks? When they first went out in search of the fame they afterward attained, did any but themselves believe in their securing it? Doubtless many times each was told he could not act, and many times eagerly scanned the papers in hopes of an encouraging word, but found he was ignored or mercilessly criticised. But if by chance he did find a favorable mention hope rose, and a waning faith was fortified.

The rush for place and fame in the theater has

become a madness. In a vast majority of cases the beginning is practically the end of a stage career. The top is a very circumscribed place, and only the favored few can gain or keep a footing there. The rest must experience misery and heartbreak in a greater degree than in any other occupation. The reasons for this are many, but it is not important to name them. The fact is enough.

Prominence in the theatrical world can only be attained by strict attention to business and hard work. No matter how humble the start, true merit is sure to be recognized.

What better proof is needed than the fact that James O'Neill first appeared on the stage at the National Theater, Cincinnati, where he supported Edwin Forrest by carrying a spear, and the first lines he spoke was in the modest capacity of a wedding guest? It is not so many years ago that David Warfield was an usher in a San Francisco theater. By some means he found the stage door and began a career, which by close attention to business, at times mingling with the class of people he was to portray on the stage, studying their habits, character and dress, as well perfecting himself in their dialects, placed him among the country's

famous character actors. Charles Dickson is another example of what is necessary to make a successful actor. Beginning as a clacquer at Niblo's Garden, New York, in the days when such spectacles as "The Black Crook," "The White Fawn," and others of that class held the boards, and the house supported a corps of clacquers who were distributed among the audience to start the applause at the proper time, he too found his way back of the curtain, and passed through all the grades from supernumerary to star.

Robert Edeson is the son of George R. Edeson, an actor long held in enviable regard by the public, but with his knowledge gained by experience of the difficulties attendant on an actor's life he hoped to dissuade his son from entering so hazardous a field of endeavor. As a youth, Mr. Edeson heeded the parental counsel to the extent of confining his talents to the box office.

It was in 1887, while employed in the capacity of treasurer at the Park Theater, Brooklyn, that he unexpectedly found himself transferred to the stage. Colonel Sinn, the lessee of the theater, was introducing a new play called "Fascination," in which Cora Tanner was the

stage at the Arch Street Theater, Philadelphia, then under his mother's management, on March 23, 1873, as Plumper in the farce "Cool as a Cucumber." His second part was Hornblower in "The Laughing Hyena." The debut of Edward H. Sothorn took place at Abbey's Park Theater, New York, in September, 1879, as the cabman in "Sam," one of his father's plays. All he had to do was to appear, carry his hand to his head and say: "Half a crown, your honor. I think you won't object!"

What might properly be called the professional debut of William Gillette took place at the Globe Theater, Boston, September 13, 1875, when he appeared as Guzman in "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady." Previous to this he had given public readings, and met with much success in his imitations. James K. Hackett made his debut at the Park Theater, Philadelphia, March 28, 1892, as a member of A. M. Palmer's stock company. His first part was Francois in "The Broken Seal."

The first part acted by Otis Skinner was that of Old Plantation, an aged negro, in a rural play called "Woodleigh," at Wood's Museum, Philadelphia, October 30, 1877, and the first part entrusted to Robert Mantell was that of

the Sergeant in "Arrah-na-Pogue," at Rockdale, England, in 1874.

The distinguished place that Mrs. Fiske has achieved among contemporary players emphasizes as notably as it emphasizes anything, the intrinsic value of hard work, careful training and wide experience in the dramatic profession. Mrs. Fiske was born at New Orleans, her father being Thomas W. Davey, a well known manager in the south and west, but from the first she was known as Minnie Maddern, after her mother, who was Lizzie Maddern, an actress and musician of much ability. Her first appearance in a play occurred when she was three years old. She played the Duke of York in "Richard III." Before attaining her fourteenth year she had acted many of the leading juvenile parts, and occasionally old women's parts, so remarkable was her adaptability. At the age of sixteen she became a star. The play in which she made her stellar debut was called "Fogg's Ferry," and was presented at the Park Theater, New York, May 20, 1882.

Julia Marlowe began her stage experience at the age of twelve as a member of the chorus of Colonel Miles' Juvenile Pinafore Company. At that time she was known as Fanny Brough.



LOUIS JAMES.

She did not remain long in the chorus, soon being permitted to take the parts of Hebe and Little Buttercup. At the age of sixteen Miss Marlowe played her first Shakespearean character, that of Balthazar, in "Romeo and Juliet." Her debut as a star took place at New London, Conn., April 25, 1887. The play selected was "Ingomar," in which she acted Parthenia. It was at this time she was first called Julia Marlowe.

Blanche Walsh made her first public appearance at a benefit performance at the Windsor Theater, New York, in June, 1887. Miss Walsh played Desdemona on that occasion. Her first professional engagement was in a small part in the melodrama, "Siberia." Maxine Elliott began her serious dramatic work when she became a member of E. S. Willard's company in 1890, during the English actor's first tour of this country. The first part that was given her was Felecia Umfraville in "The Middleman," and she also played Virginia Fleetwood in "John Needham's Double." The next season she remained with Mr. Willard and was given the part of Beatrice Selwyn in "A Fool's Paradise," and later that of Lady Gilding in "The Professor's Love Story."

Ada Rehan made her first appearance on the stage at Newark, N. J., in 1873. She acted the part of Clara in Oliver Doud Byron's play "Across the Continent." Her first professional engagement was at the Arch Street Theater, Philadelphia, then under the management of Mrs. John Drew. Miss Rehan became a member of this company in 1873, and remained with it for three seasons. May Irwin made her first appearance on the stage at a variety theater in Buffalo in December, 1875. At that time she and her sister Flora were known as the Irwin Sisters. They were little girls in short dresses, and the first song they sang was "Sweet Genevieve." Their salary was thirty dollars a week. Later they did their first sketch, which was called "On Board the Mary Jane." Lizzie Evans made her first bow to the public as a professional actress at the Standard Theater, New York, August 25, 1882. Her first part was that of Clip in Barney Macauley's "A Messenger from Jarvis Section."

Mrs. Leslie Carter began her stage career on November 10, 1890, when she made her debut at New York in "The Ugly Duckling." In October, 1895, she made an astonishing success as Maryland Calvert in "The Heart of

Maryland," and when "Zaza" was produced at Washington, D. C., December 26, 1898, the dramatic critics of the capital described the play as a masterpiece, and declared her to be one of the best actresses of the English stage. Kathryn Kidder made her debut in 1885 as Wanda in the play "Nordeck," which Frank Mayo had dramatized from a German novel by Mrs. Werner called "Vineta." Miss Kidder stayed in Mr. Mayo's company about a year, and then acted in "Held by the Enemy" during its run at the Madison Square Theater, New York. Ida Conquest made her first appearance as a professional actress with Alexander Salvini in 1892, at a special matinee performance at the Tremont Temple, Boston, of "Rohan, the Silent," in which she played Isobel. Her first stage appearance, however, began when she was only eight years old as Little Buttercup in the Boston Museum juvenile production of "Pinafore," in which she appeared over three hundred times.

Maude Adams made her first appearance on any stage at the age of nine months, at Salt Lake City, when she was carried on the stage in a play called "The Lost Child." Her first part was that of Little Schneider in "Our Fritz," with J. K. Emmet. Isabel Irving's first en-

gagement was with Rosina Vokes, and her debut was made at the Standard Theater, New York, in February, 1887, as Ermyntrode Johnson in Pinero's farce "The School Mistress." Later she was given the part of Gwendolin Hawkins in the same play. In the fall of 1888, Miss Irving joined Augustin Daly's Company, with which she was connected for six years. From vaudeville entertainer to leading lady for Henry Irving is a far cry, which possibly only those in professional life are able to comprehend; yet Cissy Loftus accomplished it with seeming ease.

"THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER."

On Twenty-ninth Street, near Fifth Avenue, New York, stands the vine-clad Church of the Transfiguration, which is perhaps better known as "The Little Church Around the Corner." By some this little ivy-covered place of worship is called the Actors' Church, as a large number of professionals are among its regular attendants. This edifice was erected in 1850, and the Rev. Dr. George H. Houghton, who founded the parish, was its rector from the beginning until his death.

The first Transfiguration service was held in a small room, kindly donated for the purpose, and a bible, a prayer book, a surplice, a pine wood lecturn, a few school benches, and a parlor organ comprised all the possessions. When the present site was fixed upon, and a portion less than one-fourth of the present edifice was erected, the view was unbroken to Madison Square below and to Murray Hill above. Little by little the church has grown, by pushing

out first in one direction and then in another as exigencies required or resources permitted, and so it grew into its present rambling but picturesque and satisfactory proportions, leaving a fair, open court of beautifully wooded grounds opening on the street, with its flagged walks, its fountain, its shade and bird song.

The church is much embowered, so that in the season of foliage it is hardly visible. Simple and unpretending without it is all glorious within, with its devout marble altar and correct liturgic accessories, at the angle where the long nave and its one transept meet, its exquisite baptistry, its valuable and costly pictures, its richly-varied stained windows, and its unique memorial window which lights the choir and organ, its carved and costly pulpit and furnishings, its statuary and stations of the cross. There is an odor of loving sacrifice everywhere which makes for the visible as well as spiritual beauty of holiness. The church is always open from the rising of the sun until the going down thereof for public or private devotion. At all hours there is access to pastoral ministration for all sorts and conditions in life, and day and night this ministry of succor and consolation goes on.

Out of a single obscure Providence of the burial of a baptized man grew a relation with the whole dramatic profession, full of confidences and generous sympathies to this day, which otherwise might have long slumbered undeveloped. It was, however, only a practical exemplification of the rector's favorite motto, which he chose to Christianize from its pagan setting: "*Homo sum humani nihil a me alienum puto.*" (I am a man. I think nothing human alien to me.)

It was on December 20, 1870, that George Holland, who had long been a favorite actor in the companies made famous by Lester Wallack, Augustin Daly, and others, passed from earth after almost half a century's professional labor in this country. Joseph Jefferson, who was a brother-in-law of the deceased, was requested by the family to make arrangements for the funeral, and made an application to have the burial service held at a church where Mr. Holland had been an attendant, then located on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth street, New York.

In the "Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson" occurs a short account of this pathetic yet beautiful episode now famous in the story of the-

atrical life. "Upon the announcement of the death of George Holland," writes Mr. Jefferson, "I called at the house of his family and found them in great grief. The sister of Mr. Holland informed me that they desired to have the funeral take place from the church. * * I at once started in quest of the minister, taking one of the sons of Mr. Holland with me. * * Something gave me the impression that I had best mention that Mr. Holland was an actor. I did so in a few words, and concluded by presuming that probably this fact would make no difference. I saw, however, by the strained manner of the minister that it would make, at least to him, a great deal of difference. After some hesitation he said if Mr. Holland had been an actor he would be compelled to decline holding the service in the church. While his refusal would have shocked under ordinary circumstances, the fact that it was made in the presence of the dead man's son was more painful than I can describe. I turned to look at the youth and saw that his eyes were filled with tears. He stood as one dazed with a blow just realized."

Mr. Jefferson then asked the minister whether he could suggest some church where the cere-

mony might be performed. "He replied that there was a little church around the corner where I might get it done. 'Then, if that be so, God bless the little church around the corner,' said I. The minister had unwittingly performed an important christening; and his baptismal name, 'The Little Church Around the Corner,' clings to it to this day."

Thither the party went, and the rector, Dr. Houghton, readily consented to perform the last rites over the deceased. Since then the Church of the Transfiguration has been known as "The Little Church Around the Corner" in the affections of the theatrical world, and since then generations of actors have been married in and buried from this little church that shrinks from the noise and glitter of the avenue. Many strangers come to worship at this embowered shrine, knowing well the generous welcome that awaits them. The kindly spirit which has ever prevailed has done much towards making what was once a struggling parish one of the strongest in the diocese.

Visitors arriving at the metropolis go to see this little church as tourists go to the Tuileries at Paris or St. Peter's at Rome. To the New Yorker a thousand associations makes it dear.

The old John Street Church, the birth-place of Methodism in America, Trinity Church, with its adjoining graveyard in which are the remains of those who fought and died for our independence, and historic St. Paul's, where Washington used to worship, are visited by many each year. Grace Church, which stands majestically where Broadway turns at Tenth Street, and St. Patrick's Cathedral, that grand marble structure with its twin spires that loom up on Fifth Avenue, attract a vast number who also wend their way to "The Little Church Around the Corner."

The marble church with the lofty steeple where they had no room for the actor was torn down long ago to make room for business houses, but the little church still stands and will continue to stand just where it is unless destroyed by fire or the elements, until it shall crumble away. It is founded on a rock; founded on the new commandment given to mankind, "That ye love one another," and nothing shall prevail against it.

As the older members of the profession pass away, younger ones take their place, and to them this house of worship will always be dear. They revere the names of those whose remains have

been brought from foreign countries and distant cities that the prayers for the dead may here be said over all that was mortal of them, and without regard to sect, creed or denomination, stand ready to show their devotion by their attendance, their services, and if need be, their purse.

George Holland was born at Lambeth, near London, England, December 6, 1791, and at the time of his death was seventy-nine years old. His first appearance on any stage was at the Olympic Theater, London, in 1820, as Tom in "All at Coventry." He made his debut before an American audience at the Bowery Theater, New York, in September, 1827, assuming seven characters in "The Day After the Fair," and played his last part at the Fifth Avenue Theater, New York, January 12, 1870, as Mr. Jenkins, in a play called "Surf." He joined Mr. Daly's company in 1869 and remained a member until his death. The last time he appeared on the stage was at a testimonial tendered him at this same theater, May 16, 1870. The play of "Frou Frou" was presented, but he took no part in the performance. Too much affected to respond to the kind plaudits of the audience, he spoke his last lines in public, impromptu and

from the heart, "God bless you all!" At his death benefit performances were given for his family at New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Baltimore, San Francisco, and Vicksburg, Miss.

George Holland, in addition to being a favorite actor, was one of the most lovable of men; and not only the theatrical profession, but all the newspapers of the city took up what they considered a slight to the dead actor. The press of the entire country seemed interested, and "The Little Church Around the Corner" became universally known. On the day of the funeral the church was filled to its capacity and the adjacent streets and avenues were crowded with spectators. Aside from his own prominence in the profession Mr. Holland was connected with other professional families of prominence, all of whom attended the funeral, and every member of the profession within reach of New York was present.

The following day the newspapers gave much space to the ceremonies. One paper gave the opinions of many of the city's most prominent people on the subject, and another gave an illustration of the little church. A little later appeared the following poem:

"Bring him not here, where our sainted feet
Are treading the path to glory;
Bring him not here, where our Saviour sweet
Repeats for us his story.
Go, take him where such things are done
(For he sat in the seat of the scorner),
To where they have room, for we have none,—
To the little church round the corner."

So spake the Holy man of God,
Of another man, his brother,
Whose cold remains, ere they sought the sod,
Had only asked that a Christian rite
Might be read above them by one whose light
Was, "Brethren, love one another;"
Had only asked that a prayer be read
Ere his flesh went down to join the dead,
While his spirit looked with suppliant eyes,
Searching for God through the skies,
But the priest frowned "No," and his brow was bare
Of love in the sight of the mourner,
And they looked for Christ and found him—where?
In that little church round the corner.

Ah, well, God grant when, with aching feet,
We tread life's last few paces,
That we may hear some accent sweet,
And, kiss, to the end, fond faces,
God grant that this tired flesh may rest
(Mid many a musing mourner),
While the sermon is preached and the rites are read
In no church where the heart of love is dead,
And the pastor's a pious prig at best,
But in some small nook where God's confessed—
Some little church round the corner.

—A. E. Lancaster.

Some of our best known actors have been buried from this church, and the funeral services of Mrs. Holland, who survived her hus-

band more than thirty years, were also held at this place. In addition its dear old rector joined in wedlock more than one thousand stage folks. The esteem in which he was held by the profession can hardly be described. He was an honorary life member of the Actors' Fund of America, and took great interest in its good work.

On November 17, 1897, Dr. Houghton entered into rest. Called from the serene and quiet duties of the pastoral life in which his heart delighted, among a people who had called him to them for nearly fifty years, and from the widest circle of devoted and admiring friends, he was borne to the grave. By his death the actor lost one of his most faithful friends.

He was succeeded by his nephew, Rev. George C. Houghton, and one of the first things the new rector said was: "This church has ever been ready to welcome all. We know no distinction here. When, years ago, the actor was not welcomed in certain churches, we were glad to receive him, and we always shall be."

A western manager, on his first visit to New York, expressed a desire to see this little church. A friend offered to accompany him, and the two attended a Sunday morning service. On

leaving, they saw a well known manager, noted for his cold and austere manner, coming toward the church. This gentleman was a strict Roman Catholic, but had often been called upon to act as pallbearer at this house of worship. The organ was playing sweetly, and before the open door he stopped, removed his hat and stood reverently until the last note had died away; then he passed on.

The name of Rev. Dr. George H. Houghton lives as a teacher of true religion; but how many that read this can even recall the name of the one that refused to perform the funeral rites over a fellow man because he was an actor?

A GLANCE AT VAUDEVILLE.

Few persons of this generation are aware that H. J. Sargent was the first man in America to give the name "vaudeville" to the class of entertainment that it signifies to-day. Mr. Sargent's company had been playing at the National Theater, Cincinnati, and as the theater was to be given up to the French tragedian, Charles Fechter, for an engagement of four nights, the company was taken to Weisiger's Hall, Louisville, Ky., to fill the time.

On the evening of February 23, 1871, the bills at that house announced the appearance of "Sargent's Great Vaudeville Company, from the National Theater, Cincinnati." The company consisted of the Kiralfy Troupe, the Rigl Sisters, Gus Williams, Charles A. Vivian, Will Carleton, Jennie Benson, Kynock and Smith, Morrissey and Emerson, Oscar Willis, Prince Sadi d'Jalma and J. W. Ward.

The supplanting of the word "variety" with "vaudeville," and inviting to the theater the more fastidious and refined elements of the

community did more to build the prosperity of miscellaneous amusement and give it prestige of respectability than did anything else. Variety shows were originally confined to places where the patrons were all men who would not attend unless they could drink or smoke.

More and more the people are looking for the humorous side of the situation. This is why burlesque and vaudeville features have become so popular. The people have enough of tragedy in real life. They want a laugh, or at least a smile. The vaudeville house is looked upon by most people as the house of comedy. They know a place where their troubles cease bothering them. They learn to crave for that method of forgetfulness and yearn for the entertainment. The vaudeville house has proved a boon to the community, and the appreciation is marked by the packed houses it attracts.

Vaudeville in Europe is nothing like what it is over here. Every country has its own particular style of theatrical amusement. They demand high-class vaudeville over there, and in the German cities, Leipsig, Dresden, and other places, new houses are going up all the time. The salaries are not so high but the performers do not have to work so hard. Engagements

last a month at least, and in many cases two months, and there are no matinee performances, not even on Sunday afternoon. In Europe performers seldom make more than eight to ten jumps in any year.

In Germany, and in fact all over Europe, the vaudeville houses are built on a different plan than in America. Underneath the theater in that country, they have a huge saloon or garden with a cafe and billiard room adjoining. If one does not fancy the show very much, he can go down stairs and enjoy his game or refreshments.

In Austrian cities, Vienna and Buda Pesth, the vaudeville idea is still different, the refreshment and entertainment features being directly combined. There, the floor of the theater does not slant from the rear to the orchestra, but is perfectly flat. Instead of the chair seats, as we have here, the Austrians sit around tables. About six o'clock supper is served, and the people go in and occupy the tables, and eat and drink. The German and Austrian could not be cramped up in a chair. He must have room to stretch himself, and he must have a long show.

A theater built on the American plan could not exist there. Neither could an American vaudeville house live in England. They have their own style of music hall there, and they are wedded unalterably to that fashion. Vaudeville in France does not amount to much, the French, except in Paris, depending mostly on their cafe concerts, with perhaps twenty singers on the bill, and one or two vaudeville acts.

What makes the vaudeville entertainment so popular is its cleanliness. The old-time variety theater with its uninviting surroundings is no more, and in place of the dismal-looking houses where this style of performance was given a few years ago, the finest theaters in the country are now devoted exclusively to vaudeville. Both manager and performer should be given credit for the change. The manager leaves nothing undone that will make his theater attractive, and for the care and comfort of his patrons. The employe is well looked after, is handsomely uniformed and well paid. The dressing and waiting rooms for the actors have every convenience, and they have sense enough to realize it. The acts are properly staged and can be shown to good advantage. The class distinction that once existed between the legitimate and the

vaudeville actor is a thing of the past. They do not now refer to each other as "bum legit," or "low variety," but work harmoniously in the same bill.

Ladies and children are especially looked after, and should any one attempt to annoy them in any way he would have his money returned and forced to quit the place in short order. All acts must be suitable for refined audiences and offensive words are not allowed to be used at any time or by any person. Among the words prohibited are "damn," "devil," "slob" and others of that class, and reference to socks, feet, breath and poker games is prohibited. Even the much maligned mother-in-law can attend without fear of being ridiculed.

Often it is wonderful where all the acts come from. The manager is always on the lookout for features that will please the patrons as well as fill the house. Military bands are taken from the concert stage, famous singers are taken from grand opera, and stars from the legitimate offer beautiful playlets.

Some managers devote a certain morning each week to trying out amateur and unknown specialties. The theater is empty save those connected with the house, and perhaps a few



MRS. FISKE.

vaudeville agents on the lookout for a diamond in the rough. It is the most crucial test a sketch or a performer can be put to. Jokes are ghastly when given to empty seats, except the few occupied by the stony-hearted committee. Songs sound hollow, dancers look ordinary, lines are hopelessly tame and the spirit of appreciation which makes or mars a thing is absolutely lacking.

Every morning there are more persons to be heard than time permits. About nine out of ten are not worth hearing. Tears flow copiously. Four out of five women break down and think their hearts are broken. How confident they are that if they could only have had an audience and lights, and the feeling that goes with amusement honors—how different it would have been. They straggle home downhearted, discouraged, and despondent. What is the use? They look wistfully at the billboards they are passing by and account for some other one's greatness as so much pull or so much luck. They forget that they have just had an opportunity, and if merit there had been any they would have been joyfully accepted. Managers are not spending wearisome hours watching unknown amateurs for the mere pleasure of

the thing. The hope of running on something good, a novelty, a genius like an angel un-awares, is the only thing that keeps them out front four or five hours or permitting a lot of would-be artists to use their time and attention. The restrictions though rigid are few, and seldom of the sort that cannot be obliterated without detriment to the sketch.

The great trouble confronting vaudeville managers is getting the successful artists to produce new things. Once the clever people make a hit they immediately lie back and rest jauntily upon their laurels, imbued with the impression that the next two or three seasons are easy. Half, more than half, the people seen on trying-out mornings have no right to be going through the stage door. There never was a man or woman yet who did not think in their secret soul that they could act. A great many of these men and women try it, and when awful and absolute failure is their reward they wring their hands and screech to high heaven with disappointment, and blame managers.

But these managers are the most lenient of men. They realize fully the awkwardness of the position, the inevitable stage fright that is afflicting the performers before them. They

know that every new and untried sketch is raw material and bound to begin badly, or begin well and end badly. They wait patiently for action to develop, for lines to grow brighter, for performers to gain self-possession. Every sketch, every turn is given a fair trial; but when in the face of all conditions, the act is hopeless from all points of view, it is only fair to call it off and give possibility a show. In the course of time good acts, clever workers, agreeable personals, novelties and interesting turns are weeded out and given to the public.

Great care is used in booking the acts and it is very seldom a mistake is made. The most notable case on record is of an ex-prize fighter who was engaged at one of the houses to present a monologue. He was a coarse creature with an abominable dialect, and had other habits of speech and conduct that unfitted him for polite society, but it was thought he would prove a great drawing card. His appearance at the third performance was one of the most lamentable happenings in vaudeville history, and it was necessary to ring down the curtain on him twice. He came before the audience in a thoroughly unpresentable condition, being so far under the influence of liquor that he had no idea

of what he was talking, and made several distasteful allusions.

At first many of the audience thought that his rambling and impertinent talk was in his monologue, but as he went on he grew more rank in tone until one or two very serious breaks brought his hearers to a realization that the man was not acting but was intoxicated. Next he took some bills from his pocket and offered them to the orchestra leader. There were gasps and laughs and expressions of dissatisfaction from the audience. Then he lost all track and began babbling inanely bits of stories, reminiscences of his career and boasts about his prowess. It was silly but there was nothing profane in what he said.

He realized himself that he was drunk and attempted to tell the audience about it, but the management rang down the curtain and cut him off. In a few seconds he rushed out through the first entrance before the curtain and tried to speak, but he was hissed almost off his feet. He then tried to recite a sentimental poem, but the management saw the utter hopelessness of the case and the ridicule to which he was exposing the house, and the curtain was rung down again. The manager came before

the audience and announced the cancellation, saying that the house could not afford to allow a performer to insult its audiences. The party had been engaged in perfect good faith, as he had made such a tremendous success in the east where he had been playing for the previous few weeks. Before making a contract with him rigorous inquiries had been made into the character of the act, and he had been given every assurance from the other managers that it was all right. On this recommendation he made the contract, and he regretted very much the fact that the person had ever been permitted to appear at the house. The audience applauded the action heartily, and everyone seemed satisfied.

There is more harmony among vaudeville performers than in any other branch of the profession. Of course, no one wants to open or close the show, and once in a while a protest is made as to whom they follow on the program. Conceited persons do not remain so long, as something is sure to occur that will restore them to their normal condition. A performer taking part in a private entertainment at the conclusion of his act was greeted with loud and continued applause. Returning to the stage he bowed

and bowed to the audience, but the cheers and applause did not stop. Finally, the one in charge called out to him: "Come off. That is not for you. The governor of the state has just come in."

Strikes are unknown among actors, not even the sudden epidemic of sickness that broke out under the auspices of the White Rats of America, in 1901, and which affected a number of theaters in the east, could hardly be called a strike. A company playing at the Olympic Theater, Chicago, a number of years ago, packed up their belongings and refused to appear on the same bill with two colored performers, and the manager was compelled to accede to their demands or close the house.

A woman who had no business on the vaudeville stage, or any other stage for that matter, came near closing the Grand Opera House, Philadelphia, for a time, when it was being conducted as a vaudeville house. The profession was not adopted by her as a means of livelihood as she was immensely wealthy in her own right, and by marriage connected with the wealthiest families in the Keystone State. It was not to acquire fame, as she moved in the most exclusive society and her husband held a

position of rank in the service of his country. It might have been to gain notoriety.

Her name was found heading the bills that contained the names of actors who had been recognized favorites for years, and she picked her place on the program. She was treated with the utmost courtesy by all. During rehearsal on the day she was to make her first appearance at her home city, she made complaint as to her dressing room, claiming it was too near the other members of the company, whom she did not know and with whom her position in society would not allow her to associate. A fine place for a remark like that. Other uncomplimentary things that had been said of the profession in general were recalled, and a fight was on. A committee informed the manager there would be no performance if the offending party was to appear, and things looked as if the house would have to be closed. A truce was arranged by an apology being made, but the week's engagement was far from pleasant to all. Among those who protested longest and loudest against appearing on the same bill with such a person was an exhibitor of trained dogs and monkeys.

ORIGIN OF THE ELKS.

It is to the stage and the people of the stage that the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks owes its existence. That band of pioneers who were its founders had no thought that the order would ever reach such gigantic proportions, and although it has long since outgrown the limitations that made members of the theatrical profession alone eligible for membership, the order has ever been in sympathetic touch and fraternal union with the people of the stage.

The straight-laced excise laws which were passed by the legislature of the state of New York in the year 1866 led incidentally to the foundation of the Elks. Actors, as a rule, are a jovial, free-hearted set, and with a rigid enforcement of the excise laws they were deprived of one of their few sources of amusement. Sunday was the only day in the week which the actor at that time could call his own, and his mind demanded relaxation from the cares of the week, so he generally sought the companion-

ship of kindred spirits in the profession to discuss the latest gossip of the theater, the advent of some new star, the prospects of the coming season, and these discussions, of course, partook of the fashion and custom of the world of unconventionality. The new excise law came like a bombshell on these assemblies, and not only scattered the participants, but put an end to all the old places of meeting.

For a while the actors were at a loss what to do. Their meetings had become so regular, although they had no organization, and they had become so cemented together in the bonds of goodfellowship that the deprivation made them feel instinctively the need of organization. How to accomplish that result, however, did not present itself to any of their minds for quite a while afterward, when it was finally resolved to form a society patterned somewhat after the Buffaloes, a famous English convivial organization composed entirely of actors.

The new society took the somewhat ambiguous name of the Jolly Corks. Whether the title was adopted because of the lightness of spirit, which was a prime characteristic of the little party, or on account of the connection of corks with the theatrical profession, has never

been fully explained. At first only a few were banded together. Each week a purse was raised by small contributions from the members which was used to pay for the meeting room and buy refreshments and a lunch for the company.

It was at the boarding house of Mrs. Giesman, at 188 Elm Street, New York, that the first meetings of the Jolly Corks were held. Mrs. Giesman's house was at that time a favorite resort with a number of choice spirits, among whom were several musicians and others connected with the theatrical profession. These, with a few congenial associates, were in the habit of assembling in the parlor on Sunday afternoons for the purpose of spending the time in social intercourse. It was at one of these meetings in the fall of 1867 that the association was given a permanent form, and the first officers elected. Charles A. Vivian was the first Imperial Cork, as the presiding officer was designated. The original organization consisted of fifteen members. All were not members of the theatrical profession, and their names and vocations are hereby appended. Charles A. Vivian, T. Grattan Riggs, William Carleton, George F. McDonald, William Sheppard, Henry Vandemark and William Lloyd Bowron

were connected with the amusement profession; Richard Steirly was a music teacher; John T. Kent, E. M. Platt, Harry Bosworth and John H. Blume were connected with mercantile houses; Frank Langhorn and M. G. Ashe were photographers, and John G. Wilton was a wood turner.

The organization prospered from the start, it being semi-secret and quite exclusive. A resolution was passed whereby none but members of the dramatic, minstrel and equestrian professions were admitted, and of those classes only men who were congenial to the founders were eligible to membership. In the meantime an initiation service had been provided for admission of candidates to membership.

After the Jolly Corks had been in existence for some time better things for the organization were thought of by the members, and at a meeting in December, 1867, the question arose as to the feasibility of creating an order for charitable as well as social purposes. The idea met with general favor, and it was decided to form a society with a broader scope and a nobler purpose. A committee of seven was appointed with full power to provide a constitution, ritual, by-laws, and a name for the new

order. This committee consisted of George W. Thompson, William Lloyd Bowron, George F. McDonald, William Sheppard, T. Grattan Riggs, James Glenn, and Henry Vandemark, who, after several weeks' labor reported a constitution, ritual and by-laws, and recommended the name of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

The committee who were appointed to find a name to substitute for Jolly Corks were thoroughly Americans, and naturally wanted a distinctive American name. Buffaloes had been suggested, but although the animal was a native of the country the knowledge that an English order had usurped the name caused the suggestion to be discarded. The minds of the committee seemed to run to animals. Bears were thought of, but as those animals had few inviting traits, being coarse, brutal and morose, the thought of adoption was cast aside; beavers industrious enough, but too destructive; foxes too cunning and crafty; and so on through the list. In choosing the elk, the founders were inspired with poesy. In all natural history there is no animal more beautiful. Majestic of mien, swift of foot, timid and shy, an eye as soft as childhood's, the elk is, nevertheless, re-

solute in the defense of its rights. The prey of many, it brings no grief to any child of the forest. It is neither rapacious nor revengeful. Its home is sylvan, and its ways are ways of pleasantness.

The constitution and by-laws were adopted February 16, 1868, and a temporary organization effected. Under the title of Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, Charles A. Vivian presided at one session of the lodge, in which he conferred the first degree on a number of candidates, but not until three months later, May 17, 1868, was the new ritual presented to the lodge and adopted. At the meeting of May 24, one week later, the committee invested the brethren of the Jolly Corks with the grips, signs, pass-words and second degree of the Elks, and on the same evening the first officers of the new order were elected.

The first initiation fee was placed at two dollars, but as the lodge was rapidly increasing in membership, and it was found necessary to procure larger quarters, the initiation fee was raised to five dollars. In December, 1868, the entire membership of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks consisted of fifty-five per-

sons, all of whom, with a few exceptions, were members of the theatrical profession.

The following gentlemen were elected as the first officers of the new order: George W. Thompson, Right Honorable Primo and Exalted Ruler; James Glenn, First Assistant Right Honorable Primo and Esteemed Leading Knight; William Lloyd Bowron, Second Assistant Right Honorable Primo and Esteemed Loyal Knight; George F. McDonald, Third Assistant Right Honorable Primo and Esteemed Lecturing Knight; William Sheppard, Secretary; Henry Vandemark, Treasurer; Albert Hall, Tiler.

The other members of the order at the time were as follows: Thomas G. Gaynor, William H. Smith, Hugh Dougherty, James Carter, John Mulligan, Harry Stanwood, William Carter, Archie Hughes, M. G. Ashe, Joseph Leonard, Hugh O'Neill, Claude Goldie, John H. Blume, John F. Oberist, Henry Rapp, William Hallam Brown, James W. Lingard, William G. Griffin, Louis Nevers, George Rockafellar, George J. Green, Harry Bosworth, John T. Kent, John G. Wilton, Edward Eddy, E. M. Platt, Charles F. Shattuck, John W. Vanness, Robert Spears, T. Grattan Riggs,

Antonio Pastor, John Shannon, Fernando Pastor, Henry P. O'Neill, William Carleton, John Queen, Thomas Donnelly, Joseph Norcross, James W. Brady, Frederick Hoffman, John F. Poole, Cool White, George Guy, John H. Brewer, Frank Langhorn, Ernest Neyer, Richard Steirly, George W. Green and Robert S. Martin.

The first entertainment under the auspices of the new order was a ball given at Ferrero's Assembly Rooms, Broadway and Twenty-eighth Street, New York, April 16, 1868. The first benefit for the purpose of augmenting the funds of the lodge, was advertised as the "First Annual Benefit of the Performers' Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks," and took place at the Academy of Music, New York, on the afternoon of June 8, 1868. The first Ladies' Social Session in Elkdom was held December 25, 1870. Brother Tony Pastor was chosen to preside. The first Memorial Services, at that time called a Lodge of Sorrow, was held at Masonic Hall, New York, on the afternoon of March 20, 1870. The hall was appropriately draped, and an excellent program was rendered, of which music was a prominent feature. From this time the exercises commemorative of de-

parted brothers were brought to a systematic basis, and were held annually on an elaborate scale.

In less than a year continued additions to their ranks rendered another change necessary, and the lodge was again compelled to seek larger quarters. The increase in the membership was due to the prominence given the order by its elaborate theatrical benefits, and also from the fact that no restriction as to profession was placed on membership under the constitution.

Little did that small coterie dream that they were sowing the seeds that would bring forth such fruit. They builded better than they knew. In love of humanity they planted the germ of a great fraternity, an organization that reaches over the whole union, embracing many lodges in every state, and has dispensed millions of dollars for the aid of mankind; an order which gathers in gentle charity to dispense it, as the silent rain—charity, but not alms. How many thousands of these unknown records of mercy are inscribed in wounded hearts to-day?

They taught charity without ostentation, the one great secret of the order being to dispense charity without publicity, and to keep sacred the name of a brother receiving aid or relief

from the order. They taught us to write the faults of our brothers on the sand, and to engrave their virtues on the tablets of love and memory. They taught that not only for the living must we manifest regard and fraternal care, but for those who have gone before, who have passed from earth and have solved the mysteries of life and death, and each year solemn services are held to do honor to their memory.

There seems to be a desire in every human heart not to be forgotten. We all desire to live again, and that our names and memory shall not perish from the earth. It is a thought dear to the heart of every man, that after being called to his last account, that those friends who survive us will annually meet and that some one of our friends will each year, in loving phrases, recall our virtues, so that others will keep forever green our memory. Those who founded this noble order have nearly all passed through the gate which closes on earth's twilight and opens on Heaven's dawn. They were the men who exemplified the grandest principles the world ever knew—Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity.

During the first year of its organization not

a death occurred in the lodge, but in 1869 one of its members passed away, and Brother Albert Hall has the distinction of being the first member of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks to be called by the Exalted Ruler above. Brother James W. Lingard, a prominent and popular actor-manager, died in July, 1870, and his funeral was the first public demonstration in which the Elks took part. The funeral of Brother Lingard took place on a Sunday afternoon, and the lodge had charge of the service. The members were out in force, and arrayed uniformly in dark clothing, silk hats, white aprons and gloves, with a sprig of amaranth on the lapel of their coats made a striking appearance. They had no music; they needed none. The Elks had often been heard of but never seen, and no finer-looking body of men ever appeared on the streets of that great city. The first set of fours was composed of Brothers Nelse Seymour, John Mulligan, George F. McDonald and T. Grattan Riggs, all big fellows, and now numbered with the absent. Following them were the familiar faces of all the prominent managers and actors of that day. Brother George W. Thompson was the Exalted Ruler of the lodge at that time and conducted



EDWARD H. SOTHERN.

the services. Of the participants on that occasion very few are now alive, but the ones that are can still be found in the ranks.

In the Cemetery of the Evergreens at Brooklyn, N. Y., is the Elks' Rest of New York Lodge, No. 1. This rest was dedicated in 1879, and was the first of the many now in the country, and about the handsome monument are clustered the carefully kept graves of its former members. The first interments in this plot were Brothers Henry Mason, John Mulligan, John C. Campbell, James Clark and Joseph Knight, whose remains were brought from another cemetery and laid to rest at one and the same time beneath the branching antlers of the Elk, the emblem of the order they loved so well.

IMPORTANCE OF DETAIL.

Dramatic authors at times pay too little attention to detail, and very often scenes and situations are presented that have a tendency to reflect on the intelligence of the audience. In farce comedy the ridiculous is looked for, and when a tramp is wheeled on a hand truck into a drawing room filled with guests in evening dress, it calls for roars of laughter; but in the serious drama a certain amount of consistency is looked for. The stage manager will often become an accessory, and allow "General Putnam, the Iron Son of '76," to stand off a body of British soldiers with a nickel-plated, self-acting revolver, which was not invented until many years after. This worthy has also been known to present as the house of the Borgias a modern exterior, the perspective showing a lamp post, fire hydrant, a well paved street and telegraph wires.

What excuse can be offered by a management that will allow a high desk to be placed on a platform in Herald Square, and turn that busy

thoroughfare into a slave market? To see Simon Legree examine the teeth and feel the muscles of a lot of shackled negroes, crack his whip at the meddlesome Marks, and then lean up against one of the pillars of the elevated railway while he outbids everybody in the neighborhood, is asking a little too much of the audience under the claim of stage license.

A well known actor wrote a military play in which he appeared as a gruff old colonel. During the action of the play he referred to and introduced a young officer in the cast as lieutenant. He did not seem to know that in army circles an officer of this rank is referred to as mister by his superiors, nor did he notice that the lieutenant's sleeves were adorned with a sergeant's chevrons. Another one of these military playlets was spoiled by a lack of attention to detail. The play was of the time of the Mexican war. The actor cast for the part of a major of artillery wisely sought the advice of an experienced military tailor, who from the charts of that period provided a uniform correct in every particular, worn by officers of that rank and branch of the regular service at the time. Not so with the one entrusted with the juvenile part. While an officer of inferior rank

in the same regiment with the major he had ideas of his own as to military dress, and arrayed himself in a uniform of varied colors, and the epaulettes, sashes and gaiter tops added by him, instead of looking like an officer in the regular army, had a tendency to make him look more like a drum major in a country band.

One of our most successful playwrights introduced a sheriff as the leading character in one of his plays. The sheriff wishes to resign and the resignation is sent to the city council for action. When did the sheriff become a city officer, and why was that resignation not sent to the governor of the state, who alone had jurisdiction?

For many years we were visited by a melodrama which exploited the daring of a young fireman. The star wore the regulation uniform of a paid fireman. In the conflagration scene he is first on the ground, followed by a body of men dragging an old-time hose-cart, and attired in the red shirt and fire hat of volunteer days. In the last act he informs his sweetheart that he has been promoted for bravery at the aforesaid fire, and that he now wears the uniform of a fire commissioner. As a rule, fire commissioners are selected from a city's solid

business men, and some would bow themselves gracefully out if a uniform went with the position.

In the machine-made melodrama will be found the most improbable in plays. An English member of the guild gives the following example of his ingenuity: Among the frequent murders in his play is one by the tickling torture, but the villain is reserved for a more picturesque fate than that. In the course of the play he has fatally stabbed his wife. In the last act his pursuers track him into a secret Egyptian chamber in his house. Among them is a detective, who, at various times, disguises himself as a priest, a visitor to a massage establishment, and a maiden aunt. The Egyptian chamber is dark and a life-sized marble statue frightens the hiding murderer. When he discovers what it is he takes a hammer to demolish it, but the figure assumes the identity of his murdered wife, and menacingly stalks toward him. He cowers in a corner, but the statue that has come to life pursues him and thrusts a dagger into his heart. The pursuers break in only to find a corpse in the presence of a marble avenger.

Another of these authors tells an impossible

sort of a story in an impossible sort of a manner. Imagine for a moment a mother who has just quarreled with her father, and who threatens to take her own life if her fond parent tries to carry out his threat of forcing his child to marry his adopted son, who, unknown to him, has been robbing the firm of which the two men are members. The younger man is discovered altering the books of the firm, and when questioned by the senior partner the youth stabs his benefactor, who immediately falls dead. The son leaves the place and the body is discovered by the granddaughter of the old man, who falls over his body and asks him who did it, and he replies, "Your mother, child, your mother." And thus it is arranged that the mother is arrested and held for trial on the charge of murder. The strongest evidence against her is the fact of her having quarreled with her father just prior to his death, and that there was some blood on her fingers and handkerchief when the body was discovered. The only missing link was her dagger, which the district attorney, who loved the persecuted woman, had taken from her and concealed.

In the last act of the improbable story the courtroom is shown, and after the usual tedious

dialogue of such scenes the mother is about to be convicted when her daughter enters and presents a note that had been given her by a horse thief on his way to the penitentiary, stating that he was a witness to the killing and that the adopted son was the guilty party. And then, by the mercy of a stage Providence, the villain walks to a conveniently nearby window and succumbs to a kindly shaft of lightning from the heavenly wings above.

Can you for a moment imagine an author asking an audience to accept the following without protest? One scene in his play shows the death chamber at Sing Sing prison, and the electric chair awaiting its victim. In an adjoining cell sits a condemned man who must die at daybreak, reading his bible. An Irish guard detailed to watch him breaks the silence with: "It seems hard for a fine young fellow like that to die for a murder he never committed. He hopes for a pardon, but it is too late. He must die tomorrow. It's too bad, but it is hard to keep a good man down." This is a music cue, and after a chord, the jailer steps to the footlights and sings the song, "It's Hard to Keep a Good Man Down." For an encore he sings "Mr. Dooley." Soon after a voice is

heard without. The unfortunate man rises to his feet. The stone walls totter and fall, and in another instant his faithful sweetheart rides into the death chamber on the back of a foaming steed and hands the condemned man a pardon.

In a production of "The Merchant of Venice" at a Chicago theater, a room in Portia's house is illuminated with incandescent lamps. Shylock takes snuff, and a band of serenaders sing the Pilgrims' chorus from "Tannhauser" as they float down the canal.

One of Chicago's Ten, Twenty, Thirty theaters, where they seemed to be absolutely without fear in the matter of productions, was to have a week of "Cyrano de Bergerac." It is related that when the stage manager first announced to the company that the play was to go on, one of the extra ladies employed in the theater exclaimed: "'Cyrano de Bergerac.' I've never seen that piece." And a wise maiden standing next to her, who had been associated with productions in that particular abiding place of the classics long enough and often enough to feel that she was somewhat of an authority, stopped chewing gum and observed: "Well, if I seen it once I seen it a dozen times.

Been on in it twict. Personally, I think it was the best thing that was ever writ." On its presentation one of the actresses had what is called in stage parlance "an entrance ad lib"—which means that she had a few idle seconds to fill in with any bit of business her own ingenuity might suggest. This she did by caroling a few bars of "The Marseillaise." The manager rushed back on the opening night and said, "Young woman, do you know that you are beating the flag by about four hundred years?"

Of the importance of detail in the drama it is told how Charlotte Cushman was once acting Meg Merrilles, when Henry Irving, then a young actor, was in the cast. In one scene, in answer to Meg's appeal for money, it was Mr. Irving's business to hand her his purse, filled with broken crockery, then the stage substitute for the coin of the realm. Miss Cushman gently suggested to him the superior truth of opening the purse, selecting a coin and giving it to her. No matter how magnificent it might look, argued the great actress, it was hardly natural for a gentleman to hand over a full purse of gold to a crazy mendicant.

When Sardou offered to the public his play

of "Dante," a piece of business was introduced which called for a rebuke from one who seemed well versed as an archaeologist and antiquarian. In the last tragic scene at Avignon a clock case is opened by the hand of Dante, and a pendulum in the form of Time wielding a scythe is revealed. Unfortunately, in the days of the great poet neither the pendulum nor a clock cased for its protection had been invented. At that time the power provided by the weight escaped through the action of a balanced bar, loaded at its extremities. No clock had a pendulum before 1657 — 336 years after Dante's death—in which year was devised the short or bob pendulum, which was first brought into use in England in 1661. This attribute of the train of wheels that served to mark the flight of time continued until 1680, when the long pendulum, vibrating in a smaller arc, and with a greater regularity, and other improvements—including the case for protection—were introduced. Thus a Dutch conceit of later times forced its spectacular way into Italian drama.

About the worst on record was a production in which the heroine, reduced to poverty, is found living in a bare room on the top floor of a tenement house. A single chair and a

pine table, on which are a pitcher and a crust of bread is all that can be seen. The villain enters, and his advances being repulsed, he leaves, threatening to burn the house. Smoke begins to fill the room. The lady tries the door. It is locked. She rushes to the window. It is so high no one on the street can hear her voice. The telephone! Through this instrument she informs the outside world that the house is on fire, and help arrives. Just think of it! In an apartment of this kind to find hanging on the wall a telephone that costs at least twenty-four dollars a year, payable quarterly in advance!

A Brooklyn theater, which presented the better class of plays with a carefully selected stock company, offered a play of the time of Napoleon. The opening act was a representation of a drawing-room in the Hotel Chauteraine, Josephine's residence in the Rue de la Victoire, at the time of the return from Egypt in 1799. One of the ladies in the cast is discovered sitting at an upright piano, and runs her fingers idly over the keys. The upright piano in a setting of this kind was, of itself, bad enough, as they had not yet commenced making that style of piano, the first patent for an upright piano having been granted in the latter part of

1799, but its cover was an elaborate silk affair, the side toward the audience advertising in large gold letters the name of the maker. It was indeed a grand sight to see Talleyrand, Murat, the Bonapartes, and the dignitaries of the church talking of the affairs of state and the conquest of nations about an upright piano manufactured a hundred years later in a small hamlet on Long Island.

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FAREWELLS IN "RICHELIEU."

Even to those who take more than a passing interest in theatrical affairs, it may not be known that four of our most famous American tragedians were compelled to end their dramatic careers and say farewell to their admirers in the play of "Richelieu." It indeed seems strange that these actors should unintentionally have selected for their retirement a play that presents one of the noblest figures on the stage—the solitary old man who remembers his lost youth and the dying friend who committed a daughter to his paternal care—the unselfish heart grown old in sorrow without the least hope of happiness for itself, lovingly striving for the happiness of others.

Even this grand character, a noble and touching image of righteous power protecting innocent weakness, could not escape the burlesquers. On January 9, 1871, Edwin Booth presented "Richelieu" at his own theater in New York, which was revived with such splendor of scenery, costumes and stage em-

bellishments that had never before been displayed. This play was kept on for forty-eight performances, and during its run, in February, 1871, George L. Fox presented a burlesque of Mr. Booth's *Richelieu* at the Olympic Theater in the same city. Jennie Yeamans, then known as an infant phenomena, played the part of Joseph, and assisted Mr. Fox as the Cardinal in drawing with a piece of chalk the awful circle of the Tammany Ring around the form of Lillie Eldridge as Julie. The text was followed closely enough to preserve the plot of the story; it contained, as well, a great deal that was ludicrous and bright, and it never sank into imbecility or indelicacy, which is saying much for a burlesque.

Edwin Forrest, under whose influence the American stage began to assume a distinctive character, closed his dramatic career on April 2, 1872, at the Globe Theater, Boston, appearing as *Richelieu*. Mr. Forrest obtained the most of his popularity and large fortune by his masterly impersonation of the Indian Chieftain *Metamora*, but his *Richelieu* was always a grand performance. Mr. Forrest was the original *Richelieu* in this country. He played the part first at Wallack's National Theater, New York,

in 1841, supported by Corson W. Clarke, George W. Jamieson, and J. W. Wallack, Jr. The part of Julie was acted by Virginia Monier. He received the manuscript from Mr. Bulwer direct for production in America, and brought it out simultaneously with its original production by Mr. Macready at the Covent Garden, London. Richelieu was the last part played by Mr. Forrest in New York. On February 6, 1871, he commenced an engagement of three weeks at the Fourteenth Street Theater, New York, playing five nights a week. He represented Lear for ten nights, and on the 19th of the same month he appeared as Richelieu, but he was too much broken in health to portray even the feeble Cardinal. He struggled through it for a night or two, broke down completely, and the house was closed. On December 7, 1872, he made his last public appearance, giving a reading of "Othello" at the Tremont Temple, Boston.

Mr. Forrest was a native of Philadelphia, and made his first professional appearance on the stage of the South Third Street Theater at that city. His professional career extended over a period of fifty years, during half of which he was the leading tragedian of America,

and, perhaps, the world. It was in 1845, at the Princess' Theater, London, in the character of Macbeth, that Mr. Forrest was hissed, and he was refused permission to play "The Lady of Lyons" and "Richelieu" by Mr. Bulwer, as Mr. Macready had been successful in those plays. This indignity he ascribed to Mr. Macready, and an incident that precipitated, on Mr. Macready's appearance in America some time later, the New York Astor Place riot.

During his career all sorts of tokens of appreciation were showered upon him. He inspired as well as paid the dramatists of his time, and the poets paid him tribute; medals were cast in his honor, and busts of him were made. And his acting won direct and even extravagant eulogy, not only at home, but even in England—although there his controversy with Mr. Macready raised up a multitude against him, for Mr. Macready at home had a following as great as Mr. Forrest at home.

On the east side of South Third Street, midway between Walnut and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia, stands St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church, an old brick structure, dating back to 1760. It is surrounded by open space, paved with brick, and on the north and south

sides are long lines of family vaults, where repose the bones of many men who have left their mark in the history of the Quaker City. The front is screened by a thick wall of brick, with three large wrought iron gates, through which a view can be had of the church from the street. On the south side of the church, the fifth from the gate, is the vault of Edwin Forrest, one of the greatest tragedians and exponents of Shakespeare that the world has ever known. A slab lies flat over the aperture to the vault, and no ostentatious monument rears its columns to make a distinction in death. The grave of the tragedian is simple and gives no indication of his stormy and eventful career. He died at his home at Philadelphia, December 12, 1872. All of his kith and kin passed away before he himself was laid away in his family vault, and his grave is seldom visited.

Edmon S. Conner, who made his first professional appearance as Young Norval, in "Douglas," at the Walnut Street Theater, Philadelphia, March 23, 1829, brought his dramatic career to a close at the Opera House, Patterson, N. J., in the spring of 1885, when he played Richelieu for the 1113th time. It was a favorite with him in his early days, and

remained a favorite to the end of his career. It is stated that he never witnessed a performance of this play. He died at Rutherford, N. J., December 15, 1891, in the ninety-second year of his age. His funeral took place at "The Little Church Around the Corner," and the interment was in the family plot in Evergreen Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Thomas W. Keene, by reason of illness, was compelled to end his dramatic career at the Grand Opera House, Toronto, Canada, May 23, 1898, the bill being "Richelieu." The illness proved fatal, and he passed away June 1, 1898, at his home at Castleton Corners, Staten Island, N. Y.

Mr. Keene possessed a versatility which was unusual, and he was equally at home in tragedy and melodrama. One of his best impersonations was Richard III. When he acted him, he was consistent, and his dressing of the part was particularly careful and rich. For over a quarter of a century he was a favorite with the playgoing public, and with a limited repertory he preserved a hold upon their affections equal to that which has been enjoyed by the most brilliant lights in the theatrical world. He



JULIA MARLOWE.

now peacefully sleeps in a little cemetery within sight of his former home.

John McCullough held his last rehearsal at McVicker's Theater, Chicago, September 30, 1884. The great tragedian had called a rehearsal of "Richelieu." Never was a sadder scene enacted in a theater. It was a mock rehearsal. It had barely commenced before he strayed off into the fourth act, where the decrepit Cardinal-statesman is intercepted in the Garden of the Louvre by Baradas. The arch plotter says to his companions: "His mind and life are breaking fast."

The tottering churchman, overhearing him, turns with reviving energy and cries:

"Irreverent ribald!

If so, beware the falling ruins! Hark!

I tell thee, scorner of these whitening hairs,

When this snow melteth there shall come a flood!

Avaunt! My name is Richelieu! I defy thee!"

As he uttered these words his voice rang out like a trumpet. A moment later he turned and left the theater. Every one present was in tears. Half an hour later, at his hotel, this fine actor was told he must take a rest.

Mr. McCullough made his last appearance before an audience at McVicker's Theater,

Chicago, September 29, 1884, as Spartacus, in "The Gladiator." He made his first appearance on the stage at the Arch Street Theater, Philadelphia, as Thomas, in "The Belle's Stratagem." He traveled with Edwin Forrest as his principal support for some time, and went to California with him. Was co-manager with Lawrence Barrett in the opening of the Bush Street Theater, San Francisco, in January, 1869. At the time of his retirement Mr. McCullough was suffering from a nervous disorder, and his physicians ordered a complete rest. His health did not mend, however, and he died November 8, 1885. He is buried beneath an elegant monument in Mt. Moriah Cemetery, Philadelphia. The monument represents in bronze Mr. McCullough as Virginius.

Lawrence Barrett began his theatrical career as a supernumery at the National Theater, Detroit, Mich., in 1852. The first speaking part given him was that of Murat in "The French Spy." He made his last appearance on the stage at the Broadway Theater, New York, on the evening of March 18, 1891, in the play of "Richelieu." Edwin Booth acted the Cardinal, and Mr. Barrett De Mauprat. When Mr. Barrett arrived at the theater that evening it was

noticed that he was ill, and although urged to go home, he insisted on playing. He managed to get as far as the end of the third act, when he said: "I cannot go on."

It was announced that Mr. Barrett was ill, and another member of the company would finish the performance. In 1886 he formed a professional alliance with Edwin Booth and became his manager. That season each of them headed separate companies, but Mr. Barrett directed both tours. The following season, which began at Buffalo, N. Y., September 12, 1887, the two tragedians acted together, beginning with a production of "Julius Cæsar." The combination lasted until the death of Mr. Barrett. He died at New York, March, 20, 1891, and four days later was laid to rest at Cohasset, Mass.

Edwin Booth, whose first appearance on the stage occurred at the Boston Museum, September 10, 1849, as Tressil in "Richard III.," brought his dramatic career to a close at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, N. Y., April 4, 1891, in the character of Hamlet. He spent the most of his time after this at the Players' Club, where he had his residence. He was stricken with paralysis on April 19, 1893, and

lingered in this condition until June 7, when he died. His funeral took place June 9, at "The Little Church Around the Corner," Bishop Potter and the Rev. Dr. George H. Houghton conducting the services.

On the morning of the funeral, The Players assembled at their club house, 16 Gramercy Park, New York, to pay the last tribute to their fellow-member. Many spectators had congregated in the street and all uncovered their heads as the hearse passed. The funeral procession was led by two carriages containing the pall bearers. Then came the hearse and behind it followed the carriages of the family and friends. Last of all walked The Players, led by James Lewis, the comedian, and Judge Joseph F. Daly. The procession moved from Gramercy Park through Twenty-first Street to Fifth Avenue; up Fifth Avenue to Twenty-seventh Street; through Twenty-seventh Street to Madison Avenue; up Madison Avenue to Twenty-ninth Street, and westward on Twenty-ninth Street to "The Little Church Around the Corner." At the church gate it was met by Bishop Potter and his assistants.

The casket bore this inscription: "Edwin Booth. Born November 13, 1833. Died June

7, 1893." A wreath of laurel tied with purple ribbons rested on the lid, and a wreath of laurel, white roses and palms was carried behind it, when it was borne into the church. The pall bearers were Joseph Jefferson, Albert M. Palmer, Charles P. Daly, Eastman Johnson, Horace Howard Furness, William Bispham and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Parke Godwin had been named as a pall bearer, but was unable to attend. Many floral pieces were placed on the altar. After the funeral ceremony was ended the cortege proceeded to the Grand Central station, whence the body was conveyed to Boston. On arrival of the train at Boston, still another numerous company was assembled. There were present Harry M. Pitt, Napier Lothian, Jr., George W. Wilson and many other members of the dramatic profession, who escorted the body to its last resting-place. The grave of Mr. Booth is in Anemone Path, near Spruce Avenue, Mt. Auburn. He was laid beside his first wife, Mary Devlin. The remains of his infant son Edgar, child of his second wife, Mary F. McVicker, are also buried there. The spot is marked by a handsome monument.

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SAWDUST AND SPANGLES.

There is a season in the year when the worthy villager will retire to rest at night and in the morning find that mammoth spreads of canvas have sprung up on the green as if by magic. He has slept while hustling men have stolen into town and taken possession of it. Soon there is music, then a parade, and a little later the ticket wagon opens. The performances go off merrily to the music of the band and the crackle of peanuts. Night comes on and the showman and his world of wonders disappear as magically as they came.

It is safe to say that all the world loves a circus, and there is nothing in the amusement line that can so thoroughly stir up the individual or that can turn a community topsy-turvy so successfully. Nevertheless, in some sections of the country prejudice against the circus is so pronounced that licenses to exhibit cannot be obtained at all, and in some places the fee is put at so high a figure as to make it absolutely prohibitive.

It once occurred that New Brunswick, N. J., aldermen found out what it means to run counter to public opinion. During the winter the aldermen revised the ordinances of the city and fixed the license fee for circuses at \$250. People did not think much about circuses then, but when the good old summer time came round and one circus after another, after learning of the license fee at New Brunswick, passed through the town, going from Elizabeth to Trenton, or from Trenton to Elizabeth, the citizens awoke to the extent of the blunder that had been committed.

The climax came when the Barnum and Bailey Circus, after billing the town, changed its route, and cut out the city with the \$250 license fee. Then there was a protest, and at the meeting of the board of aldermen an ordinance was presented reducing the license fee from \$250 to \$125. It was passed without a dissenting vote, while a crowd of New Brunswickers in the lobby cheered wildly.

An institution that in some cases represents a capital of from one to three millions of dollars, employs nearly a thousand men, women and children, with average daily expenses of from three to five thousand dollars,

which spends \$150,000 annually for advertising, and can comfortably seat from eight to twelve thousand persons, is a great industrial enterprise demanding study, patronage and respect.

There is nothing in the world that makes money faster with success, or loses it quicker without it, than the circus. A bad day means a severe loss and a good day means the receipt of from five to six thousand dollars. When there comes a hurricane or a railway accident which kills off the animals in the menagerie, depletes the working stock, and perhaps rips many of the tents into shreds, the show must lay off for a time with consequent losses, until repairs are made and new stock purchased. Many a show has been almost wiped out by a railroad wreck, and yet in a few weeks again found thoroughly equipped and moving along filling dates as if nothing had happened. The reason for this quick recuperation is that all first-class organizations have on hand duplicates of almost everything necessary for just such emergencies. A hurry call will bring new tents, new wagons and cages to replace the damaged ones. Dealers who make a business of supplying museums and circus menageries

with animals ship a new supply from monkeys to elephants.

Marvelous discipline is necessary to keep this little army in allignment. Few have any idea of the skillful diplomacy necessary to keep the hundred performers in perfect harmony, one with another.

It is when a storm occurs during a performance that the need of strict discipline is shown. At the first sight of threatening clouds the men are quietly given their orders. There is no confusion, each one knowing just what is required of him. The cages of the animals are boarded up so that their cries will not alarm the audience, and the elephants are led out into the open, as they will stampede if left confined in the tent. When a storm descends on the circus tent, it very often causes a panic, and these fearless men are always prepared for such an emergency. A couple of hundred of them will distribute themselves among the people to assure them of safety, and a hundred more stand ready to let down the side walls and clear away sections of seats to give as many exits as possible.

In such trying times much depends on the way the audience is handled. The darkness,

the howling of the storm, the roar of the water on the canvas, the snapping of ropes, the crashing of seats, the falling of paraphernalia, the cries of women, the howls of men and wailing of children. Add to this a picture of several thousand distracted people, plunging and running, crawling and groveling, some making for the center, others trying in vain to reach a place of safety under the seats, and one has some faint idea of the seething confusion that would happen if it were not for the coolness and firmness of those in charge.

The employees are also expected to be ready to fight at a moment's notice. When a crowd inclines to be troublesome and gets beyond control of the regular officers, a signal is given, and it is every man's duty to grab a stake or some handy weapon and stand by to protect the property of the company. The old saying that it sounds better to hear people say "There he goes" than "Here he lies" does not go with the circus.

Without a doubt the most appreciative audience that ever witnessed a circus performance was the one assembled at the State's Prison, Jackson, Mich., in August, 1902, when John Robinson's Circus gave the first complete circus

performance ever presented within the walls of a state prison, and over eight hundred convicts enjoyed the program. The performers requested Warden Vincent to be allowed to give a portion of the regular show, and upon leave being granted, a ring was roped off within the enclosure and an exhibition lasting about an hour highly pleased the assembled convicts, who sat on the grass about the ring. John Robinson himself was in charge of the unique performance, which consisted of a slack wire act, the regular tumbling program of the show and an exhibition of trained animals. The entertainment wound up with a three-round boxing contest between Tommy Wilson and Chin Fong, a Chinese boxer of the American school.

This country has known many severe attacks on the circus. As a rule, these onslaughts are made by ruffians who have been called to order by those in charge for the welfare of other patrons. Students in the towns where colleges are located give much trouble, and then there is the bully who will try and force his way in without a ticket. Great care must be used in handling disturbers. Courteous but firm treatment is first used, and if that fails then force must be resorted to. The slightest incident

might be the cause of serious trouble, much damage to property and perhaps loss of life.

The most serious attack on the circus was that made on the John Robinson show at Jack-sonville, Texas, in 1872. Thousands of dollars of damage was done the belongings of the company. Many lives were lost, and the list of wounded ran up in the hundreds. It was long before the show recovered from the damage done to the stock, wagons and canvas, as they were compelled to cancel many dates until repairs were made, new stock purchased and the ranks filled with new recruits.

The Wallace show while exhibiting at Mt. Carmel, Pa., was attacked by a party of miners who tried to force their way in without tickets. Persuasion was tried, but it seemed to be of no use. A force of employes prevented their entrance, and the miners took out knives and started to cut the canvas. The management saw something had to be done and done quickly. The whistle was blown, every employe yelled "Hey, Rube!" and a fight was on. It took the offenders but a short time to realize that the company was ready at all times to protect its property.

Several encounters have taken place between

the students and show people at Ann Arbor, Mich. An attack was made on the Forepaugh show at this place in 1882, in which many were injured, but the fight between the students and the same company a few years later was a terrible conflict, resulting not only in the destruction of much property, but in the loss of several lives, and scores of wounded. The fight started by an usher asking two of the college boys to cease annoying some persons in the audience who had complained of their actions. Their defiance to the officers was followed by their expulsion. After the performance a large crowd of the students attacked the showmen, but were beaten back. Later they returned with reinforcements, and when the tent was dropped a rush was made across the fallen canvas and as they ran poured acid, burning and practically ruining it. When the circus train pulled out they threw missiles at the cars, breaking the windows and injuring several performers who were asleep at the time.

The Barnum and Bailey Circus, while exhibiting at Beziers, France, was the cause of a serious riot, in which many were injured. The crowd, seeking admission to the performance was greater than the tent could accommodate,

and those who were unable to enter began stoning the circus employes, five of whom were injured. The crowd numbered about seven thousand. They cut the tent ropes, and several thousand persons forced their way to the arena. The police were powerless to check them. Troops were called out and restored order, finally driving the rioters away, but not until much damage had been done to the property of the company.

For many years there was an unwritten law prohibiting a circus from playing at Princeton, N. J. A few years ago Pawnee Bill's Wild West visited the town and the students were determined to break up the morning parade. Obstructions were placed in the streets, missiles were thrown at the riders, and insulting remarks made to the women. No attention was paid to the actions of the mob until one of the lady riders was struck by a stone and knocked from her horse. The town authorities were powerless, and steps were necessary for their own safety. The signal was given to turn the Indians, Rough Riders and bolo men loose. The company were able to reach the show grounds, but not until several of the employes were badly hurt.

Some years ago Sells Brothers' Circus visited New Haven, Ct. They had played the town the year before and were badly treated by the college boys. The manager was informed that an attempt would be made to break up the show, and it was arranged to give them a warm reception. A section of seats over a mud puddle was set aside for their use, and on entering they were shown to these seats by the ushers. The performers were instructed to pay no attention to any remarks that might be made, and all went well until the closing act, when the crowd began throwing missiles into the ring to scare the horses. When their actions got beyond control a force of employes removed the supports from this section of seats and the disturbers were sent floundering in the mud. This was a new line of warfare, and there was no further trouble.

A small traveling circus was touring the south and had pitched its canvas in a lively Kentucky town. Those were the days when the feudists were most active, and a movement in the direction of the hip pocket was liable to result disastrously. The town had one particularly "bad man," who was said to be as gentle as a lamb when sober, but who was always

looking for trouble when under the influence of liquor, which was a greater part of the time. This fellow had several enemies, the ill-feeling having grown out of the deplorable family feuds that have so stained the history of certain parts of the south. He was in prime condition for "shooting up the town" circus day, and he thought he would go over to the scene of hilarity and stir up a little excitement.

"I'll jes' go up thar an' tickle th' b'ars a bit," he said, as he lumbered in the direction of the circus grounds.

Pretty soon the fellow swaggered up to the entrance and started to go in without the formality of presenting a ticket.

"Hold on, there," said the big man at the entrance, "where's yer ticket, pardner?"

For reply the "bad man" brushed his six-shooter tantalizingly in front of the nose of the ticket man, saying, "'Tain't what you want that does ye good; it's what ye git—see!"

Needless to say, he passed into the circus without a ticket. He still had his gun in full display when he rolled into the grounds. There were several of his enemies present, and when they saw him with his gun out there was promiscuous firing. Of course, there was an

instant panic within the tent. The rush for cover brought down a section of seats, and during the excitement many women fainted.

To add to the terror of the occasion some of the performing animals broke from the ring and ran away. One of the lady riders lost her head completely, and ran helter-skelter into the middle of the river that bordered on the circus grounds. She was up to her neck in the water when the excitement subsided, and it was with some difficulty that she could be persuaded to come ashore. The count-up revealed no fatalities, but it was a bad day for that circus.

SUPERSTITION AND SLANG.

Actors have more superstitions than any other class of people. Usually they attach the utmost importance to them, and circumstances often arise by which they are made pitifully unhappy by reason of some impending calamity which has been brought about by an inopportune meeting with a cross-eyed man, for instance. The really intelligent men and women of the profession seem to be as hopelessly tarred with the stick of superstition as the humblest of the lot. Here are a few superstitions that are not generally known to outsiders.

Whistling by one member of a company in the dressing room of another is a sure sign that the company will close its season suddenly. Coming to the first rehearsal letter perfect in a part is proof eterne that you will stick in your lines at the opening performance.

An actor will not walk under a ladder at any time, and will go a long distance out of his way to avoid doing so. Humming or singing at the table is considered more of a sign of bad



JAMES K. HACKETT.

luck than a lack of good manners. Green paper, green tickets, or green ink used in the printing is always looked upon with suspicion. Nothing will scatter a party of actors quicker than a load of empty barrels coming towards them.

The wagon show has a superstition entirely its own. If they should pass a cemetery on their entrance into a town, it means much to them, and will say: "Graveyard to the right; good house to-night!" Suspicion of bad business follows if situated on the left of the road.

Another popular superstition is that a rope-bound trunk is a sure Jonah, and a rope-bound trunk will not be tolerated by the majestic persons that handle the baggage. A round-top trunk is believed to be one of the biggest Jonahs in the business. Actors will never pass each other on a stairway if it can be avoided. The one who has made the most progress going up or down is given the right of way. The other will step back.

Certain things which are all right during a regular performance must not be done at rehearsal, such as speaking the "tag" or last line of the play. To whistle in the dressing room means that the man nearest the door will be

sure to get his two weeks' notice. If the figure 3 is seen on a locomotive the actor should turn his back to it. Never look through a broken mirror. Never twirl a chair about on one of its legs on the stage. Do not return to your dressing room if anything has been forgotten. Never quote "Macbeth" in the dressing room.

It is considered unlucky to leave a hat on the bed. It must be removed and hanged elsewhere before it is worn, and must not be touched until another hat is on the wearer's head. A terrible calamity is supposed to be the fate of any person who would put a pair of shoes on a bed, even if they were in the original package.

Nothing will so stir up an opera company as to ascertain that there is a corpse in the baggage car of the train on which they are traveling. With the circus it is considered good luck to have a hunchback with the company. It is considered unlucky to have two of them in the same company. A company of thirteen members means that three of them will be changed before the season ends. Raising an umbrella in a play is a sure sign that all holiday business and special performances for that season will be disastrously affected by rain.

The member of a company that carries a leather hat box is looked upon as a trouble breeder.

The first ticket taken at the door must be a paid one. No complimentary ticket will be accepted, some excepting a hunchback or a negro, until one that has been purchased is in the ticket box. The yellow clarinet is an instrument prohibited by the theatrical world, and no actor would dare to bring a yellow dog to the theater. Some hail with delight the serving of stewed prunes for supper, their presence assuring a full house that night. Others claim stewed prunes means bad business. When an actor accepts a dish of stewed prunes all must be eaten, if not, bad business will be attributed to him.

The actor will refuse room thirteen, and hotels, as a rule, have done away with this number. To open on a Friday is considered a bad omen. Should a cat wander on the stage during the first rehearsal it is a sign of success. If it happens to be a black one, it is petted, fed and encouraged to stay around the place while rehearsals are in progress. If a company should meet a load of hay while on parade, it means good business in that town. If a funeral is seen coming toward them the parade is

turned up a side street or an alley to avoid meeting. If this cannot be done, the parade is dismissed, the members separating and reforming when the cortege is passed. The song "Marriage Bells" is considered a Jonah by nearly the entire profession. It has been shown that almost every person who used or sang this song had a sad ending.

Actors have been known to avoid companies that carried three women. A gentleman engaged for leading business handed in his part at the first rehearsal. The manager asked an explanation, and was told by the actor that a pleasant season could not be looked for in a company in which were three women. There was always trouble, for two of the women were sure to get together and talk about the other one.

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During the last few years a number of new words and expressions have been coined and added to the bulky dictionary of slang in use in the amusement world.

There are technical terms applied to the mechanics and the paraphernalia of the theater, but these are not slang properly, more than are the names for tools that pass current in any

trade in which they are used. It may be interesting to know, however, that stage hands are divided into classes, there being "grips," "props" and "clearers." There are queer but meaningfull names for every implement used in a playhouse, for the scenery and furniture, for the electric lights in certain positions, for particular dressing rooms, for the galleries from which the "drops" are raised and lowered, for the members of the orchestra, and for every other conceivable thing under the sun.

To those in professional life a successful production is a "hit," and a failure is a "frost." In referring to good business it is said "We stood 'em up," and being denied professional courtesies by a manager is called "turned down." Schools of acting are called "foundries" by those who have entered the profession by other routes, and graduates of such schools are called "castings."

The town in which the initial performance of a play is given is called "the dog." The expression "trying it on the dog" means the selection of a nearby one-night stand where the play can be properly put on and its imperfections noted. An outsider who backs a show is an "angel," the smaller cities are "tanks" or

"jay towns," and the manager of a country opera house is always addressed as "Frohman." A complimentary ticket is a "fake," and the deadheads in the house are known as "skulls." Members of the chorus are "the bunch," and those of the company who do not have speaking parts are referred to as "on with others."

A monologue is a "string of talk," and sometimes is called "junk." Theatergoers who do not enthuse over an offering are a "cold audience," and to reflect on the intelligence of an audience they say "it went over their heads." Anything used on the stage that appeals to the patriotism or local pride of an audience is called a "give us your kind applause." The principal street in a one-night stand is known as the "main stem." Colored actors are called "dingies." Those who play Irish parts are "harps," farmer characters are designated as "Rubes," and a Hebrew impersonator is a "goose" or a "Yid."

A tall silk hat is a "Hi Henry" and also an "11:45." The latter expression is derived from the fact that this is the hour the minstrels don their silk headgear and report for parade. If the hat is raised for a salutation it is called a "high sign." An evening dress suit is called a "soup and fish" and a discordant note is a

"barber shop." Suggestive lines are "ginger," and the old time minstrel jokes are "oakum" or "gravy." The callow youth who is inclined to haunt the stage door is a "Johnny," and those who travel with a company and are not connected with it are termed "excess baggage."

An actor who has lost his popularity is a "has been" and one who has a tendency to overrate his ability is "chesty." Those who are not considered up to the standard are liable to be called a "shine," and an unpopular member of a company is generally referred to as a "heel." The term "gold brick" is sometimes applied to those who draw more salary than they deserve. Those who submit to be ruled by their wives are called "Barnaby," and are spoken of as having to "jump through." This expression refers to the manner in which trained animals are compelled to jump through hoops and other objects at the command of the master. A person who suffers for the faults or misdeeds of others is called a "Patsy" or a "Bolivar."

One who is disposed to say unkind things about a fellow actor is a "knocker," and a well liked member of a company is an "ace." Money is called "cush" and an intoxicated person is described as having a "bun." One inclined to

be attentive to the ladies is a "Romeo," and to be jilted is "thrown down." To say they are going to do a "Rip Van Winkle" or a "Joe Jefferson" is a declaration to have a good long sleep.

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Circus people talk a jargon that would be unintelligible to the uninitiated. To those in circus life the manager or the head of any enterprise is always the "main guy," while those in subordinate positions are simply "guys." The tents are called "tops" by circus men, and they are subdivided into the "big top," the "animal top," the "kid top," the "candy top," and so on. The side show where the Circassian girls, fat women and other curiosities known as "freaks" are shown, is termed the "kid show," and the man with the persuasive voice who seeks to entice people to enter is known as a "barker" or a "spieler." What he is telling his listeners is called a "bally-hoo."

The men who sell peanuts, red lemonade, palm leaf fans and concert tickets, are known as "butchers," while that class of circus followers whose methods are outside of the pale of the law are "guns" or "grafters." To get a person's money without giving an equivalent

is to "turn them." A countryman is either a "Rube" or a "yap." The musicians with a circus are known as "wind jammers," the trainmen, canvasmen and other laborers are "razor-backs." The distance from one town to another is always known as a "jump." The show ground is called the "lot," and the dining tent where the circus people get their meals is the "camp."

An acrobat is known as a "kinker," and all things that are used in the ring, such as banners, hoops and the like, are called "objects." Those who lie on their backs and juggle children on their feet are "Risleys," and if other objects are balanced on the feet they are "barrel kickers." Missing an attempted feat is called "blowing the trick." Of a discharged person they say he was "canned." Money is referred to as "coin" or "dough," and the one who pays the salaries is either the "ghost" or the "man in white." A trunk is called a "keester," and a valise is a "turkey." To get away quick is to do a "vamp," and of those who are forced to leave they say "got the hurry."

Those who have been long in the business are "old landmarks," and a new addition to the profession is either a "butt in" or a "Johnny

Newcomer." Food is called "chuck," and they say an intoxicated person is "soused." A fight is a "scrap," but any trouble that cannot be handled by the regular officers is a "mix-up," and a whistle is blown, at the sound of which each employe grabs a stake or other handy weapon and yells "Hey, Rube!" which is the call to arms.

A proposed victim is known as a "sucker" to the confidence men who follow the circus, and "fanning a guy" is to make sure he has no weapons on him before they proceed to get his money. To "frisk" a train is to arm a lot of husky employes with stakes and search the cars for "crooks" and "sure thing" men. There is no chance for argument at this time. If you see one of these worthies leaving in a hurry and ask him where he is bound, he will generally say: "To the tall and uncut."

GRAVES OF THE PLAYERS.

The burial place of the Booth family is in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, Md. The spot is marked by a shaft of white marble that is covered with thick, clustering ivy. Junius Brutus Booth and his wife (Edwin's parents), John Wilkes Booth, Asia Booth (Mrs. John S. Clarke), and other members of the family are buried in this plot. The graves of John E. Owens and Walter L. Sinn are in this cemetery, and not far distant. Colonel John A. McCaull is at rest in Bonnie Brae Cemetery at the same city.

In Mt. Moriah Cemetery, Philadelphia, in the Actors' Order of Friendship lot, Edwin Adams rests beneath a small granite monument. Frank Mayo, Edwin F. Mayo, and George S. Knight are interred in the beautiful Laurel Hill Cemetery, and Harry Murdoch, whose life went out so sadly in the terrible Brooklyn Theater fire, is buried in Woodlands Cemetery at the same city.

Sol Smith Russell is buried in Rock Creek

Cemetery, Washington, D. C., and James E. Murdoch at Cincinnati. Frederick Bryton, Harry Eytinge and George W. Thompson were laid to rest in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Edward Eddy, long a metropolitan favorite, lies in a vault in St. Ann's Churchyard, New York, where he has lain neglected and forgotten for many years. Milnes Levick is buried in the same churchyard.

In St. Paul's Churchyard, New York, is a monument erected to the memory of George Frederick Cooke, on which these words are engraved: "Three kingdoms claim his birth; both hemispheres pronounce his worth." Mr. Cooke, who was the first star to appear in this country, died far from home, September 26, 1812. Edmund Kean, while playing in this country in 1821, erected the pillar that still marks the spot. At different times the monument has been repaired. In 1846 Charles Kean, who had come to this country to act, repaired the structure his father had erected. Edward A. Sothorn repaired it in 1874, and in 1890 Edwin Booth again put it in repair.

William Warren is at rest in Mt. Auburn Cemetery, Boston; Mark Smith, Bellefontaine Cemetery, St. Louis; James H. Love, Holy

Cross Cemetery, San Francisco, Cal.; Edwin Clifford, Oshkosh, Wis.; W. J. Chappelle, Great Bend, Pa.; Harry Mainhall, Los Angeles, Cal.; Thomas Evans, Youngstown, Ohio; Frank Martin, Milwaukee, Wis.; and Alden Bass, Williamston, Vt.

Thomas W. Davey, who was the first manager that Lawrence Barrett had as a star, and who was one of the pioneer managers of the west, lies buried in the little churchyard at Sandwich, Ont. A few of the old guard who accompanied him on that bleak last journey, on one of the coldest days within the memory of living men, in December, 1879, still cherish his memory and comfort themselves with the knowledge that in this case, at least, the good that men do is not interred with their bones. John Ellsler, the veteran actor and manager, was laid to rest in Lakeview Cemetery, Cleveland, Ohio.

John Gilbert, after sixty years' service on the stage, was laid to rest in Forest Hill Cemetery, Boston. Charles Fechter, the great French tragedian, passed his last days at his farm at Rockland Center, Bucks County, Pa., where he died August 5, 1879. His remains are interred in Mount Vernon Cemetery, Phila-

delphia, and over the grave is a monument bearing a bust of Mr. Fechter, with this inscription: "Genius has taken its flight to God." Charles Fisher is buried in Woodlawn Cemetery, New York, and George W. Jamieson was laid to rest in a little cemetery back of Yonkers, N. Y. Charles A. Garwood is buried at Atlanta, Georgia.

Artemus Ward died at Southampton, England. His remains were brought to America and interred at Waterford, Maine. Stephen C. Foster, who gave to the world "Old Folks at Home," "Old Black Joe," and many other minstrel melodies, is at rest at Pittsburg, Pa., and a handsome monument marks his grave. The grave of Bill Nye, humorist, is in the graveyard of a country church near Fletcher, N. C., thirteen miles from Asheville.

The monument to Shakespeare in Central Park, New York, was dedicated May 23, 1872. The ceremonies began at three o'clock in the afternoon, with Berlitz's overture, "King Lear," rendered by an orchestra of one hundred musicians. Chief Justice Daly made the opening address and presented the statue to the Park Commissioners. The statue was then unveiled by J. Q. A. Ward, the sculptor, and J.

Wray Mould, the architect of the pedestal. The Arion Society, under the leadership of Dr. Leopold Damrosch, sang Schiller's "Invocation to the Artists—An die Runster." The Hon. Henry G. Stebbins, President of the Department of Parks, accepted the monument for the city. Two musical numbers by the orchestra and the Arion Society followed, after which William Cullen Bryant delivered the oration of the day. The orchestra again rendered an overture, and Edwin Booth recited R. H. Stoddard's poem, "Shakespeare." The ceremonies closed with an overture from Schumann, entitled "Julius Cæsar."

At the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, is a memorial to Edgar Allen Poe, presented by the actors of New York and vicinity. The dedication of this memorial took place May 4, 1885. At Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., is a bronze bust of John Howard Payne, placed there by the theatrical fraternity. Mr. Payne died at Tunis in 1852, an exile from home. Thirty years later his remains were brought to this country and laid finally in Oak Hill Cemetery, Washington, D. C. A neat monument over a grave in Monument Cemetery, Philadelphia, bears this simple inscription:

"In memory of the Author of 'Metamora,' by his friend, Edwin Forrest."

Lester Wallack, Roland Reed, Henry C. Miner, and William F. Hoey are buried in Woodlawn Cemetery, New York. William A. Mestayer and Joseph Ott sleep side by side in Calvary Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y. William J. Scanlon, William J. Florence and other famous players are buried in this same cemetery. A. H. Chamberlyn was laid to rest in Hollywood Cemetery, Brookline, Mass. William Paull, in Bellefontaine Cemetery, St. Louis, Mo.; George Milbank, Mt. Hope Cemetery, Boston; and Napier Lothian, Jr., Forest Hill Cemetery at the same city.

P. T. Barnum is buried at Bridgeport, Conn., and a bronze statue of the famous showman adorns one of that city's public parks. Adam Forepaugh is buried in West Laurel Hill Cemetery, Philadelphia. The remains of Frank Queen, founder of the New York Clipper, were interred in Ebenezer Church Cemetery, Philadelphia, the gate of which opened into his own garden. Ten years later they were removed to Eglington Cemetery, Clarksboro, Gloucester County, N. J. The simple monument that marks his resting-place bears the inscription:

“Called from a life of usefulness. Leaving us to mourn and wonder—Why?”

George Jones, better known as the Count Joannes, an actor who was not appreciated as he deserved, was laid to rest in Maple Grove Cemetery, Long Island. Jacob W. Thoman, who was the original Lone Fisherman in “Evangeline,” died at the Forrest Home, where he had been a guest for several years. His body was cremated and the ashes interred in the Forrest Home plot in North Cedar Hill Cemetery, Holmesburg, Pa.

In recognition of his brilliant record as a soldier Daniel H. Harkins was given a military burial in the Presidio National Cemetery, San Francisco, Cal., and Charles O. White, well known as a manager, was laid to rest at Alexandria, Va., among those with whom he had fought in the ranks of the Confederacy. George L. and Charles K. Fox, who were considered the best of actors and pantomimists in their time, are buried in Mt. Auburn Cemetery, Boston; Charles H. Hoyt at Charlestown, N. H.; Jerome Sykes, St. James, Long Island; Arthur Sidman, Tully, N. Y.; and John Stromberg, Woonsocket, R. I.

In the Rural Cemetery at Albany, N. Y., are

the graves of Felix Morris and J. K. Emmett. The body of Louis Aldrich was cremated, and so was that of Edwin F. Knowles. The ashes of the latter are buried at the city of his birth, Hamlet, R. I. Odell Williams is buried at Mechanicsburg, Ohio; Bartley Campbell and Charles L. Davis, Pittsburg, Pa.; John W. Norton, St. Louis, Mo.; Stuart Robson, Cohasset, Mass.; T. Grattan Riggs and William E. Sheridan, in far off Australia, and Edward A. Sothern at Southampton, England. Bret Harte sleeps in Frimley Churchyard, Surrey, England.

William T. Hall, who was widely known among members of the theatrical profession as "Biff" Hall, and for many years the Chicago correspondent of the *New York Dramatic Mirror*, was laid to rest in Rose Hill Cemetery, Chicago; James Lewis is buried at Brooklyn, N. Y.; George H. Emerick, St. Catherines, Ont.; and Aiden Benedict, Decorah, Iowa.

Probably the most popular of all the border characters that were introduced to the stage in days gone by was John B. Omohundro, better known as Texas Jack. He was a protege of Buffalo Bill, and dressed much after the style of that gentleman. His pleasant personality



MAUDE ADAMS.

won him hosts of friends. Handsome of face and a disposition as sunny as a child's, he was just the opposite of what one would expect of a frontiersman. He was one of the most skilled Indian fighters that ever blazed a trail through the wilderness, and one of the first white men to penetrate Yellowstone Park.

Texas Jack was taken up by the Papyrus Club of Boston, on a trip east in the early days, and was made much of at the Hub. His picturesque frontier regalia as he walked the streets of Boston attracted no little attention, and the frontiersman liked the notoriety so much that he remained for some time in Boston, becoming a local celebrity. In 1873 he was married to Mlle. Morlacchi, the premier danseuse. Pulmonary troubles carried off this gentle character, and his grave, near Leadville, Col., which at certain seasons of the year is covered with wild flowers, is often visited by members of the profession who knew and admired him. He died June 28, 1880.

Henry Wannemacher, the well known orchestra leader, is buried in Arlington Cemetery, Philadelphia; William H. Power and William H. Power, Jr., are at rest in Mt. Elliott Cemetery, Detroit, Mich.; John Wild, for thirty

years a Broadway favorite, is buried in Evergreen Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y. On his monument are inscribed these words: "Think what the best of husbands and fathers should be. He was that!" Not far distant in the same cemetery is the grave of Pat Rooney, the greatest Irish comedian of his day.

William Emmett, a prominent manager, is buried in Rose Hill Cemetery, Chicago. John L. Ashton and James H. Kelly, in the Elks' Rest, Woodmere Cemetery, Detroit, Mich.

Of the departed who followed the vaudeville and minstrel branch of the profession, William H. West, Billy Barry and Louis C. Behman peacefully sleep in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y. Harry Kernell and J. W. Kelly, at Philadelphia; John Kernell, at Brooklyn, N. Y., and Tony Hart, at Worcester, Mass. George Guy, for many years a minstrel singer and manager, is buried at Springfield, Mass. The pall was borne by his six sons, all of whom were identified with the minstrel line. J. H. Haverly sleeps in a Jewish burying ground at Philadelphia, and Billy Lester in a Jewish cemetery at Brooklyn, N. Y.

Billy Emerson was laid to rest at San Francisco, Cal.; Billy Rice, Hot Springs, Ark.; Jim

Sanford, Cohoes, N. Y.; John Jennings, Erie, Pa.; Billy Manning, Piqua, Ohio; Dave Wambold, Newark, N. J.; Ben Cotton, Jr., Bristol, R. I.; W. T. Bryant, Dayton, Ohio; Will Irvini, Racine, Wis.; Bob Slavin, Baltimore, Md.; Danger Norton, Detroit, Mich.; Ed. Banker, Toledo, Ohio; John B. Donniker, Penn Yan, N. Y.; William Gilbert, San Francisco, Cal., and Louis Martinetti, Fall River, Mass.

J. W. McAndrews, Emil Ames and John Rice are buried in the Elks' Rest, Mt. Greenwood Cemetery, Chicago; Nelse Seymour, Little Mac and Dody Pastor, in Evergreen Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Harry Dryden, Riverside Cemetery, Towanda, Pa.; Sam T. Jack, Oil City, Pa., and Tom Miaco, Medina, N. Y.

Charles A. Vivian, an English comic singer and one of the founders of the Order of Elks, for many years lay in a neglected grave at Leadville, Col., but Boston Lodge of Elks had his remains transferred to the Elks' Rest, in Mt. Hope Cemetery, at that city, where they now lie. Charlie Reed is buried in the same plot.

Charles Gilday died and was buried at sea. They placed a mound and headstone for him

in the Elks' Rest, in Mt. Moriah Cemetery, Philadelphia, beside the grave of Bobby Newcomb, who died about the same time. A few feet away, in the same plot, are the remains of Frank Moran. Frank Ramza died at Atlanta, Ga., while traveling with George Wilson's Minstrels. His home was at Birmingham, England. They laid him away in the Elks' Rest at Birmingham, Ala. James Wheeler was the first to be interred in the beautiful Elks' Rest in Lakewood Cemetery, Minneapolis, Minn.

The beautiful cemetery of the Evergreens at Brooklyn, N. Y., may well be called the city of theatrical dead, for here, in addition to the many private plots owned by professionals, are the plots of the Elks and the Actors' Fund of America. In this cemetery are the graves of more than one thousand stage folks. The burial plot of the Actors' Fund of America is 110 feet wide and 220 feet long, and in the center of it stands a handsome monument erected at a cost of \$5,000. The dedication of this place of rest occurred in June, 1887, Edwin Booth making an address on the occasion. George Zebold has the distinction of being the first to be interred in this plot, and at the pre-

sent time there are about five hundred laid away in this peaceful place. Among those that are buried there may be mentioned such well known names as Charles W. Couldock, Charles T. Parsloe, Diego de Vivo, Harry Watkins, Benjamin G. Rogers, Lysander Thompson, H. B. Phillips, Edward Coleman, Harry M. Pitt and Edouard Remenyi.

Peace be with them!

HISTORIC PLAYHOUSES.

On the southeast corner of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, New York, once stood Booth's Theater. The work on this theater was begun July 1, 1867, and the labor was pushed with such energy that by April 8, 1868, all was in readiness for the laying of the corner stone. The day selected for the ceremony was a stormy one and but few persons were present to take part in the dedication. James H. Hackett performed the official acts and delivered an address. Then with masonic observances the corner stone was lowered into its place.

The building was of granite. The main entrance was on Twenty-third Street, but there was another entrance on Sixth Avenue. The house would comfortably hold two thousand persons, and from every part of the theater the stage could be distinctly seen. It was finished in January, 1869, and opened to the public on the night of February 3 of the same year. The play was "Romeo and Juliet." Edwin Booth

was the Romeo, and Mary F. McVicker played Juliet. Every part of the new theater was crowded with a brilliant audience to witness the opening of what was then the handsomest theater in New York. The theater did not close at all during the first summer of its existence. The season that began February 3, 1869, did not end until July 4, 1871.

The following season it was opened with Lotta, and then Charlotte Cushman returned to the stage, after ten years of retirement, as Queen Katharine in "Henry the Eighth." It was on Christmas night of the same year that Edwin Booth gave his grand production of "Julius Cæsar," in which at different times he acted Brutus, Cassius and Antony, and in which Lawrence Barrett gained lasting fame as Cassius. That revival of the great Roman play was one of the most imposing spectacles of the modern stage and was repeated eighty-five times.

In 1874 the theater passed out of Mr. Booth's hands. After his withdrawal it was leased by Junius Brutus Booth, Jarrett and Palmer and others, and many efforts, mostly in vain, were made to establish it in public favor. Jarrett and Palmer managed the house

from May, 1874, until April, 1877, and during their reign many stars appeared and many productions were made. It was under this management that the following magnificent productions were given: "Henry V.," February 8, 1875; the revival of "Julius Cæsar," with the addition of a funeral fire scene originally devised for the conclusion of "Coriolanus," December 27, 1875; "Sardanapalus," August 14, 1876, and "King Lear," with Lawrence Barrett as Lear, December 4, 1876.

It was at this theater that Henry E. Abbey determined to present a Passion Play which had been written and produced under the supervision of Salmi Morse, in one of the theaters at San Francisco, where it ran to packed houses for several weeks, but was ordered withdrawn by the authorities. Mr. Abbey began to make elaborate preparations for the production. James O'Neill, who had personated the Saviour in the California production, was secured for his original part. A large company of prominent players was engaged, rehearsals began, and the theater re-christened Booth's Tabernacle.

Public opinion was against the Passion Play from the start. The pulpit, the press, as well

as leading members of the dramatic profession protested against the enterprise. Petitions signed by thousands were presented to the authorities to prevent the performance, and dead letter laws against blasphemy were brought to light. There were rumors of a riotous demonstration as the date of the first representation drew near, and Mr. Abbey published a card, in which he yielded to popular sentiment and abandoned his plans.

Salmi Morse, enraged at the success of the opposition, took the old Fifth Regiment armory on West Twenty-third Street, transformed it into a theater, engaged a company of amateurs and advertised the performance. The police interfered and prevented the sale of tickets. Soon after his lifeless body was found in the Hudson River.

The theater was finally closed, April 30, 1883, with a performance of "Romeo and Juliet," the same piece with which it had been opened fourteen years before. Mme. Modjeska acted Juliet. A little later the house was demolished, and its site given over to mercantile purposes.

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After a career of sixty-two years, the history

of the Boston Museum as a playhouse came to an end on the night of June 1, 1903. It was the most celebrated, though not the oldest, theater in America. The latter distinction belongs to the Walnut Street Theater at Philadelphia, which in part is over 100 years old. But the Boston Museum held all the theatrical traditions that were sacred to the city of culture. It was in the early days the home of all our great actors. Edwin Forrest always played there, as did the elder Booth.

For many years it was principally celebrated for the fairy pieces produced there every Christmas. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was first brought out in 1853, and had the longest run the theater had yet known.

One peculiar characteristic of the Boston Museum was its name. It was originally so called because the word theater had a bad smell in the nostrils of the good New England folks. To carry out the illusion there was a large hall in the building just fronting the entrance to the auditorium proper, and in this was a collection of plaster statuary—Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson, the Laocoon group—about a dozen pieces.

The ancient temple of the drama never con-

tained a larger or more fashionable audience than greeted the members of Charles Frohman's Empire Stock Company that night when the curtain rose on "Mrs. Dane's Defense," which through the kindness of Charles Frohman, Isaac B. Rich and William Harris, was presented in aid of the Vincent Memorial Hospital.

The audience for the most part was made up of old Bostonians who had been patrons of the house ever since the days of the old stock company, and came out to get a last look at the theater where Mrs. Vincent, Annie Clarke, William Warren and a host of other famous actors and actresses had entertained the public and to carry away some sort of a souvenir from the old playhouse. Up to the time the curtain went down at the close of the fourth act a casual observer would never have known that the performance was to be the last in one of America's most famous playhouses. But following the curtain came the formal closing of the house. The entire Empire Theater Company came on the stage and Margaret Anglin read a poem by Dexter Smith.

The poem was reminiscent and historical, beginning with the Museum's early days and

bringing it down to the present. Name after name—Moses Kimball, Kate Reignolds, Annie Clarke, Mrs. Vincent, William Warren, Charles Barron, George W. Wilson, and a host of others who have played or been associated with the management of the Museum, were mentioned by Miss Anglin in clever verse, and applause greeted each. The poem was followed by a farewell address delivered by William Seymour, for many years stage manager during the stock company days. In his address Mr. Seymour traced the career of the theater from the time it was established by Moses Kimball in 1841 down to the time it passed into the control of Charles Frohman, and concluded his address as follows:

“In the fleeting world, we know, all partings bring regret, but mingled here with ours is some cheer, too, since while we live, the good example of this theater can never be quite forgotten. As age advances, the best of life is its cluster of old associations, and these here rise so thick and fast around us, that some, at least, should prove imperishable. I can wish no better fate to those dear old times and to you all. But I would have the last words spoken upon this stage not mine, nor those of

any common mortal. Let Shakespeare's be the last! And so, in the words of Hamlet: 'I beseech you, remember.' "

At the conclusion of the address the orchestra played "Auld Lang Syne" and the audience and company rose and sang the old song with a will. Then the people passed out into the old curiosity hall, where the orchestra played songs of the old days. Until long after midnight the people lingered in the old hall, many of them taking away souvenirs, while on the outside a vast concourse of people were wedged into Tremont Street listening to the music and waiting to see the Museum close for the last time.

Shortly after 12:30 o'clock the colored porter closed the doors and locked the iron gates, and the historical old playhouse was a thing of the past.

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A great lover of art, and particularly of music and the drama, the Jenny Lind concerts in the early fifties suggested to Samuel N. Pike the erection of a temple that should be so grand that the world would recognize Cincinnati in the arts, and with it his name. Mr. Pike was alert in business, and originator of, for his time,

great ventures. At the same time he was debonair, chum of poet, painter, actor, singer, soldier. In the same day or week, it seemed, his mind would be devoted to wholesaling whiskey, erecting magnificent opera houses at Cincinnati and New York, and in playing the flute at a benefit or dreaming over his poems.

On the night of March 22, 1866, occurred the calamity that wiped out that gem in the Queen City's coronet, the first Pike's Opera House. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was the play that fateful night. The most gorgeously beautiful of Shakespeare's matchless conceptions, garbed in all the magnificence of scenic effects and spectacular display, was before the large audience, which thronged parquette, dress circle and balcony of the superb auditorium. All was animation and pleasure. Thousands of eyes gazed with astonished surprise upon the scenes of fairy land into which the immense stage had been transformed; upon the silvery waters of moonlit lakes, in dells where fairy sprites, the Queen with all her elves, were reveling; upon the magnificence of Duke Theseus's court and retinue, and finally upon that most gorgeous of all closing and transformation scenes.

The hard-handed men of Athens had disappeared, proud Titania had bowed in love to Bottom of the asses' nowl, Theseus and his court had retired for the night, Oberon and the elfin Puck had mended their mistakes, and made the lovers happy, the curtain had fallen for the last time, and the audience, fortunately, had disappeared. An hour later and fire crept up and along the scenes, out through the green baize, up along the rich ornamentation of boxes, over richly gilded pillars and cushioned seats, and up to the beautiful ceiling and dome. Sounds were changed as well as scenes. In place of symphony and stirring melody crackling and roaring flames wrapped in a new and terrible splendor that beautiful interior, and the crash of cymbals and drums of the grand wedding march gave place to the terrible roar of falling dome and walls.

It was while looking sadly upon this destruction of his great pride that night that Mr. Pike, mechanically feeling for his watch and discovering that his pocket had been picked of it in the crowd, remarked: "Well, that's adding insult to injury!"

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They tore down the little old playhouse on Eighth Street, near Fourth Avenue, to make room for New York's new subway, and of the thousands of playgoers who have known it in the past it is doubtful if more than half a dozen knew that this dingy old building was a landmark of genuine interest to music lovers the world over. The house had many vicissitudes in its latter years, but to those who frequented the theaters of the town a score of years ago it will be enshrined in memory. It was here that Jac. Aberle maintained a stock company engaged for the support of his daughter Lena, of immortal memory. Not one of his actors received more than twenty dollars a week, twenty-five per cent. of which was paid in bar checks, and Miss Aberle did not care what piece she appeared in provided there was a moon in it. Her impersonation of Camille, which she gave on her benefit nights—the stage creaking under her as she faded away and died—will never be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to witness it.

Since the Aberle days the house had many tenants, including Johnny Thompson, the hero of the old-time drama, "On Hand," various Hebrew managers and at least one Italian im-

presario. It was conducted for many years as the Germania Theater by Adolph Philip, who produced a number of very successful local German farces.

It is not because of Thompson or Aberle or Philip, however, that the old Eighth Street Theater possessed an interest for playgoers, but because it was the scene of Adelina Patti's first appearance before the public as a singer. Years ago it was a church. That was during the fifties, when Adelina Patti, then a little girl, was living in New York in very humble circumstances and studying music under her half-brother, Ettore Barilli, known in later life as a singing teacher of great ability. From her very earliest childhood Adelina impressed her big half-brother with a sense of her extraordinary vocal gifts, and he undertook her tuition with a firm belief in the brilliant future that lay before her. It was during this period of her musical education that he found the opportunity he had long wanted in the choir of the Eighth Street Church, and there, on a certain Sunday a few years before the civil war, the future diva sang for the first time before the public while her brother listened critically from his pew downstairs.

The newspapers of that day made no comment on the affair, and history is silent concerning the success of the experiment, but the fact that she was first heard there by a public gathering deserves to be remembered long after Jac. Aberle and Lena and Johnny Thompson and the rest of them shall have passed into oblivion.



CHARLES RICHMAN.

NOTABLE TESTIMONIALS.

When it was apparent that Georgia Cayvan, the popular actress, so long associated with the old Lyceum Theater successes, would be unable to return to the active work of the stage, her professional brothers and sisters resolved to give evidence of their sympathy by organizing a history-making benefit, which took place at the Broadway Theater, New York, January 13, 1903. Miss Cayvan had long been an invalid, and with the customary generosity of the profession every actor and actress of note in the city rushed to the rescue of a disabled sister. The performers, as far as possible, were the associates of Miss Cayvan's days at the Lyceum. Many were acting in the current New York plays; others made flying trips from Philadelphia.

William Faversham opened the program with a few introductory remarks. Then James K. Hackett, Mary Mannering and members of the former's company gave the third act of "Don Cæsar's Return." Mrs. Langtry con-

tributed a monologue, and Julie Opp a recitation. Julia Marlowe also recited. David Bispham sang "Danny Deever," accompanied by Walter Damrosch on the piano.

E. H. Sothern and Ethel Barrymore appeared in a sketch, "Drifting Apart." Beatrice Herford gave a monologue. A new pastoral called "The Philosopher in the Apple Orchard" was played by Fay Davis and Bruce McRae. The Twelfth Night Club contributed a fantasy written for them by Grant Stewart, entitled "Columbia's Children." Other features on the bill were the champagne dance from "The Silver Slipper," and the Pansy song and dance from "The Billionaire." The entertainment was a financial as well as artistic success, the net receipts being over \$9,000.

It was one of the most splendid testimonials in the shape of a benefit this country has known. It was largely due to a sense of gratitude, coupled with a feeling of personal affection, which led to the fine tribute to a stricken artist.

The fact that an artist is paid for his or her work at the time it is performed does not wipe out that debt of gratitude which an appreciative public feels for those whose efforts have given

them the keenest kind of pleasure—that which comes from beholding artistic work well done. Years ago, when Charles Fechter became financially embarrassed by reason of lack of patronage of the Globe Theater, which he had undertaken to manage at Boston, the citizens and fellow professionals of that city tendered him a complimentary benefit, which took place January 14, 1871. The performance was one of the finest ever given in this country. While Mr. Fechter appreciated the compliment paid him, he refused to accept the receipts, and instructed those who had charge of the affair to turn the money over to the worthy poor of the city.

A benefit performance was tendered to John Brougham at Niblo's Garden, New York, May 16, 1869. The play presented on that occasion was "The School for Scandal," in which John Gilbert appeared as Sir Peter and Mrs. D. P. Bowers as Lady Teazle. What was called a farewell testimonial to the same gentleman was given at the Fifth Avenue Theater, New York, May 13, 1876. On that occasion was presented "The Serious Family," with Maurice Barrymore, Georgia Drew and John Drew in the cast, and "Pocohontas," with John Brougham as

Powhattan, and Mrs. G. H. Gilbert as Pocohontas. Mr. Brougham did not retire from the stage at that time, but continued to act at intervals until shortly before his death. His last appearance on any stage was at Booth's Theater, New York, October 25, 1879, as Coitier, in "Louis XI." Mr. Brougham died June 7, 1880.

Matilda Heron was tendered a testimonial benefit at Niblo's Garden, New York, January 17, 1872. A fine bill was presented, the list of attractions including a scene from "The School for Scandal," John Jack appearing as Sir Peter to the Lady Teazle of Laura Keene, and one act of "King John," in which Master Percy Roselle, a precocious boy actor, played Arthur. Miss Heron, who had been long before the public, is perhaps best remembered for her clever impersonation of Camille, and was at one time looked upon as one of the most fascinating and brilliant ladies of the stage. She made her last appearance before the public at Booth's Theater, New York, December 25, 1874, playing Lady Macbeth to the Macbeth of George Vandenhoff. Miss Heron died at New York, May 7, 1877.

Edwin Adams, a favorite actor in romantic

drama, best remembered for his grand performances in "Enoch Arden" and "The Marble Heart," was an invalid for two years before his death. His last appearance on the stage as an actor was at the California Theater, San Francisco, Cal., May 27, 1876, when he played Iago to the Othello of John McCullough. He last appeared before the public at the same theater at a benefit performance which was tendered him. He was unable to act, but occupied a chair in the center of the stage while the company gathered about him and sang "Auld Lang Syne." Benefit performances were arranged for him at New York and Philadelphia on October 12, and at Pittsburg on October 17, 1877, the net receipts from which amounted to about \$10,000. He died at Philadelphia, October 28, 1877, beloved by all.

William Warren, long a Boston favorite, was tendered a testimonial at that city on October 28, 1882, in honor of his fiftieth year on the stage. Twice that day the theater was crowded to its utmost capacity, and he appeared once as Dr. Pangloss and once as Sir Peter Teazle. He was at that time presented with a massive loving cup by Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, Mary Anderson, Lawrence Barrett and John

McCullough, and inscribed with their names. Mr. Warren at his death bequeathed the cup to Joseph Jefferson, who gave it to The Players. For thirty-five years he was identified with the stage of the Boston Museum, his first appearance there being made August 23, 1847, and his last May 12, 1885, when he played Old Eccles in "Caste." This was Mr. Warren's last performance on any stage. He died September 28, 1888.

Charlotte Cushman on her final retirement from the New York stage, November 7, 1874, was the recipient of one of the most flattering testimonials that has ever been paid to any artist in the whole history of the stage. At the end of a brief engagement at Booth's Theater, New York, then under the management of Jarrett and Palmer, her farewell was formally announced. The house was filled to its capacity, and the play selected was "Macbeth," the same play in which she made her first appearance on the dramatic stage thirty-nine years before. After the play was finished the curtain was raised, and on the stage were discovered Miss Cushman and the members of the dramatic company. William Cullen Bryant made a happy speech and presented Miss Cush-

man with a crown of laurel on behalf of her admirers. Miss Cushman responded in a speech equally happy, but full of deep feeling. Her last appearance before an audience was at the Globe Theater, Boston, May 15, 1875. She died February 18, 1876.

John Gilbert's fiftieth year on the stage was celebrated by a banquet at the Lotos Club on November 30, 1878, and a benefit performance at Wallack's Theater, New York, on the afternoon of December 5. For his benefit among those who appeared were Maude Granger, Dion Boucicault, Agnes Booth, Lester Wallack, Ada Dyas, George S. Knight, Birch and Backus, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Williamson, Charles A. Stevenson and Stella Boniface. The screen scene from "The School for Scandal" was presented by Rose Coghlan, Charles Coghlan and Charles Barron. Mr. Gilbert's address on this golden anniversary was the cause of signs of emotion when he said: "During these fifty years I have seen moving two great processions of friends—one coming on the stage to play their brief parts, the other passing silently away." Mr. Gilbert's last appearance on any stage was at the Fifth Avenue Theater, New York, November 10, 1888, as Sir

Anthony Absolute in "The Rivals." During his career he had played eleven hundred and fifty parts in tragedy and comedy, and it is said acting them all well. He died at Boston, June 17, 1889.

Mrs. J. R. Vincent was tendered a testimonial benefit performance in honor of her fiftieth anniversary as an actress at the Boston Museum, April 25, 1885. The program in the afternoon was "She Stoops to Conquer." Mrs. Vincent playing Mrs. Hardcastle. In the evening the play was "The Rivals," with Mrs. Vincent as Mrs. Malaprop. At the end of the evening's performance she received an ovation, and in a few well-chosen words told of her deep pleasure. Mrs. Vincent died at Boston, September 4, 1887.

Henry E. Abbey, long a well-known manager, was tendered a testimonial benefit at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, April 21, 1884. The net receipts were \$36,000. Mr. Abbey died October 17, 1896.

Tony Hart, long associated with Edward Harrigan, and without doubt the most versatile performer that ever appeared in vaudeville, was compelled to retire from the stage on account of illness. A monster benefit was given

him at the Academy of Music, New York, March 22, 1888, which netted \$12,000. Among those who took part in the performance was Nat C. Goodwin, who acted Marc Antony in a scene from "Julius Cæsar," in such a manner as to surprise his friends. Mr. Hart entered into partnership with Harrigan in 1871, and continued with him for fourteen years. Their first appearance in New York was at the Globe Theater in 1872, and their last appearance together on the stage was at the Park Theater, Brooklyn, N. Y., June 13, 1885. Everybody liked Tony Hart, and his appearance on the stage under whatever name for the occasion was always with a warm hearted reception. By hard work he made his way up to the top of the ladder of professional fame, and he died honored as one of the most finished actors of his day. He originated many of the characters that are now seen on the stage. Dead at thirty-six, he was fortunate in having a consistent and perfect career. Mr. Hart died at Worcester, Mass., November 4, 1891.

A testimonial benefit was tendered to Clara Morris, who through illness was compelled to close her dramatic career. The affair was in charge of Amelia Bingham, and took place at

the Broadway Theater, New York, April 14, 1903. The performance was opened with an address by the Rev. Dr. A. F. Underhill. Following the address A. S. Witmark sang a number of songs, and then came Clyde Fitch's one-act comedy, "Frederic LeMaitre," which was admirably acted by Henry Miller, Martha Waldron and Miriam Bruce. Next came J. E. Dodson and Annie Irish, in Buckstone's comical old farce, "A Kiss in the Dark." Agnes Booth and Boyd Putnam then presented Bronson Howard's comedy, "Old Love Letters," in charming fashion. Joseph Haworth appeared next in Augustus Thomas' sketch, "A Man of the World." This was followed by the trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice," with Minna Gale Haynes as Portia, and Creston Clarke as Shylock. The last number was the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," played by Edward Harrigan and Annie Yeamans precisely as they used to play it in Mr. Harrigan's comedy, "Investigation." Between the several dramatic offerings songs were sung by Blanche Ring and Adele Ritchie.

Many messages from players and old admirers of Miss Morris who were unable to be present were received. A cablegram from

Sarah Bernhardt read as follows: "I would like to be there to personally express to you my admiration for your talent, and my sympathy for you. You are one of those who have honored our profession by the beauty of your life. I salute you with emotion and tenderness." The receipts amounted to \$6,500.

On Monday, June 1, 1903, the Olympic Theater, Chicago, was turned over to the professionals playing at that city, and they gave the most unique continuous performance ever seen in a theater for the benefit of the family of William T. ("Biff") Hall. From noon to nearly midnight the theater was packed to its capacity, and more than \$5,000 was handed over to the widow and children of Mr. Hall as a result. There were no waits, representatives were sent from every theater in town, and at one time there were over two hundred persons on the stage and back of the scenes awaiting their turn.

The companies participating were "King Dodo," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," "The Tenderfoot," "The Little Princess" and "A Chinese Honeymoon." William H. Crane journeyed from New York to take part in the performance. Among the many

vaudeville turns on the bill were Ross and Fenton, J. Bernard Dylln, Jessie Bartlett Davis, Lew Hawkins, Gallagher and Barrett, Elizabeth Murray and Kelly and Violette.

"Biff" Hall, as he was generally known, was famous as a writer, dramatic critic and after-dinner speaker, and few men in America had a wider acquaintance in the theatrical profession. He died at Colorado Springs, Col., May 16, 1903.

Lester Wallack met with business reverses at the close of his career, and was tendered a benefit at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, May 21, 1888, which netted \$21,000. The benefit was managed by A. M. Palmer, Augustin Daly, and committees of eminent actors and newspaper men. Those who were not assigned parts went on as supernumeraries, and such an array of well-known players was never before seen on any stage in this country. Mr. Wallack died at Stamford, Conn., September 6, 1888. A performance of "Hamlet" was given with the following cast:

Hamlet	Edwin Booth
The Ghost	Lawrence Barrett
The King.....	Frank Mayo
Polonius	John Gilbert

Laertes	Eben Plympton
Horatio	John A. Lane
Rosencrantz	Charles Hanford
Guildestern	Lawrence Hanley
Osric	Charles Koehler
Marcellus	E. H. Vanderfelt
Bernardo	Herbert Kelcey
Francisco	Frank Mordaunt
First Actor.....	Joseph Wheelock
Second Actor.....	Milnes Levick
First Grave-Digger.....	Joseph Jefferson
Second Grave-Digger.....	W. J. Florence
Priest	Henry Edwards
Ophelia	Helena Modjeska
The Queen.....	Gertrude Kellogg
Player Queen.....	Rose Cogblan

CHURCH AND STAGE.

Those in theatrical life at times receive more than their share of abuse. Their failings and misfortunes are paraded before the public, but their charities and good deeds are seldom thought worthy of mention. In time of fire, flood or other devastation, they are among the first to render aid, and their services are continually sought for benefits to asylums, hospitals and like charities. Their work on the stage is always open to just criticism, but the faults of a few should not condemn the entire profession. Clergymen of certain denominations are the chief offenders, and they never let an opportunity pass to say something unkind of the actor. But who ever heard an actor speak ill of a clergyman? These good men do not seem to know that there is an Actors' Church Alliance, with chapters in nearly all of the large cities, nor that many professionals are regular church attendants and take an active part in church work and charities. Members of the theatrical profession are found within the sacred

walls as often as any other class, but they do not boast of the fact.

Most of the comparatively few tirades against the theater from the pulpit nowadays are based on antique ideas of the theater. The preachers that thus offend common sense are fond of talking about what the theater was centuries ago, when so-called Christians themselves, divided into violently opposed sects, were busy hanging, burning and barbarously torturing one another in the name of religion.

This is a late day for any preacher prominent or aspiring to prominence to hold forth on the alleged common wickedness of persons associated with the theater, and the classification of the stage as an institution typical of hell. That sort of pulpit talk is as obsolete as are some of the doctrines as to human punishment and the aberrant flights of imagination by the terrifying means of which the old-fashioned preacher brought his hearers to a realization of what he pretended to believe was in store for them hereafter if they should deviate a hair's breadth from the path that he, acting as an independent surveyor, had marked out. The tremendous educational and moral force of the stage must be admitted when one reflects that

in a great city each night more people attend the theaters than attend all the churches on a Sunday.

In the early days of the theater not only the players, but those who attended such places of amusement were held in bad repute, and severe laws were enacted and penalties prescribed for both player and audience. Everything possible was done to discourage this form of amusement, but without avail. The theatergoers of today have reason to congratulate themselves on the change that has come over the world since the present era of the playhouse was in its youth. Thus, a Cromwell parliament enacted a law providing that "all stage players and players of interludes and common plays shall be taken for rogues, whether they be wanderers or no, and notwithstanding any license from the king or any other person or persons to that purpose. A fine of five shillings shall be inflicted upon any person attending the performance, and any player caught in the act is to be publicly whipped and compelled to find sureties for future good behavior."

While there were formerly a great many things about theatrical performances to shock religious people, their criticism of the stage was

none the less often based upon mere prejudice. It was in order to bring about more enlightened views that the clergy had co-operated in the formation of the Actors' Church Alliance, one of whose fundamental principles was that the theater as an institution played an important part in promoting the welfare of society. This organization had a bishop for its president, and had developed chapters at Boston, New York, Philadelphia and other cities which were presided over by clergymen.

At the fair of the Boston Chapter, held at the Hotel Vendome at that city in 1902, the Rev. Dr. George W. Shinn, president of the Boston Chapter, opened the fair with a short address, after which he introduced Bishop Lawrence and Mrs. Fiske as the speakers of the occasion. Bishop Lawrence gave a resume of the work of the Alliance. Mrs. Fiske said in part: "This is a good day for the stage and for the church. It marks a step on the way to further friendship. The players have long known the church, but perhaps the church has not yet quite understood the players. Here in our own country we hold in beloved memory the names of the women of the stage of yesterday—among others Charlotte Cushman, Maggie Mitchell,

later Mary Anderson, and that matchless sprite of innocent joyousness, Lotta Crabtree. We remember these women not only as women of genius; but as women whose lives were inspirations to those about them. These women stood in the glare of light. There are countless others who work humbly in the shadow. The church should be glad and proud to know them better, as they will be glad to know the church."

Some have left the church for the stage and others have left the stage to take up the work of the church. The Rev. George C. Miln gave up the pastorate of a large and wealthy congregation to seek and win dramatic recognition as a player of Shakespearean roles. and Walter E. Bentley, an actor of great promise, left the stage for the self-sacrificing life of a minister of the gospel; to visit the sick, to comfort the dying, to bury the dead. The Rev. Walter E. Bentley, as we now know him, was one of the founders of the Actors' Church Alliance of America, the objects of which are to promote the best interests of the stage and the church by seeking to produce on the part of each a just appreciation of the opportunities and responsibilities of the other; and by uniting the stage, the church and the general public in a



VIOLA ALLEN.



mutual effort for the benefit of all, especially in protecting the actors from being compelled to play in Sunday performances.

James H. Hackett, actor, manager, and one of the greatest Shakespearean readers of his day, spoke and wrote several languages, and it has been said that he frequently preached in French, German, etc. Ackland VonBoyle, a character actor of great merit and a member of a well-known theatrical family, left the stage and became a minister of the gospel.

The Rev. Dr. Mallory, at one time interested in the management of the Madison Square Theater, New York, was the editor of *The Churchman*, the organ of the Episcopal church, as well as a clergyman. The Rev. Forbes Phillips, vicar of Gorleston, was the author of a four-act drama entitled "*Church and Stage*," said to deal with many of the problems of the church with a fearless hand. The Rev. Francis H. Kelly, of Lapeer, Mich., wrote a play that was successfully produced.

At the Trinity Evangelical German Lutheran Church, Baltimore, Md., one Sunday night, a drama, entitled "*An Orphan*," by the pastor, the Rev. A. F. Sterger, was produced before an audience that overflowed the church. The

daughter of Dr. Sterger played one of the parts, and Dr. Sterger was the stage director. The play dealt with the joys and sorrows of an orphan girl, the stage settings were upon the pulpit platform, and the costumes were appropriate.

The Rev. C. H. Jones, of the First Presbyterian Church, of Oswego, N. Y., shocked the conservative element of his town by making a contract with a bill poster to bill the city advertising his sermons side by side with theatrical posters. The Rev. John Home wrote the play "Douglas," and was deposed from the ministry for so doing, so great in those days was the prejudice against the stage. The Rev. Dr. A. F. Underhill was selected as treasurer of the fund that was raised for the relief of Clara Morris. Robert J. Burdette, the humorist, who turned preacher, held his first service in the Temple Church, Los Angeles, Cal. His subject was "Assured Prosperity."

The corner stone of the Nixon Theater at Pittsburg, was laid with the appropriate ritual of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The clergymen officiating were Rev. L. W. Shea and Rev. W. J. Dawson, assistant rectors of Trinity Church. After Samuel S. Nixon, of

the firm of Nixon and Zimmerman, had placed the box in the niche prepared for it, Rev. W. J. Dawson blessed the playhouse and christened it "The Nixon." A large crowd witnessed the ceremonies.

The Rev. Edward Davis, a well-known minister of California, adopted the stage and renounced the ministry. As a pulpit orator Mr. Davis was popular when pastor of the Central Church at Oakland, Cal., and of the First Christian Church of San Francisco. He refused a call to the Loudon Street Temple, Melbourne, Australia, at \$5,000 a year, to become an actor at a small salary. Spencer Cone retired from the profession and became a distinguished clergyman. Charles Weeks gave up the stage and became a preacher of the gospel. After having abused the profession roundly he returned to the stage, giving as his reason for so doing that he was compelled to do so by sheer necessity, having a mother and young sisters depending on him for support.

W. W. Pratt, actor, author and manager, left the stage to become a preacher and temperance lecturer. He wrote the play, "Ten Nights in a Bar Room." The Rev. John Weiss, of Boston, wrote a new fifth act for Maggie Mitchell's

famous play of "Fanchon." The great showman, P. T. Barnum, was a noted temperance advocate and lectured on that subject for years. Dan Rice at one time was a temperance lecturer. To the elder Booth all forms of religion and all temples of devotion were sacred, and in passing churches he never failed to bare his head reverently. J. P. Adams, a well-known comedian, became a leader in the Mormon Church. The Rev. William B. Shean gave up the pastorate of a church at Peru, Ind., and joined the circus as a lecturer on the animals in the menagerie.

Some of our most prominent operatic stars are graduates from the church choir. One of the most popular opera companies the country ever had was known as the Chicago Church Choir Company. The Gorman Philadelphia Church Choir Company was made up entirely of singers from the choirs of churches at the city of Brotherly Love.

James A. Herne would often occupy the pulpit of churches in cities where he would play during the week, and large audiences were the rule. Frederick Warde delivered a splendid address from the pulpit of Grace Episcopal Church, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and the interest

was so great that the church was packed an hour before the service. The newspapers of that city devoted many columns to the event the following day. The Rev. Dr. Green, the rector, conducted the services, and in introducing Mr. Warde spoke very effectively on the relations between the church and the drama and the great good already accomplished in bringing them together.

The great temperance orator, John B. Gough, was at one time an esteemed member of the theatrical profession, and labored long in the cause which he espoused. Bob Hart, a famous minstrel in his day, took up the work of an evangelist, and later was ordained a clergyman and became widely known under his right name, Rev. James M. Sutherland. He associated himself with a sweet singer by the name of Dwyer, who had long been with Bryant's Minstrels, but left the stage to take up the work of an evangelist.

One of our most successful managers had a religious objection to the giving of Sunday performances, and for years refused to accept any of the proceeds of a performance given on that day from his partners. Many of our most noted actors rebel against playing on Sunday,

and the theaters in localities that usually give performances on that day are compelled to close during their engagements.

It is to the church choir that the stage is indebted for Alice Neilson, Grace Van Studdiford, Fanchon Thompson, Jessie Bartlett Davis and Adele Rafter. It would be hard indeed to estimate how many times these ladies have sung for church charities during their stage career. May Fielding sang in the choir of Christ Church, Detroit, Mich., before she joined Augustin Daly's company at New York, which was her first appearance on any stage. The first time Lillian Russell ever sang in public was in the Central Methodist Episcopal Church at the same city. Maxine Elliott began her public career by singing in the choir of a Baptist church in a small village in Maine.

There are many professionals who are liberal givers to the church, as well as regular attendants. Their names are often found on subscription lists for the support of orphan asylums, homes for friendless children and other church charities. It was through Frank Queen's liberality that the Methodist Episcopal Mariner's Bethel Church at Philadelphia was built. He provided the money with which the ground was

purchased, and furnished nearly all the funds with which to construct the church and parsonage. This amount was \$85,000, without interest or any paper to show indebtedness. When the building was completed he gave many thousands of dollars towards its support.

In different parts of the country will be found houses of worship which contain handsome paintings, rich stained glass windows, finely carved altars, sweet toned organs, valuable communion plate and costly vestments given by or purchased with funds contributed by people of the stage.

Many well known professionals will not play on Good Friday, and some have religious scruples against playing at all during Holy Week. For many years it was the rule that no performance be given at Daly's Theater, New York, on Good Friday, the late Augustin Daly being a Catholic. After Mr. Daly's death the custom was kept up. This mark of respect is worthy of more than passing notice, as the house passed into the hands of Daniel Frohman, a Hebrew.

SONGS OF OTHER DAYS.

Everyone loves the songs and traditions of his country, but that is particularly true of the American. He is an exceedingly emotional being; a homely ballad sung in a homely way is never unnoticed by him. He loves the song and he loves the singer.

Of late years there has been a tendency to sing the street song rather than the old-time ballad. The songs that are learned in childhood are rarely forgotten; they will ring true all through life, so only those should be learned that are good and beautiful. Where can you find anything sweeter than "Old Folks at Home"? It is one of our folk songs. Who has not been moved to tears by its plaintive air and words fraught with homesickness? There have been all sorts of stories told about this beautiful song, which was written by Stephen C. Foster. His best songs were for years credited to Edwin P. Christy, the negro minstrel, under whose name they appeared. It was not until "Old Folks at Home," "Old Black

Joe," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "My Old Kentucky Home," and the rest had been made popular by the Christy Minstrels that it became known that Foster was their author.

"The Last Rose of Summer" is made immortal, first through Tom Moore, and also as a musical gem from Flotow's opera of "Martha." "Nellie Gray" is another sweet old song. "Annie Lisle," "Sally in Our Alley" and "Kathleen Mavourneen" are old songs full of pathos. "Comin' Thro' the Rye," "Robin Adair," "Annie Laurie" and "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," like "The Last Rose of Summer," are ours by adoption. "Old Dog Tray," "Ben Bolt," "Hard Times Come Again No More," "The Little Brown Jug" and "Paddle Your Own Canoe" were among the great song successes of bygone days.

But perhaps those we love best were written during the civil war. "The Vacant Chair," "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," "Just Before the Battle, Mother," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," and "Johnny Has Gone for a Soldier," were great favorites of the boys in blue, and "The Bonnie Blue Flag," "Dixie," and "Maryland, My Maryland," were the rallying songs of those who

espoused the lost cause. Our patriotic songs, "The Star Spangled Banner," "America," and "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," are only equaled in popularity by "Marching Through Georgia."

The lack of knowledge Americans have of their national songs is often noted. Returning to their native land one summer by an English ship was a large number of Americans. On Sunday the captain read service in the dining saloon and at its close, in deference probably to the preponderance of Americans in his company, designated "America" as the hymn to be sung. Everybody stood up and the first verse was given with a gusto. Much weaker in volume was the singing of the second verse. The third began with only two or three voices that trailed off into dead silence before its end, though the organ kept bravely on.

Either the captain intended it from the first, or else the weakness of the singing suggested it to him, but at the finish he asked for "God Save the King." Then it was that the Americans were ashamed to listen to the handful of Englishmen sing lustily and with confidence, led by the captain himself, their national anthem from start to finish.

In the early part of the sixties, the popular songs were "Swinging in the Lane," "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still," "Maggie May" and "Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be." Much of their success, however, was due to the fact that they were sung in the public schools of New York. A little later we had "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "The Mabel Waltz," "Gathering Shells by the Seashore" "Put Me in My Little Bed," "Come, Birdie, Come," and "Put My Little Shoes Away," which all became popular.

It often occurred that singers would become identified with certain songs, and no one would think of infringing on their supposed rights. If one went to the minstrels and Dan Bryant was on the end you were sure to hear "Lanigan's Ball," "Finnigan's Wake," or some other rollicking Irish song. If Joe Murphy was on the end you would hear "Gypsy Davy," and if it happened to be Hughey Dougherty you were sure of "Sweet Evelena." Fred Waltz, a singer in the Philadelphia minstrel halls, for many years sang a ballad called "Dorkins' Night," and J. L. Carncross at the same city for a long time sang "Over the Garden Wall" and "The Blue Alsatian Mountains." The bass singer was

always expected to sing "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" or "Dublin Bay," and the quartette were sure to favor the audience with "Larboard Watch" and "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming."

At a rehearsal of the San Francisco Minstrels one morning, Dave Wambold, who sang so beautifully "My Pretty Red Rose" and "The Letter in the Candle," surprised his associates with his intention of singing "The Sweet Bye and Bye." By some this was thought to be sacrilegious, and would be resented by the press and public, as it had always been looked upon as a piece of religious music and had no place in the theater. They were much mistaken, however. It had never been sung as Mr. Wambold sang it, and in a few days all New York was singing it. The sale of this song reached over half a million copies. All minstrel performances closed with a walk around by the entire company, and the most popular songs used for this number were "Carry the News to Mary" and "Walk Along, John."

In the vaudevilles the first of the comic vocalists, as they were then called, were Tony Pastor, Billy Pastor, George R. Edeson and Billy Holmes. Among the first songs that

Tony Pastor sang on the stage were "Joe Bowers" and "Pretty Polly Perkins of Washington Square." It would be hard indeed to try and enumerate all the songs that this gentleman sang in his long career, but his most popular ones were "Tommy, Make Room for Your Auntie," "Jockey Hat and Feather," "It's for Money," "Down in a Coal Mine," "Whoa! Emma!" and "Where Was Moses When the Light Went Out?" In 1867 Charles A. Vivian came to this country and brought with him "Ten Thousand Miles Away," "Up in a Balloon," and several other songs that became quite popular. Then we had "Champagne Charlie," "Tassels on the Boots," "Moet and Chandon," "Any Ornaments for Your Mantel-piece," and others of that sort. The ladies who were billed as serio-comic vocalists used to sing "The Captain With His Whiskers," "Winking at Me," "Starry Night for a Ramble," "Marching Through the Park," and "The Man in the Moon."

Will Carleton, a famous Irish singer, gave us a new style of song with his "Dandy Pat" and "The Whistling Thief." Later, Pat Rooney introduced "Pretty Peggy" and "Dancing Round with Julia." Pete Cannon sang

"On Board the Bugaboo" and "Water on the Brain." Most of the Irish comedians had in their repertoire "My Father Sold Charcoal," "Apples and Pears" and "The Dublin Dancing Master."

Two beautiful songs written by Matt O'Reardon were "Marriage Bells" and "My Dream of Love is O'er." A pathetic story has been told of the love of the author for a well-known actress, which was unreturned. The announcement of her marriage to another was soon followed by these two musical gems. A broken heart, a miserable ending and an unknown grave was the lot of this gifted musician. Other songs worthy of mention were "Baby Mine," "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By," "A Flower from My Angel Mother's Grave," "When the Leaves Begin to Turn," "Seeing Nellie Home," "Beautiful Bells," "Down by the Old Mill Stream," "The Lively Flea," "Wait for the Wagon," and "You'll Never Miss the Water Till the Well Runs Dry."

The songs of William J. Scanlan must not be overlooked. To hear his name is to think of "Peek-a-Boo!" "My Nellie's Blue Eyes" and "Gathering the Myrtle with Mary." The children of a decade were rocked to sleep to the

music of his "Bye, Baby, Bye Bye." The first to write parodies on popular songs was Gus Williams. One of the first songs used by this gentleman was "Polly, Put the Kettle On." Among his many successful German parodies may be mentioned "Mygel Schneider's Party," "Pins and Needles," "The German Fifth," and "You'll Never Miss the Lager Till the Keg Runs Dry." J. K. Emmett, who had been an orchestra drummer in St. Louis, entered the professional ranks as a Dutch song and dance artist with such songs as "The Deitcher Gal vot Winked of Me" and "Happy Leetle Deitcher," a parody on "Happy Little Darkies." His greatest hit was made with one of Mr. Williams' songs, "Keiser, Don't You Want to Buy a Dog?" Later Mr. Emmett gave to us some of the most beautiful songs ever sung on the stage. The most popular were "The Mountain Guide," in which he introduced his drum solo, "The Cuckoo," "Sweet Violets," "Schneider, How You Was?" and the world-famous "Lullaby."

There were always plenty of songs that told of the beauty of certain flowers. Among the best were "Pretty Pond Lillies," "Little Bunch of Lilacs," "Where the Flowers Blush and

Bloom" and "Only a Pansy Blossom." The soldier was always a good subject for the song writer, and we were given "The Gallant Sixty-Ninth," "The Grenadier Drum Major," "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," "The Regular Army, O!" "The Charleston Blues" and "The Skidmore Guards."

That inimitable wit, J. W. Kelly, equally good in song and story, used to say in one of his monologues: "Did you ever notice how many songs have been written about mother? There is 'Take Me Back to Home and Mother,' 'A Boy's Best Friend is His Mother,' and a lot more. They seem to overlook father. The only songs they ever wrote about him had him drunk on the street and a half-starved child saying, 'Father, Dear Father, Come Home With Me Now.' Another one is 'The Old Man's Drunk Again.' Some one wrote a song 'You're So Good, Daddy,' but it was a failure. No one would believe it. One song tells of an old man who has reared a large family. They have no futher use for him and he is sent 'Over the Hills to the Poorhouse.' Even this old man on his way to a home as a county charge is not given a decent road to walk on, but is made to climb a lot of hills to get there."

The old-time song and dance men were the authors of a number of very good songs. Harigan and Hart are best placed in this class, as their first joint appearance was in a black-face song and dance, and they soon after found much favor with the public for their fine rendition of "The Little Fraud." Still later this team came to the front with such songs as "The Mulligan Guards," "The Mulcahey Twins," "Babies on Our Block," "Slavery Days," "Way Up at Dudley's Grove," "Never Take the Horseshoe From the Door," and scores of others of equal merit.

Among Bobby Newcomb's most successful songs were "Sweet Forget-Me-Not" and "Crossing on the Ferry." He was the author of many songs that became hits in the vaude-villes. What would be thought now of a person that would sing one song for three successive years? Dave Reed did this at the breaking out of the civil war, with "Sally, Come Up." Several years after, in conjunction with Dan Bryant, he made "Shoo, Fly," famous, when the old Bryant's Minstrels were located in Tammany Hall, New York. Ben Cotton, the first to portray the aged darkey on the stage, for many years sang "Old Uncle Snow" in such

a manner that neither the management nor public seemed to care for a change.

The first song that Billy Emerson sang when he entered the profession was "Saucy Sam," but afterwards became identified with the "Big Sunflower." Performers in this class had songs with such titles as "Nicodemus Johnson," "Josephus Orangeblossom," "Adolphus Morninglory" and "Rebecca Jane." Those doing a neat specialty preferred "My Gal," "Pretty as a Picture," "Riding in a Street Car," "Dancing in the Barn," "Where the Ivy Grows So Green," and others of the same style.

Delehanty and Hengler, in addition to being considered the best the stage ever knew in their line of work, composed the words and music of all their songs. To them we were indebted for "Love Among the Roses," "Darling Mignonette," "Strawberries and Cream," and others too numerous to mention. They were the authors of "Happy Hottentots," which they were the first to introduce. The press criticized the song as some of the lines had a tendency to advertise a then famous patent medicine, Helmbold's Buchu, and they withdrew it, returning to their former neat specialty.

No more are heard such sweet melodies as

"Mollie Darling," "Sweet Be Thy Repose," "Ever of Thee," "Waiting My Darling for Thee," "Beautiful Isle of the Sea," "Good-Bye, Sweetheart, Good-Bye," "Write Me a Letter from Home," "The Fisherman and His Child," "The Danube River" and such comic ditties as "Cruel Mary Holder," "Courting in the Rain," "The Grecian Bend," "Billy Boy," "Dolly Varden," "The Bell Goes Ringing for Sarah," and "Lord Lovell." They have been long forgotten, and can only be classed among the sweet memories of bygone days.

AT REST.

In the beautiful Mt. Auburn Cemetery, Boston, Mass., is the grave of Charlotte Cushman, laid to rest after a stage career of forty years, and not far distant are the graves of Helen and Lucille Western, famous actresses in their day, and who traveled all over the country as successful stars. In this same cemetery are the remains of Mary Devlin, the first wife of Edwin Booth, who passed away at Dorchester, Mass., February 21, 1863, at 23 years of age. She rests beside her husband in this peaceful place. Mary F. McVicker, the second Mrs. Booth, died at New York, November 13, 1881, at the age of 32, and is buried at Chicago.

Jenny Lind, one of the most popular singers ever heard in this country, died at London, England, November 2, 1887. On April 20, 1894, a tablet was unveiled in Westminster Abbey to her memory. The remains of Fanny Davenport were interred in Forest Hill Cemetery, Boston, Mass. The great tragedian, Edward L. Davenport, and his wife are buried



HENRY B. HARRIS.



side by side in the same plot. Mary Scott-Sidons died at Paris, November 19, 1896. Her remains were taken to England and buried in Woking Cemetery, London.

Mrs. John Drew, after many years of faithful service to the public as actress and manageress, was laid to rest in Glenwood Cemetery, at Philadelphia, beside her husband, who passed away in May, 1862. The remains of her daughter Georgia Drew Barrymore, who died in California in the summer of 1893, are interred in the same plot. Agnes Ethel, noted for her fine portrayal of emotional roles, and who left the stage at the height of her success, was cremated and her ashes buried in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Buffalo, N. Y.

Nina Varian, an exceptionally clever actress and universal favorite, died at sea. The impressive burial service usually accorded to those who die on shipboard was read, and her body committed to the deep. Bernice Wheeler, another stage favorite, found a watery grave in the wreck of the steamer *La Bourgogne*, July 4, 1898. Annie Pixley was cremated and so was Emma Abbott. The ashes of the latter are buried beneath a handsome monument at Gloucester, Mass. Lizzie Creese was cremated

at Fresh Pond, Long Island, and her ashes deposited in a copper urn in the mortuary chapel at that place.

Laura Keene, whose dramatic career was very eventful, and who at one time held a position of influence upon local dramatic affairs in New York, died at Montclair, N. J., November 5, 1873, and was there buried in the Catholic Cemetery. At her own request her death was not publicly announced until the last rites were performed.

Adelaide Neilson, a remarkably beautiful and accomplished actress, whose farewell performance in this country took place at Baldwin's Theater, San Francisco, July 17, 1880, died at Paris, August 15, of the same year. Her body was taken to England and laid away in Brompton Cemetery, London. All that was mortal of her is now covered by a cross of white marble, inscribed with her name, date of death and the words: "Gifted and Beautiful. Resting." Alice Dunning Lingard, a vocalist and actress of much talent, who came to this country in 1868, and appeared in many of the most successful burlesques produced at that time, is buried in the same cemetery.

The tomb of the great Rachael is in the

Cemetery of Pere la Chaise at Paris. The remains of Sibyl Sanderson were cremated and the ashes interred in a peaceful spot but a short distance away. In the same cemetery will be found the plain and massive arched blocks of granite constructed by Sarah Bernhardt as a mausoleum for her remains in the event of her death. Mlle. Henriot, the young actress burned to death at the fire in the Comedie Francaise at Paris in 1899, is buried in the Passy Cemetery at the same city.

The tomb of Adah Isaacs Menken, a brilliant actress, who was as well known in Europe as in her own country, is in Mont Parnasse Cemetery, at Paris. Her remains were temporarily interred in the strangers' burying ground in Pere la Chaise Cemetery at that city, and about a year later removed to their present resting place. Her last appearance before the public was at her own benefit at Sadler's Wells Theater, London, May 30, 1868.

Arrangements had been made to produce "Les Pirates de la Savene" at the Theater Chatelet, Paris, in July, 1868, on the grandest scale ever attempted, with the great American artiste as the heroine. The air of the city was too strong, and she was removed to Bougeval,

in the south of France, but disease had fastened itself upon her, and she had to take to her bed.

The engagement was postponed for a month, and, hoping against hope, whenever the managers called they were told that Miss Menken needed no rehearsal, but would do her best to be at the theater in good season. Being put off every time and unable to see her, the managers appealed to the law, and finally took with them two gendarmes to compel her to go to the last rehearsal. Demanding admittance to her chamber, her maid, opening the door, said: "There she lies—it is too late now." Poor Menken had passed away that very day, August 10, 1868.

During the Franco-Prussian war, some years later, the Mont Parnasse Cemetery was often bombarded, and many tombstones leveled, but Menken's tomb remained untouched throughout. Her grave has got to be a sort of pilgrimage to Americans visiting Paris, and many people of the stage have from time to time brought over little mementos from the grave and placed new ones there.

Mrs. Edwin Forrest died at New York in 1891, and her grave is in Silver Mount Cemetery, Staten Island. Emma Vern is buried at

Leadville, Col., and a rough pile of stones placed there by professional friends marks her resting-place. Lola Montez, best known as a danceuse, although at different times she had appeared in speaking parts and as a lecturer on spiritualism, after a life full of adventure passed away in a sanitarium at Astoria, N. Y., June 30, 1861. In her earlier days she gave away fortunes to the needy, but died in poverty, and is buried in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y. Rachael Denvil is buried in Holy Cross Cemetery, Flatbush, Long Island.

Gertie Granville was laid to rest in St. John's Cemetery, Worcester, Mass.; Emily Stowe in Rural Cemetery, Albany, N. Y.; Sadie Scanlon in Calvary Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y. Ellie Wilton is buried in the old cemetery at Flushing, L. I.; Anna Clay, at Reading, Pa.; Dorothy Wolfe, Winchester, Va., and Jessie May, LaSalle, N. Y.

No monument of enduring marble, no tablet of everlasting brass, marks the spot where lie the remains of Margaret Mather. She sleeps in Elmwood Cemetery, Detroit, Mich., one of the most peacefully beautiful burial places in the country. On every side of her burial place there are beautiful and costly monuments, many

of them marking the graves of those who were not known in life outside of their limited circle, and are not remembered now by others than the members of their families. This makes all the more impressive the absence of any shaft by which to distinguish the tomb of this fine actress.

It seems the very irony of fate that in this beautiful city of the dead, where stately monuments and heroic statues greet one's eyes on every hand, there should have been no care to commemorate the fame and distinguish the grave of this princess of the stage. Her life was one of disappointment, her death perhaps a happy release, and now that of her which was mortal crumbles away to dust, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." Standing by the grave of Margaret Mather, noting the utter absence of any appropriate mark of commemoration, and seeing on every hand beautiful and costly tokens of affection and admiration to mark the resting-place of far less distinguished persons, one is led to say, with Kipling: "Lord God of hosts, be with us yet, lest we forget, lest we forget."

Caroline Richings Bernard died of smallpox at Richmond, Va., January 14, 1882, and was

there buried. On Christmas Day, 1881, she sang in the First Baptist Church at that city, and that was her last public appearance. A singular and touching incident is told of her burial. On the day of her funeral a mocking-bird escaped from its cage in a distant part of the city, and though diligent search was made could not be found. As the last clods of earth were being thrown on the grave of the singer, a succession of trills and sweet warbling poured forth from the throat of a mocking-bird perched in a tree near by. It was recognized as the missing bird. At sundown it returned to its home and went back into its cage, which had been left open at the window.

In Cypress Hills Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y., repose all that was mortal of Mrs. William Harris, who before her retirement to private life was known as Helen Revere. She was a liberal dispenser of charity, and died as she had lived, one of the most dearly beloved women in the profession.

Alice Hastings is buried in Mt. Vernon Cemetery, Philadelphia, Pa.; Alice Montague-West, at Lancaster, Pa.; Grace Hunter, Berlin, Ohio; Grace Golden, New Harmony, Ind.; Belle Archer, Easton, Pa.; Kate Castleton, Oak-

land, Cal.; Patti Rosa, Chicago, Ill.; Etta Edmunds Hill, Macon, Ga.; Leonora St. Felix and Katie Hart, Brooklyn, N. Y. The remains of Helen Mora were cremated and the ashes interred in Evergreen Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y.

In the Catholic Cemetery at Crawfordsville, Ind., are the remains of Irma VonRokoy, the Austrian danceuse, whose life was crushed out in a terrible wreck which occurred on the Monon Route near that city. The hearts of the entire population seemed to go out in sympathy for this unfortunate lady in a strange land, and one of the largest funeral corteges ever known in that city followed her to the grave. Kate Hassett, who met with a sad and untimely death at Philadelphia, was laid to rest at Aurora, Ill., and Mabel Bouton at Salt Lake City, Utah.

Emma Maddern Stevens, for nearly half a century an esteemed member of the profession, is buried in Woodlawn Cemetery, New York; Dolly Banks, in Mt. Pleasant Cemetery, Toronto, Canada; Ella Jerome, Calvary Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Carrie Fulton, Oak Hill Cemetery, LaGrange, Ill.; Addie Boos, a favorite cornet soloist as well as an actress of merit, at Jackson, Mich., and Madeline Hardy in Woodlawn Cemetery, Detroit, Mich.

Etta Butler died at New York. Her remains were taken to San Francisco, Cal., and cremated. The ashes were interred in the Odd Fellows' Cemetery at that place. Carmencita, the beautiful Spanish dancer, died of yellow fever at Rio de Janiero. Her remains were placed in a pine box fastened with an iron padlock, and without a prayer or ceremony of any kind, hastily deposited in a trench, which stood open ready to receive those who were rapidly dying of the dread disease.

The grave of Belle Boyd, the famous Confederate spy, furnishes a striking example of how soon and easily the world forgets. For her daring in conveying information to Stonewall Jackson and other Confederates she was twice condemned to be shot. Several plays were written about her eventful career, and she was favorably known as an actress and on the lecture platform. She is buried at Kilbourn, Wis., on a sandy slope, and so unproductive is the land that not even vegetation usually found on dunes and desert wastes attempts to grow where the Confederate heroine sleeps. But two half-dead specimens of sage-like plants, of uncertain names, are growing on the grave at the foot of a small oak tree.

In Magnolia Cemetery, Beaumont, Texas, is the grave of Fatma Sing Hpoo, said to be the tiniest woman in the world. She was twenty-two years old, weighed but fifteen pounds, and was only twenty-eight inches high. She and her brother Smaun had been prominent in amusement circles for several years.

In a well kept grave in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y., peacefully rests a once sweet singer and stage favorite. On her tombstone, together with her age and the date of her death, is inscribed, "Ella Mayo, affianced wife of Tony Hart." Sadie McDonald died in Australia, and the people built a resting-place for her on a high knoll overlooking the Pacific. On her tombstone are the words, "Our Little Honey."

Side by side in Woodlawn Cemetery, New York, sleep Minnie French (Mrs. Charles E. Evans), and Helena French (Mrs. William F. Hoey), long before the public as the French Twin Sisters, and in a handsome mausoleum in the little cemetery at Charlestown, N. H., in which the body of the famous playwright is at rest, were deposited the remains of Flora Walsh-Hoyt and Caroline Miskel-Hoyt.

In the burial plot of the Actors' Fund of

America, in the Cemetery of the Evergreens, Brooklyn, N. Y., are the well kept graves of many stage favorites of bygone days. Here lies May Brookyn, whose sad death in California is well remembered, and whose remains were brought to the city of her birth for interment. Near by, in the same plot, are buried many once well-known professional ladies, among whom may be mentioned the names of Louise Searle, Ada Gray, Eliza Young, Daisy Murdoch, Lucille Adams, Maud Haslam, Phyllis Morris and Carrie Howard.

Peace be with them!

THE MELANCHOLY DANE.

An actor, stranded in a small mining town, was waited upon by a committee of miners. They told him that they intended giving a play for the benefit of some local charity, and had come to ask him to undertake the task of coaching the miners. The play was "Hamlet," and there were four aspirants to the role of Hamlet. One of these was a powerful Irishman, with a rich brogue; another, a corpulent German, with a decided dialect; one a Yankee, with pronounced nasal tones, and the fourth equally unsuited for the part he wished to play. The actor called the four men together, and informed them that there were five acts in "Hamlet," and proposed that he, as a professional, should take the act most difficult to perform, thus leaving an act for each one of the four. The proposal was accepted. The play was given to a large and most enthusiastic audience, while the financial success exceeded all expectations. But the next morning the one small newspaper of the town contained the following:

“The play of ‘Hamlet’ was given last evening by our amateur dramatic company. It has long been a question as to whether Shakespeare or Bacon was the author of this play. It can now be definitely ascertained. Let the graves of both men be opened. He who shall be found to have turned in his grave is the one who wrote ‘Hamlet.’ ”

“Hamlet” has been played in many languages, by actors of all ages, and of both sexes, with elaborate scenery and with no scenery at all. It has been burlesqued and sung as an opera; and its representatives have been good, bad and indifferent. History tells that Lewis Hallam was the original Hamlet in America, playing the part at Philadelphia in the autumn of 1759. The tragedy was presented for the first time at New York by the same gentleman, November 26, 1761.

John Howard Payne has the distinction of being the first American Hamlet who was born in America. He played Hamlet at the Park Theater, New York, in May, 1809, being but seventeen years of age at the time. Other juvenile tragedians have been seen in the part, notably Master Joseph Burke, who played it at Dublin, when he was five years old, and re-

cognized as a star in this country in "Hamlet" when he was twelve.

The name of a lady is occasionally found in the titular part of this play. The most successful of these was unquestionably Charlotte Cushman. Among the many other lady Hamlets were Anna Dickinson, Louise Pomeroy, Mrs. F. B. Conway, Adele Belgarde and Julia Seaman.

It is not possible in a single chapter to mention the names of the hundreds of Hamlets who have appeared on the American stage. The tragedy has been played in every important town in the Union, and hundreds of thousands of persons have witnessed and appreciated its beauties.

Chicago gave to the world the first "Hamlet" acted wholly by women, from prince to page, from ghost to soldiers, and also the first "Hamlet" intended to demonstrate Shakespeare's mistake in massacring the cast in the last act. It was Shakespeare for auditors of the most squeamish sensibilities. There was no horrid visible ghost to elicit feminine screams, there were no killings on the stage, and the play was ended with the grave-digging scene, and just before the dreadful carnage by which Shakes-

peare disposed of the chief characters. According to this version, Hamlet and his mother kissed and made up and all lived happy ever after

That there might be no more tragedy than necessary, Polonius was allowed to be killed with almost no confusion, and it is doubtful if any but the closest observers in the audience was aware that a foul deed had actually been committed. Hamlet was lecturing his mother when he noticed that some person was in hiding behind the curtains. Stepping to the door he drew his dagger and reached behind the curtain as if handing the weapon to some one. Then he withdrew it, walked back, and presently Polonius, from behind the scenes moaned out the fact that he was murdered. Then the Queen and Hamlet proceeded with the interview.

This same city introduced Charles Winter Wood, a gentleman of color, in the role of Hamlet, supported by a company composed entirely of colored people.

Many players have deserved capital punishment for murdering Hamlet, but until quite recently the Prince of Denmark had escaped being placed on trial on the serious charge of

killing King Claudius. Under the criminal code of the State of Iowa the lapse of time since the commission of the crime is immaterial, as there is no statute of limitation with respect to offences against the lives of persons. Members of the law class of the University of Iowa began criminal proceedings in January, 1903, and Hamlet was indicted for murder in the first degree by a true bill returned by the University grand jury on February 20, of the same year. The case came up in the junior law court of the University, presided over by Justice Deemer of the Iowa Supreme Bench, and the proceedings were conducted with all the solemnity of a regular criminal trial. Hamlet pleaded not guilty to the indictment, and set up a defense of insanity.

The brightest members of the law class were concerned in the prosecution and defense of the defendant, and Shakspearean scholars and alienists of reputation were the witnesses examined during the trial.

The jury was unanimous in its opinion that Hamlet was not insane when he murdered King Claudius. On the question of justification through self-defense, there was a divergence of opinion. After standing evenly divided for

twenty hours, the jury finally agreed that Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, was guilty of manslaughter when he killed King Claudius, and should be resting behind prison bars instead of being king of the stage and hero of literature, and rendered a verdict to that effect.

Dr. Landis, an odd character, who had strange ideas as to his ability as a tragedian, played an engagement at Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, in 1883, supported by a company of amateurs. His audience was almost exclusively composed of males, who found no excuse too trifling for their merriment, no jest too coarse, no uproar too loud. He represented Hamlet with a long black beard, and his appearance, speech and action were so ludicrous that the audience burst into laughter before he had been on the stage five minutes. All through the performance the audience talked back to Hamlet. Every time the curtain went down there were cheers, screeching, whistling and Indian war-whoops. The police were called upon to quiet the disturbers, and were compelled to eject a number from the theater. His audience pelted him with vegetables and decayed fruit so unmercifully, that at the next performance a wire netting was used to prevent the players from being struck by flying

missiles and protect the scenery. At the closing performance a drum and fife corps played nearly all through the evening, and this, with the singing of popular songs by the audience, prevented the players from being heard, so the curtain was rung down and the house cleared by the police.

George, the Count Joannes, as he chose to style himself, supported by his pupil, Avonia Fairbanks, and a dramatic company, began an engagement at the Lyceum Theater, on Fourteenth street, near Sixth avenue, New York, February 4, 1878. A repertoire of plays were given which included "Romeo and Juliet," "Othello," "Richard III," "King Lear" and "The Lady of Lyons." The Count selected February 18 for his benefit and "Hamlet" was presented.

The house was crowded and for three hours no more disgraceful scenes were ever witnessed in an American theater. When the Count came on as Hamlet he was greeted with three cheers and shrieks of laughter. The actors were guyed unmercifully, and the Count would occasionally walk down to the footlights and when he could be heard, defend them from the gibes and ridicule of the audience. As the grave-digger proceeded with his work they sang "Down in a



CHARLES J. ROSS—MABEL FENTON.



Coal Mine." Occasionally some one would yell "Who is Count Joannes?" and the whole house would recite in concert, "First in War, First in Peace, and First in the Hearts of His Countrymen." When those in the house felt like singing they did it with a will, and the performance was for the most part a dumb show. Vegetables and other things were thrown at the players and at one another in the audience, and several times the police were called upon to preserve order and prevent the performance from breaking up in a general row.

James Owen O'Connor gave a performance of "Hamlet" at the Star Theater, New York, April 9, 1888. His impersonation of the Dane seemed so absurd to the audience that most of the dialogue was lost in peals of laughter. He made a speech which was given three hearty cheers. Cabbages and bouquets of pie-plant were thrown at him, and uncomplimentary remarks made as to the ability of the players. The audience though noisy was good natured, and nothing was done that called for interference by the police. Mr. O'Connor was a few years later taken to an insane asylum, where he died March 31, 1894.

Stuart Robson appeared as Hamlet at the

Olympic Theater, New York, in November, 1866, in a burlesque entitled "Hamlet, or Wearing of the Black." Edwin Forrest used to play Hamlet, Virginius, Metamora and like characters, with side whiskers, moustache and goatee. At one time E. L. Davenport wore side whiskers when playing Hamlet, and Charles Fechter wore a moustache and chin whiskers in the same role.

This may sound strange to the present generation, as it is many years ago that the newspapers and billboards of New York announced the appearance of the genial Tony Pastor as Hamlet, each evening, with the customary matinees, at his theater, then situated at 201 Bowery. Tony was not alone in the production of "Hamlet" that season, as it was being played at several theaters in the city at the same time.

The presentation of this play at so many different theaters at one time had a tendency to bring to mind the epidemic of "Hamlet" that passed over New York in the years 1857 and 1858. Barry Sullivan and McKean Buchanan appeared as Hamlet at the Broadway Theater; James Stark and the elder Wallack at Wallack's Theater; Edward Eddy at the Bowery Theater, and Charles C. Hicks, James E. Murdoch, E.

L. Davenport and Edwin Booth at Burton's Theater. During the same season at Burton's Theater John Brougham played Hamlet with a brogue. William E. Burton was the Ghost, Lawrence Barrett the Horatio, and Mark Smith played Ophelia. At this theater in May, 1857, John M. Hengler, a prominent young tight-rope walker, astonished the town with a representation of Hamlet, which was not, however, repeated.

It was on January 10, 1870, that Charles Fechter, the great French tragedian, made his first appearance in America, acting in "Ruy Blas," at Niblo's Garden, New York. Edwin Booth was at the time acting Hamlet at his own theater, then situated on the southeast corner of Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street.

It is doubtful if the acting of any one, native or foreign, in the whole history of the American stage, has been the subject of so much or such varied criticisms as was Mr. Fechter. Those who were his admirers were enthusiastic in his praise; those who did not like him were unsparing in their condemnation and ridicule. The press of the city criticised Mr. Fechter's acting quite freely, and the Frenchman foolishly accused Mr. Booth and his friends of being re-

sponsible for every adverse criticism. Mr. Booth generously offered to stand aside and allow Mr. Fechter to take his place. The French tragedian declined the offer, himself appearing as Hamlet on February 15 of the same year.

George L. Fox, who made clowning a fine art and was then in the height of his career, shortly afterward produced a burlesque of this play at the Olympic Theater, Broadway near Bleecker Street, which had a long and prosperous run. It was perhaps more a burlesque of Edwin Booth, after whom in the character he played and dressed, than of "Hamlet." While Mr. Fox at times was wonderfully like Mr. Booth in attitude, look and voice, he would suddenly assume the accent and expression of Mr. Fechter, whom he counterfeited admirably. To see him pacing the platform before the Castle of Elsinore, protected against the chilly night air by a fur cap and collar, red mittens and arctic overshoes over the traditional costume of Hamlet, to hear his familiar conversation on local topics with the Ghost, and his mild profanity when commanded by the Ghost to "swear" was a ridiculously enjoyable piece of acting. Mr. Booth saw this caricature of his

Hamlet, and is said to have enjoyed it immensely.

Then the vaudeville folks took it up, and Add Ryman gave an abbreviated version of it at the Theater Comique, 514 Broadway. The minstrel halls also presented negro acts with such titles as "The Black Hamlet," "Hamlet, the Dainty," and "The One Hundredth Night of Hamlet."

Mr. Pastor at the time he gave to the public his idea as to how "Hamlet" should be played, was surrounded by a fine company who rendered valuable aid in making the production at his house a success. The lines that were given him were correctly spoken, and his chubby form was neatly draped in black silk and velvet. Others in the cast, however, seemed to have ideas of their own as to dress, and Nelse Seymour, who played the Ghost, supplemented his already tall figure by wearing a high silk hat. The gravedigger in this production seemed to work "ad lib," and with his spade would throw on the stage an assortment of bric-a-brac, such as tin cans, stove-pipes, hoop skirts, etc., while he sang the song, "Any Ornaments for Your Mantelpiece." The other parts were well distributed, the important role of the First Actor

being intrusted to Jimmy Bradley, a song and dance man. Joe Braham furnished incidental music to suit the occasion, and which always brought on the fair Ophelia to the then popular air of "Walking Down Broadway."

The soliloquy of these burlesquers was made up largely of local topics. Mr. Ryman, gazing intently on the skull in his hands, would begin his version of it as follows:

"Another Hamlet!

Who can it be?

Is it Booth, Fechter, or Fox, the sly one,

Tony Pastor, or Addison Ryman?"

JAMES FISK, JR., IN THEATRICALS.

In the year 1868 the theatrical world was startled at the news that James Fisk, Jr., had purchased Pike's Opera House, erected by Samuel N. Pike, of Cincinnati, on the corner of Eighth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, New York, for the sum of \$820,000. Up to that time Mr. Fisk had been known only as a shrewd speculator on the stock market and by his connection with the Erie Railway. A few years before he was satisfied to travel with Van Amburgh's Menagerie, his occupation being to help put up the canvas and act as caretaker of the wild animals. His employer recognizing his tact, advanced him to the somewhat more elevated position of ticket seller, and as such he traveled with this show for eight years.

He renamed his purchase the Grand Opera House, and a little later purchased from H. L. Bateman his interest in opera bouffe. He lavished money on the theater in a wonderful manner, doing many really meritorious things to make it a first-class place of amusement. He

made it his own headquarters as treasurer of the Erie Railroad. Its history after it came into his possession cannot now be written. For a time the name of Jay Gould appeared as one of the proprietors. On March 31, 1869, "The Tempest" was produced in magnificent style, with E. L. Davenport, Frank Mayo, F. C. Bangs, and others, of equal merit, in the cast. At that time the name of James Fisk, Jr., first appeared as proprietor, and Clifton W. Tayleure as manager.

Many were the strange scenes which common report had placed at this theater. One famous scene was the personal encounter between himself and one of his agents, Mr. Maretzek.

Beside this establishment, in which he took great pride, Mr. Fisk purchased the building on Twenty-fourth Street, adjoining the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and fitted up one of the prettiest theaters, small, but bright and brilliant, that New York had ever seen. This building had been previously used as a minstrel hall by Griffin and Christy's Minstrels. He called it Brougham's Theater, and it was opened by John Brougham on January 25, 1869. In the course of two months Mr. Brougham retired

from the management and Mr. Fisk assumed the management himself, producing opera bouffe, Mlle. Tostee and her company being the attraction. In August, 1869, it was opened by Augustin Daly and continued under his management until destroyed by fire on January 1, 1873. On that New Year's day, within an hour after the matinee performance, the cosy, pleasant little theater was burned to the ground, a total and complete wreck. Mr. Daly and his company had the sympathy of all, as this theater had been the scene of so many triumphs of many public favorites that the whole city was deeply stirred by the news of the disaster. The house was called by Mr. Daly the Fifth Avenue Theater, and opened with a comedy called "Play," with E. L. Davenport, Agnes Ethel and others in the cast. The company and the management were at once a pronounced success, and Mr. Daly entered into a career of popularity and prosperity that lasted as long as the house remained to him. The last play ever performed on its stage was "New Year's Eve, or False Shame." It was at this house that Clara Morris made her first bow to a New York audience in "Man and Wife."

Beside his theatrical, financial and social suc-

cesses, Mr. Fisk had aspirations to military and naval honors. Already an admiral of the Sound and Long Branch fleets, he sought a military command. The colonelcy of the Ninth Regiment of the National Guard was tendered to him, and he accepted it. By lavish expenditure of money he soon raised it to a high grade of merit, and it was known everywhere for its fine uniform and its peerless band, that became known as "Colonel James Fisk, Jr.'s, Ninth Regiment Band." For years Graffula's Seventh Regiment Band had been the leading military band of New York. It was composed of fifty men and was considered a large band in those days. D. L. Downing, a well-known band-master, was given authority to organize a band to consist of one hundred of the best musicians obtainable, and in addition to many performers of note, Jules Levy, then at the height of his career, was engaged as cornet soloist. It was said at the time that he received \$10,000 a year for his services.

The first public appearance of this band in their brilliant uniforms of scarlet and gold created a sensation. Mr. Levy was given a prominent place in the formation and played on a gold instrument embellished with dia-

monds and other precious stones. The regimental drum corps, composed of thirty picked men, was taught to play in unison with the band, and when the 130 musicians played together a fine effect was produced.

Sunday night concerts were given at the Grand Opera House by this band. Colonel Fisk showed his interest by occupying a stage box at each performance. The finest vocalists assisted at these concerts. Among them were Signorita Farettee, Emma Cline, Mlles. Castelan and DeTry. Mr. Levy's cornet solos were always one of the features of the bill. Carl Bergman was the conductor, and Mr. Downing was the band leader. One Sunday evening a quartette from Bryant's Minstrels, composed of Messrs. Templeton, Dwyer, Oberist and Shattuck, were introduced at the band concert. It was a little bit out of the ordinary, but they made a decided hit.

This regiment took a prominent part in the Orange riot, which occurred at the city of New York, July 12, 1871. The Orange societies were refused permission to parade that day by A. Oakey Hall, at that time mayor of the city. Public opinion was against this action, and an appeal was made to Governor John T. Hoff-

man, who not only gave the desired permission, but also ordered the First Division of the National Guard under arms for their protection if necessary. More than 5,000 armed soldiers and policemen escorted a body of less than forty Orangemen who were determined to march. The procession had not moved far when an attack was made on the military, and the Ninth, which was near the head of the column, were given orders to fix bayonets and charge the mob. In the sharp fighting which ensued many lives were lost, while the list of wounded never became known. In the Ninth three were killed and eight wounded, among the latter being Colonel Fisk. Two of the killed were Walter Prior and H. C. Page, both members of the theatrical profession.

Colonel Fisk was a fine-looking man. There was always color in his cheeks, and his blonde hair crisped itself into small waves right from its very roots. Seldom was there a temper so sunny and a heart so generous. His blue eyes danced with fun and no one could talk five minutes with him without being moved to laughter. He loved the theater and its people. At each of his theaters he reserved a box for his personal use, and when he occupied it was always sur-

rounded by a smiling, animated party of friends.

When the news of the great fire at Chicago, October 9, 1871, reached him, he offered his theaters, his companies, and his band for benefit performances. And he did more. He sent out a special relief train over his road, loaded with flour, provisions and necessities for the sufferers. All tracks were cleared for this train, which was the first relief train to reach that city. When an appeal was made for clothing for those who had lost all, out came the beautiful team of jet black horses that he drove in the park. They were hitched to a great white express wagon of the Erie company, and driven by him from door to door, stopping wherever a beckoning hand appeared at a window. Bundles of clothing, boxes of provisions; anything, everything, that people would give he gathered up, with brief, warm thanks and the raising of a velvet cap he wore. Personally, he gathered up carloads of goods that were rushed to the express office for proper sorting and packing, and sent by fast trains to the terror-stricken, homeless Chicagoans.

On Saturday afternoon, January 6, 1872, about half-past four o'clock, Colonel Fisk's private coach drew up in front of the Grand

Central Hotel, on Broadway, opposite Bond Street. It was about the time that New York's great thoroughfare presents the pleasantest sight. Men of business were walking leisurely homeward, ladies lingered among the glories of the stores, and many carriages lined the curbstones. Colonel Fisk had left his carriage, and, entering the vestibule of the hotel, was going up the steps that led into the hall. As he neared the top two shots were fired at him by a concealed assassin. One struck him in the left arm and another immediately after striking in the abdomen. Two more shots were fired at him but took no effect.

The news of the shooting spread like wildfire. As the particulars became known the excitement grew intense. The good qualities of the man were alone remembered. The news had a dampening effect on the gay spirits of the attaches of the Grand Opera House, and the excitement among the actors was not less intense. It was proposed at first to suspend the play, but as a great number of tickets had been sold, it would have given dissatisfaction to many patrons of the house, and it was decided to let the play go on. The audience was fair in number, but it is doubtful if "The Colleen Bawn," which Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence were playing that

night, ever received a more mechanical representation or was ever presented to a less appreciative audience. The players went through their lines as if they were performing a task, and when off the stage congregated in the wings and dressing rooms to discuss the latest intelligence from the wounded man. At the close of the performance the actors quitted the scenes in which they had no heart, and directly the last scene ended the Grand Opera House was left dark and deserted and the theater was closed until after the funeral.

At half-past eight in the evening a consultation of physicians was held and it was decided that nothing could be done for the dying man, and at a quarter to eleven without a struggle he passed from earth. The information of his death was flashed to every part of the country and created a profound and startled impression among all classes. The excitement, comment and general interest occasioned by the slaying of a prominent man in the full possession of health and wealth, and almost everything else rendering life desirable, became the theme of conversation in all parts of the land. Not since the death of President Lincoln had the demise of any one

man seemed to excite so much public attention and comment.

The funeral services over the body of Colonel Fisk, on Monday, January 8, 1872, attracted one of the largest crowds ever assembled together at that city. When it became known the remains would lie in state in the Grand Opera House, that neighborhood was crowded with sight-seers representing every grade of society anxious to get a glimpse of all that remained of a man whose history had been so remarkable. Here the scene was one long to be remembered. Over the Grand Opera House floated at half-staff the national ensign. The front of the gallery in the interior of the building was festooned with black and white satin rosettes, while over the entrance to the private office of the deceased was a handsomely engraved portrait of him in full uniform as colonel of the Ninth Regiment.

A little after eleven o'clock the body was borne to the bier prepared for its reception in the vestibule of the theater. It was clothed in full regimentals, the cap and sword resting on the body. The public were then admitted to view the remains. Entering by the Twenty-third Street entrance the spectators filed in a long line past the casket, and passing through the building left

by the door opening on Eighth Avenue. Among the first to be admitted to take the last look at the dead were those connected with the Grand Opera House.

The Episcopal burial service was read by Chaplain Flagg of the Ninth, who announced that the funeral services would be concluded on the following day at Brattleboro, Vt. At two o'clock the coffin was closed, draped with the American flag and borne by the guard of honor to the hearse. Shortly after the procession started from the Grand Opera House. At this point of the proceedings the scene was a most impressive one. Every available spot from which the procession could be viewed was occupied, while the solemn stillness that prevailed added to its solemnity. The procession was a large one, and the column moved through Twenty-third Street and Fifth Avenue to the New Haven depot on Twenty-seventh Street, where the Madison Square Garden now stands, and on arrival there the remains were placed on the cars to be taken to Brattleboro, Vt., for interment.

And thus passed from sight the mortal remains of one who had been a vast power, but that power was no more.

THE ONE-NIGHT STAND.

The most objectionable feature in theatrical life is in playing the so-called one-night stands. Not so for lack of patronage, as the audiences may be large and appreciative, but on account of the stuffy, ill-ventilated opera houses and town halls, unclean dressing rooms, and other uninviting surroundings, to say nothing of the annoyance of railroad travel at unseemly hours in order to make the next town. The performance over at eleven, then to a railway waiting room for a train that comes through about midnight and carries you to a junction a few miles distant, where after a tedious wait you are liable to be bundled into a caboose attached to the rear of a freight train and thus finish your journey, which may take far into the next day. Something may occur that will necessitate a rehearsal that afternoon, and by night you are in no condition to give a performance that will please an audience, the management or yourself. There is nothing in the world that will disorganize a first-class company quicker than a week or two of one-



ALICE FISCHER.

night stands, and there is nothing looked upon with such disfavor by the entire profession

It does not take long for the advance agent of a company to discover whether the local manager takes a personal interest in the theater, or if it is simply run as a side issue. If the manager gives the place his personal attention it is proof that he realizes there is something at stake, will work up interest in the newspapers and secure a proper showing for the advertising matter. Should the place be run by incompetent employes the agent's work is much harder, as he must see his paper up and have his heralds distributed before he can safely leave town. He knows full well that many tons of valuable printing that should have been placed on the wall or otherwise distributed has been burned up or destroyed in some way, and thousands of dollars worth of lithographs held out and sold to "pirates."

It is by such means that the "pirate" thrives. He stays in the smaller one-night stands, not daring to come out into the light of the larger ones for fear his nefarious business will be recognized and he will be prosecuted. Utterly devoid of honor or decency he will steal anything that can be played by his company, and then add

insult to injury by advertising the play in out-of-the-way places with stolen printing.

The local manager is alone to blame for these irregularities. If he can find no time for his theatrical interests himself, he should place them in charge of responsible men. He takes great pride in his business standing and his high rating by the commercial agencies. A complaint of unfair treatment at his place of business during the day will receive his personal attention and the offender censured or discharged, yet at his theater the same night a watch must be put on every entrance, and sometimes even at the stage door, to prevent fraud. His horses are well fed and watered, but no drinking water will be found on his stage for the thirsty actor or working force. If the stage manager of the company should ask for water for his people, the house property man generally knows where he can borrow a pail and dipper for two "comps." If the tickets are forthcoming, he gets the pail and dipper from his own home and sells the "comps." to some one on the way to the theater.

New schemes are always on foot for beating the ticket box. The tube for shooting tickets from the balcony to the box office, and the false bottom ticket box are things of the past. It was

in a small Iowa town that a new one was discovered. After the rush was over the ticket seller stepped to the door of the box office and asked the man on the door for a cigarette. A cigarette box was thrown to him, he stepped back into the office, and came out shortly with a lighted cigarette in his mouth and threw back the box. Soon after a request was made for another cigarette, and the box was again thrown. The manager felt like smoking about that time, and as the box whizzed through the air put up his hand and caught it. He was somewhat surprised on opening it, for instead of cigarettes he found seventeen one dollar tickets.

And then there is the music that is furnished in the small towns. If the house has no orchestra, a worn-out piano will be found that is never in tune. The manager answers complaints by saying that every musician who comes along wants to tune the piano and each one changes the pitch. The musical director can readily find out the merit of the orchestra furnished, and if he can do nothing with it imparts the information that he will play the show alone if they will furnish the music for the overture and between the acts. This they will readily agree to do, and

many times by so doing the performance is saved.

The leader of the town brass band will call on the manager and offer the services of his men to play outside for free admission to the theater. There is nothing to be lost on this and he is almost always given the contract. The band itself is generally composed of from fifteen to twenty men, but when it comes time to admit them you will find nearer fifty. Each musician has a boy to hold his music on such occasions, and even though they are playing beneath a number of electric lights, beside each man will be found a young fellow holding a smoky, foul-smelling torch, not so much for the purpose of furnishing light as the means of gaining admittance to the theater. At times when there is no house orchestra the brass band will furnish music between the acts, and the effect in a small house can be imagined by those who have never heard it.

Without a doubt the oddest character met in the smaller towns is the hotelkeeper, and some of the choicest of an actor's reminiscences concern the sayings and doings of the country landlord. When a company comes along he wants the people at his house, and as a rule will do all he can

for their comfort, for he is generally a good fellow. But he is continually doing outlandish things. Two actors stood in front of one of these hotels and the landlord stepped out and fired a charge from a double-barreled shotgun in close proximity to them. One asked the reason for shooting and was told it was a notification that dinner was ready. The other sarcastically inquired why he did not shoot off the other barrel, and received this reply: "There's a show troupe in the house and I am keeping that to collect with!"

The hardest thing to contend with in the one-night stand is the procuring of supernumeraries. The young men of the town, even those with theatrical aspirations, and who take part in all the entertainments given by amateur talent, think it beneath their dignity to appear as auxiliaries in the support of any one, no matter how famous. This makes it necessary to enlist the services of an undesirable class, who take part only for the purpose of seeing the performance and receiving pay for it. Long before the curtain rises they are dressed for their parts, and stand in the wings in the way of everybody. Actors who wish to make an entrance or exit are forced to push their way through, as the supernumerary

feels his importance in the toga of a Roman senator or the uniform of the king's guard.

No matter how carefully they have been instructed in their duties at rehearsals, they never do it properly during a performance. The scenes they have spoiled and the tears they have caused! Many a fine actress has been taken to her dressing room on the verge of collapse as the curtain descended on a climax that deserved the plaudits of the audience and a curtain call, and through the carelessness of these persons had been turned into a howl of derision.

Some of these fellows seem to think this is the time to show that they have a vein of humor in them, and will play tricks on each other in the dressing room and on the stage. If they have a grudge against any of the others this seems to be the right time to get even. One sad instance happened in a one-night stand during a performance of "Henry V." One of the supernumeraries had a deep grudge against another supernumerary, and he planned only too well to publicly humiliate his foe. When the supernumeraries were both on the stage, and while the star was declaiming one of his best speeches, one of the supernumeraries suddenly gave a yell and started

across the stage on a furious run, pulling at his wig with both hands as he ran.

The scene was, of course, almost spoiled, for the audience laughed at the crazy antics of the supernumerary rather than listened to the reading of the star. An investigation showed that the supernumerary who bore the grudge against his colleague had stood close behind his enemy and in the midst of the scene had leaned over and whispered shrilly into his ear: "Oh, Bill, your wig's on fire!" Whereupon, the unfortunate, frightened half to death, had taken to his heels and run for safety.

The local pride of these small towns is wonderful. When one of its young men or women leaves for a theatrical career they keep close track of them. Those who are successful send press notices of their advancement to the local papers who are only too glad to print them. Those who do not meet with success do not want their fellow-townsmen to know it, and if lost sight of inquiries are made of visiting companies as to the missing one.

If one of their number should gain much prominence in the profession, every theatrical person who comes along is sure to hear it. At Tremont, Ill., they point with great pride to

the fact that Louis James was born and raised there, and it is doubtful if any one in the amusement line ever visited Pontiac, Mich., without being informed that James A. Bailey was a native of that place. Youngstown, Ohio, wants the world to know that Henrietta Crosman started on her search for fame from that place, and at Hicksville, Ohio, the Swilly House is pointed out as the former home of Amelia Bingham. At times the natives will get confidential and give the names by which they were known before adopting the stage, and very often relate stories of their school days. Nine times out of ten they have them at the foot of the class or deficient in their studies.

The small town feels honored if a company elects to open their season with them, and will always do their best to get them a good house. If the company rehearses there so much the better.

When Madame Janauschek was at the height of her American career, it suited her manager one season to begin the tour at Syracuse, N. Y. The wily press agent went to the city a week or two in advance of the opening night and proceeded to impress upon the newspaper representatives of local theatricals the sublime signifi-

cance of madame's alleged great oath that she would open at Syracuse or cancel her entire season. Her manager wanted Chicago, but for the sake of peace he would compromise on New York, Boston or Philadelphia. Nothing would move Janauschek from the rock of her determination to get the advantage of the well-salted Syracuse intellect.

Naturally, and very properly, the Syracusans were fired with patriotic pride in the implied compliment, and the tragedienne got column on column of laudatory advance work. The result was a really brilliant opening night. Between acts an ambitious local newspaper man went on the stage to have an interview with Brunhilde. "Madame," he said, with a bow, "Syracuse feels proud that you elected to begin your tour here, and my paper would like to tell the public for you the reason for so honoring us."

"My Gott!" exclaimed the imposing Madame, "I had to open somewhere!"

It would never do to overlook the lady found in every one-night stand who knows all about theatricals. She never misses a performance, and boasts of the fact that she never paid to see a show in her life. She gives theater parties with billboard tickets, and introduces her guests

to the man on the door, whether she knows him or not. She calls all players by their first names, and if she has a story about them, is not over particular as to its truth. A self-constituted authority on the merits of plays and players, as well as their salaries, tends to make her much of a nuisance to those who happen to be seated near her.

Some years ago the theatrical folks who at that time made Mt. Clemens, Mich., their summer home, gave a benefit performance for one of their comrades who had long been an invalid. Among those who volunteered their services were Charles J. Ross and Mabel Fenton, who presented their travesty, which concluded with a scene from "Virginus." A little later, when the regular season opened, a well-known actor visited the town, and presented James Sheridan Knowles' tragedy of "Virginus." The house was crowded, and the play well received. Virginus, after stabbing his daughter to save her from the polluting touch of Appius Claudius, stands over her dead body holding aloft the bloody knife. Appius commands his attendants to seize him. The frenzied father shrieks in tones of desperation :

"If they dare
To tempt the desperate weapon that is maddened
With drinking my daughter's blood, why let them.
Thus it rushes in amongst them!
Way there! Way!"

Then dashing at the advancing attendants he cuts his way through and escapes.

In the audience that night was a lady who had also attended the performance where Mr. Ross had given his interpretation of the Roman father. When the faithful daughter sank to the ground, preferring death to dishonor, the lady began to show signs of disapprobation. The curtain fell and the star and leading lady responded to a hearty curtain call. This was where our lady friend thought proper to impress on those who were near her how much she knew of things theatrical, for in loud tones she called out to a gentleman who sat some distance away:

"Those people should be prosecuted. The whole thing is a steal from Charley Ross!"

THE CRUEL HISS.

Daniel H. Harkins, the veteran actor, who was known and admired by three generations of players and playgoers, was engaged for the important role of the King in the production of "The Last Appeal," at Wallack's Theater, New York, April 17, 1902. On the opening night he appeared at the theater in good health and spirits. When he endeavored to utter the first lines of his part, however, his fellow-players realized that something was wrong. As the performance went on the old player became more and more nervous, and he seemed utterly to forget his lines. The audience was at first inclined to laugh, and then hisses were heard in different parts of the house.

It soon became apparent that the actor was ill and sympathetic words quickly took the place of smiles among the auditors. But it was too late; the hisses had reached the heart of this fine old actor who had served them faithfully for over forty years. He managed to get through the performance, but his efforts in the last act

were most pitiful. His mind had given way. He was taken from the theater to his home, and later was removed to the home of his father at San Francisco, Cal., where he died December 7, 1902.

The audience never paused to consider the pathetic possibilities of the situation. Enough for them that the veteran actor acted queer. And so they laughed.

Sick! Nonsense. Actors are never sick on the stage. They may be intoxicated or not up in their parts; but sick, never!

It may be of some consolation to remember that equally inconsiderate persons have laughed and hissed at other admirable actors under circumstances infinitely distressing. They laughed at Edmund Kean, one of the greatest tragedians of the English-speaking stage. Mr. Kean was playing Othello to the Iago of his son Charles. His acting that night was peculiar. He was unsteady on his legs. The boxes tittered, and the gallery hissed. But Mr. Kean went on with the performance. After speaking the words, "Othello's occupation's gone," he fell into the arms of his son. The great Kean was dying.

They laughed at Lawrence Barrett. It was at the Broadway Theater. The Booth and Bar-

rett combination was playing its last engagement in New York. The play was "Richelieu." Mr. Barrett appeared as Adrian Du Mauprat. He acted queer. Unexpectedly the stage manager came before the curtain and announced that Mr. Barrett was too ill to continue the performance, but that another member of the company would take his place. Edwin Booth's great partner was carried from the theater and taken home to die.

They laughed at Castlemary, the grandest Mephistopheles on the lyric stage. Castlemary was singing at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, under the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau management. He was frightfully out of tune and continually forgot his part. As a matter of fact, the man was suffering untold physical pain. When the curtain fell Castlemary fell too. He died on the stage in the arms of Jean de Reszke.

They laughed at George S. Knight when he sought recognition with his beautiful play, "Baron Rudolph," and that fine actor went to his grave with a broken heart. "Baron Rudolph" was originally written by Bronson Howard for Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence, but was not accepted by them, and was later rewritten for Mr.

Knight. Its first presentation was at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, Ohio, and was played by Mr. Knight for two seasons, when it was laid aside for "Over the Garden Wall." On October 24, 1887, it was produced at the Fourteenth Street Theater, New York, and kept on the stage for four weeks. It was during this engagement that it was noticed he was not himself, and occasionally forgot his lines. A little later an attack of paralysis rendered him speechless, and he was treated by the best specialists without avail. A benefit performance was given at the Bijou Theater, New York, February 27, 1890, and the sum of \$2,000 was raised for the afflicted actor. He died January 14, 1892.

They laughed at "Old Hoss" Hoey when he began to do strange things on the stage, but he only laughed with them, and managed to fill out the season. He was advised to take a rest for a time, and in a couple of months was laid in his grave. His last appearance on the stage was in "A Parlor Match," at the Harlem Opera House, New York, April 24, 1897. Mr. Hoey died at New York, June 29, 1897.

Harry Kernell was playing at Tony Pastor's Theater, New York, where he had always been a great favorite. At one performance it was

noticed that his delivery was slow and his stories consequently fell flat. He would hesitate for a long time, as if collecting his thoughts. They did not know of his terrible suffering and hissed him. Soon after he disappeared from public view. He died March 13, 1893.

They hissed John McCullough at McVicker's Theater, Chicago. The bill was "The Gladiator," with Mr. McCullough as Spartacus. He had been great in that part, but it only served to give apprehension. He forgot his lines, mumbled and groaned and ranted in an alarming manner. He indulged in so many queer actions that the audience laughed. He paid no attention to the smiles and tittering of his auditors, but soon hisses were heard. This was too much. He had never in his long career been hissed before, and he stood with his jaws set glaring defiantly at the section of the house from which came the objectionable noise. People thought he had been drinking. Nothing was ever so pitiful as the sight of the great tragedian stumbling through his lines, ranting, groaning, and at times almost dazed. They rang down the curtain.

Then Mr. McCullough appeared before the curtain and said: "Ladies and gentlemen. If

this evening's performance had cost you the pain and effort it has cost me, you would not be here to-night." Those were the last words he ever spoke to an audience—a gentle rebuke to the people that had admired and applauded him and finally misjudged him. Friendly hands led him from the stage and into retirement forever.

On Christmas night, 1891, the Fourteenth Street Theater, New York, was crowded to see William J. Scanlan in "Mavourneen." In the first act he who had long been a stage favorite strode feebly to the center of the stage and stood with clasped hands and bowed head. When he spoke the empty sound of his voice struck terror to the hearts of the actors who stood about him and loved him. He did not know what to do or what to say. The last act was chaos. Some divined the truth, but others, thoughtless and ribald, believing Mr. Scanlan under the influence of drink, scoffed and jeered as the curtain fell.

He stumbled to the footlights at the end of the performance bearing in his hands a floral harp which some of his admirers had given him. "They say," he said to the astonished audience, "that I am out of my mind, but that

is not true. My head is all right and so is my heart." He began to cry then. There was no performance of "Mavourneen" the next day. Poor Billy Scanlan had bid the stage good-bye. He died at White Plains, New York, February 18, 1898.

There have been cases where actors have been hissed on purely personal reasons. At the close of the civil war Frank C. Bangs, who had served in the Confederate army with a splendid record for bravery, went to the National Theater, Washington, D. C., as leading man. The resident population of the city were all Southern and endeavored to control the entire house on the occasion of his first appearance. Knowing there would be a demonstration of some kind, many of the Northern officials and soldiers then in Washington gained entrance. The gallery gods were all Southerners to the core. When Mr. Bangs came on the stage the Northerners started to hiss. But the thunders of applause from all over the house and the rebel yell soon drowned the hisses, and he was allowed to proceed.

A band of students once hissed Sarah Bernhardt in her own theater at Paris. The divine Sarah was astounded, and was curious to know



GEORGE W. WILSON

the reason, whereupon the students replied that they had only admiration for her acting, but that not even she could meddle with the genius of Racine. She was playing in a revival of "Andromaque." The play as performed was not as written by the author, and the students, as worshipers of the French literary genius, would not, they said, permit anyone to insult the memory of the great Racine by trying to modernize his plays.

On several occasions there have been organized efforts on the part of Irish societies to interfere with performances that presented racial caricatures. "A Hot Old Time" company was hissed and hooted at when playing Springfield, Mass. At Philadelphia, the participants in the wake scene in "The Shaughraun" were assailed with missiles, and at the same city a performance of "McFadden's Row of Flats" ended in a riot, in which many were injured. The riot was similar to one that occurred to the same company while playing at the Star Theater, New York, the week previous, when two hundred Irishmen, whose feelings had been outraged by the performance, rose in their seats in the theater at a signal and pelted the performers with stale eggs, decayed

vegetables and fruit. The audience of over two thousand was thrown into an uproar and the actors were driven from the stage. Bricks were thrown upon the stage, eggs struck performers and scenery; torpedoes were hurled upon the stage, which struck with such force that they exploded like so many bombs. The stage was littered and the actors and actresses sought refuge in every corner.

Then there quickly followed a scene of wild disorder and riot which was feared would terminate fatally to some one. The air seemed filled with missiles, and the noise of bursting torpedoes seemed like a miniature battle. The confusion was intense, and the cries of women and children could be heard above the din of the rioters' oaths. Immediately there was a rush for the exits, and in the excitement women and children were trampled upon. None were seriously injured, however. In the uproar a policeman who was trying to preserve order discovered and stamped out a burning rag in one of the aisles.

In June, 1902, Maclyn Arbuckle while playing at Powers' Theater, Chicago, in "The Lady of Lyons," was greeted with a fierce storm of indignation created by his lines on woman in

the fifth act. In the play Mr. Arbuckle had to say: "Yes, a miracle—in other words, a constant woman." Storms of hisses greeted this denunciation of the sex, and for five minutes the play was interrupted by continued hissing. The house was filled with fashionable women, and they could not seem to realize that they were witnessing a play. They took the jibe to heart. A few of the women were not content with hissing and gave vent to cries of "Shame!" and "Wretch!" and various other words of condemnation. When Mr. Arbuckle attempted to go on with his speech on the frailties of woman he was interrupted again at every line.

In the early seventies Archie Hughes began an engagement at the Theater Comique, New York. Mr. Hughes, who was a noted minstrel and a great favorite in Brooklyn, where he had for years been connected with Hooley's Minstrels, would occasionally be called upon to play at New York, and was always sure of a good reception.

On this occasion he had hardly commenced his specialty when hisses began to come from all parts of the house. This was a puzzle to everybody, as it was not known that Archie had an enemy in the world. Suspicion pointed to

a well-known vaudeville team at that time at the height of their career. Both denied being implicated in the affair, but subsequent investigation proved the senior member of the team the sole instigator of the insult. The saying that revenge is sweet was shown in this case. It was not long after that this team was engaged for the Olympic Theater, at Brooklyn. During the day that they were to appear several large purchases of tickets gave a hint that there would be something doing that night, and when a prominent city official purchased one hundred tickets to give a theater party to a social club to which Mr. Hughes belonged, they were sure of it. The team had a fine specialty, one of the most successful acts ever on the stage, the music of which was being whistled and sung by everybody. This made no difference to the crowded house that received them only to return the insult that had been offered to their favorite and fellow-townsmen. When the orchestra commenced to play the introductory music to their act the noise and hisses began. They were not allowed to proceed. The senior member of the team stepped to the footlights to say something to the audience but was hooted down. The junior member then

stepped forward and was loudly cheered, as was a small colored boy used in the act who had been led to the front by both of the performers. Finding it would be impossible to proceed the team withdrew.

In some of the London playhouses they have a way distinctively their own in showing their disapprobation of a play or player that does not suit their fancy. Certain sections of the house observe a dignified silence, and the galleries indulge in what some call an automatic outcry, but can better be described as a "boo."

Upon the occasion of William Gillette's first performance in "Sherlock Holmes" at the Lyceum Theater, London, this clever actor was not received with the proper courtesy that was due him. When the curtain finally fell there were a great many calls for Mr. Gillette's appearance. As he stepped forward quite a large number of the upstairs spectators with that delicate sense of humor began to "boo." Mr. Gillette was not in the least disconcerted. He stood there with a slight smile flickering about his thin lips, and when he had a chance to be heard, he said: "Of course, if you keep this up, you'll win!"

STORY OF JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

John Wilkes Booth was the third son of Junius Brutus Booth, known as a tragedian of very great ability in his life, and was born on a farm near Baltimore, Md., in 1838; he was consequently at the time of his death only twenty-seven years of age.

The children of actors very often embrace their parent's vocation. John Wilkes was no exception to this rule, and at the age of seventeen resolved to enroll himself among the members of the dramatic profession. Opportunity was not wanting, and he made his first bow to an audience at the St. Charles Theater, Baltimore, Md., as Richmond, in "Richard III." In August, 1857, he joined the company at the Arch Street Theater, Philadelphia, making his first appearance there as Second Mask in "The Belle's Stratagem" under the name of John Wilkes. He remained there during the season.

Having gained some confidence he resolved on a starring tour, and in 1861 made engagements

at the different theaters. He visited all the principal cities and his success was very great. He made his first appearance in New York as a star at Wallack's Theater, Broadway and Broome Street, March 31, 1862. Retired from the stage in 1863 and speculated in oil in the oil regions of Pennsylvania. On November 25, 1864, he appeared with his two brothers, Edwin and Junius Brutus, in "Julius Cæsar" at the Winter Garden, New York, for the benefit of the Shakespeare Monument Fund, John Wilkes acting Marc Antony. This occasion and his one week's engagement at Wallack's Theater were his only appearances in New York. His last appearance on any stage was at Ford's Theater, Washington, D. C., as Pescara, in "The Apostate," for the benefit of John McCullough, March 18, 1865, but a short time before the unfortunate tragedy that plunged the nation into grief. The act of a misguided young man who atoned for it by a violent death preceded by the most agonizing tortures, cut off in the bloom of youth.

On the night of April 14, 1865, an invitation was extended to President Lincoln and suite to attend Ford's Theater, Washington, D. C., to witness a performance of "Our American

Cousin." The party consisted of the President, Mrs. Lincoln, Major Rathbone and Miss Harris. It was intended that General Grant was to be one of the party but he was compelled to leave the city on important business. The recent victories had greatly increased the popularity of the administration, and the most enthusiastic cheers greeted the President from one of the most brilliant audiences that had assembled that season. All the elite and beauty of the federal city were present.

The presidential box was made on this occasion from two, the partitions being removed, and it was on a level with the dress circle, about twelve feet above the stage. There were two entrances, the door nearest the wall was closed and locked, the other being open and left unclosed after the visitors had entered. The interior was carpeted in crimson, the walls papered with the same color, and furnished with a sofa, three arm chairs and a rocking chair of a similar hue. The President occupied the rocking chair, which was placed in the angle of the box nearest the audience, where screened from observation he had the best view of what was passing on the stage. Mrs. Lincoln had the seat next to him.

Booth entered the theater just as the third act

had commenced. He ascended to the dress circle and gazed for a few moments on the audience and the stage. He then slowly walked to the box and asked for admission. The servant in attendance informed him it was the President's box and no one was allowed to enter. He then advanced to the front of the box, and suddenly the sharp crack of a pistol was heard. The President's head fell on his shoulder; the ball was in his brain.

Dropping his pistol he drew a dirk, and wounded Major Rathbone in the arm. Then leaping upon the velvet covered balustrade in the front of the box he made a spring, his spur caught in the flag ornamenting the front, and his leg was broken. Heedless of the pain, he fell upon the stage. Quickly regaining his feet he stood there for a moment and shouting with an uplifted dagger in his hand, "Sic Semper Tyrannis!" fled to the rear of the theater. Colonel Stewart, who sat near the orchestra, climbed after him, but Booth eluded his grasp. Another who attempted to pursue was thrust aside with a blow. He gained the back door, mounted the horse that was awaiting him, and for a time escaped.

A dead stillness reigned for a few seconds,

This pause was succeeded by the most indescribable noise and confusion. Laura Keene, the star of the evening, addressed the audience from the footlights begging them to keep their seats. Order was restored and Miss Keene then proceeded to the President's box and took the head of the dying statesman in her lap. The night was the most awful that Washington ever saw. The news soon circulated from house to house, and inquiries as to the safety of General Grant, Secretary Seward, and other members of the cabinet, fell from a thousand lips. The whole city was moved as one man and every countenance was blanched with rage and fear. The fourteenth of April, 1865, was now a memorable day in history, and the most melancholy in the annals of the country.

The wounded man was immediately attended by the best medical skill, who had him conveyed to a private residence opposite the theater, where he continued to grow weaker and weaker, until twenty-two minutes after seven o'clock on Saturday morning, April 15, when his eyes closed in death.

The theaters and all other places of amusement everywhere that the painful intelligence reached, were closed on the 15th, and no per-

formance given at any of them. Some houses did not open until after the funeral of the chief magistrate. Edwin Booth at the time was acting at the Boston Theater. When the news of his brother's terrible deed reached him he retired from the stage and buried himself in obscurity. He reappeared January 3, 1866, at the Winter Garden, New York, as Hamlet.

The remains of the President were entombed with great magnificence, each city extending its mournful hospitality as the funeral cortege passed through them on the way to the final resting place at Springfield, Ill.

On leaving the theater Booth was joined by David E. Harold, and together they dashed across Capitol Hill towards the eastern branch of the Potomac, which they crossed at Uniontown. They then proceeded on their journey at a break-neck pace, neither whip nor spur was wanting; it was a race for life or death, and they felt it. About sunrise on Saturday morning they had reached Bryantown. Booth's leg was now very painful, but they rode on until they reached the house of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd. Harold assisted his companion to the house of the doctor, who on making an examination of the wounded limb found the outward bone was broken about two

inches above the instep. There was some difficulty in finding splints and a crutch, but some old boxes were broken up and the necessary articles made. Breakfast was served and the two men departed.

By night they had reached one of the swamps so well-known in St. Mary's County. Three days were passed in the swamp. Harold would go out at nightfall to beg food, and on one occasion stole a blanket and tin cup; these with the exception of a little money constituted their sole possessions.

An immense reward was offered by the government for their capture. Ten thousand cavalymen had been scouring the country, but as yet, fruitlessly. All Booth's precautions had been so well taken that not a step could be traced.

The two men continued their travels and took refuge in a barn near Bowling Green, where in the darkness of the night on Tuesday, April 26, they were discovered armed to the teeth and bidding defiance to the men sent to capture them. They were ordered to deliver up their arms and come out or the barn would be fired. The alternative was fearful. If they remained in the barn a dreadful death by fire awaited them, if they came out the scaffold and halter. Harold

came to the door and surrendered to the officers and was passed to the rear.

Booth was now alone and the pursuers seeing no other way of driving him out, fire was set to the barn. In a few seconds the flames danced around every part and showed Booth supporting himself against the side. He had dropped his crutch and could not recover it. Collecting all his strength he made for the door carbine in hand, but before he reached it a bullet from the weapon of Sergeant Boston Corbett entered his neck. He tottered and fell headlong to the floor. He was taken out and laid on the grass. The angel of death drew near. As the dawn approached his eyes rolled and a livid paleness overspread the face; with a sudden check and gurgle he threw his head back, and the spirit had fled forever.

The corpse was sewed up in a saddle blanket and conveyed by wagon to Belle Plain, which was reached in the afternoon, thence by steamer to Washington. On the morning of April 28 Booth's body was lifted on to the deck of the monitor Montauk. It was solemnly laid on a carpenter's bench back of the turret. An autopsy was held next day. The body was then taken

to the Washington Penitentiary and buried beneath the stone floor.

The government in the meantime had not been idle. The nation had recovered from its great shock, and after the last sad duties had been paid to the dead President, resolved to ascertain and punish the conspirators. Everybody that had been seen in Booth's company during the day were put under arrest on suspicion of being accessories to the crime. This, however, was a mere formality, which in the general excitement could not be overlooked. Of course, there was little difficulty about obtaining immediate release, for it was evident that not one of his companions had the remotest idea of the thoughts that had been surging through Booth's brain.

Lewis Payne, Mrs. Mary E. Surratt, George A. Atzerodt, Michael O'Laughlin, David E. Harold, Dr. Samuel A. Mudd and Edward Spangler were arrested and charged with conspiracy. They were also accused of intent to kill Andrew Johnson, Ulysses S. Grant, and others who were named in the charges. A military commission was appointed for their trial. In accordance with the findings of the commission, which the President approved, Harold,

Payne, Atzerodt and Mrs. Surratt were sentenced to death and executed on July 7, 1865. Dr. Mudd and O'Laughlin were sentenced to life imprisonment, and Spangler to six years in the Albany Penitentiary.

On the 15th day of February, 1869, Edwin Booth received an order from President Andrew Johnson giving him the custody of his brother's body. The undertaker in charge proceeded to the penitentiary and found that John Wilkes was buried in a trench that also held the bodies of Captain Wirz, Mrs. Surratt, Payne, Harold and Atzerodt. Preparations were at once commenced for the disinterment of the remains. There were present the undertakers, a military officer, a representative of the press and a file of soldiers. The box in which the remains were interred was much decayed, but the body which was wrapped in two or three gray blankets was in a tolerable state of preservation. The box was then borne by four soldiers to a wagon in waiting, and that night encased in another pine box was taken by car to Baltimore. Joseph Booth, a brother, viewed the body and identified it beyond doubt. Later the remains were placed in their final resting place in the family burial plot in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, Md.

THE LAST APPEARANCE.

It may not be generally known that the great French tragedienne, Rachael, was forced by illness to bring her dramatic career to a close and make her last appearance on the stage while on a visit to this country. This renowned actress made her debut at the Gymnase Theater, Paris, in May, 1837, in a play called "La Vendee," in which she acted a poor peasant girl who saves the life of her father by pleading with the Empress Josephine. Rachael made her first appearance in America at New York, September 3, 1855, as Camille, in Corneille's tragedy "Les Horaces." While in Philadelphia she caught a bad cold, collapsed, and on the advice of her physician was sent to Charleston, S. C., that she might escape the rigors of a northern winter. It was in the latter city on December 17, 1855, that she made her last appearance on any stage as Adrienne Lecouvreur. At the time she was dying by inches of consumption. Next she went to Havana, and then back to France, never more

to act. Rachael lingered on until January 3, 1858, when she passed from earth.

The last appearance of Frank Mayo on the stage was at the Broadway Theater, Denver, Col., June 7, 1896, as Pudd'nhead Wilson in the play of that name, which was originally produced by him at the Herald Square Theater, New York, April 15, 1895. Mr. Mayo in his time played many parts, but those best remembered are Davy Crockett and Pudd'nhead Wilson. Davy Crockett was called a "backwoods idyl." It was a pure love story, told in a simple, dramatic way. The character of Davy Crockett, the central figure, was beautifully and artistically drawn, a strong, brave young hunter from the far West, bold, but unassuming; unable to read or write; utterly unconscious of his own physical beauty and of his own heroism. There is no doubt that Davy Crockett owed much of its success to Mr. Mayo's performance of this backwoods hero. He first played this character at Rochester, N. Y., in 1873, producing it at Niblo's Garden, New York, March 9, 1874.

Mr. Mayo made his first appearance on the stage at the American Theater, San Francisco, Cal., July 19, 1856, as a waiter in "Raising the Wind." He played an engagement at Boston in

1865, and a little later played star engagements throughout the country. His first appearance in New York was at the Grand Opera House, March 31, 1869, when he was specially engaged for the part of Ferdinand in a production of "The Tempest." Mr. Mayo died on a railway train, June 8, 1896.

The last appearance on the stage of James A. Herne was at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, in the spring of 1901, as Captain Dan Marble, in the play "Sag Harbor," of which he was the author. Mr. Herne's theatrical career was a notable one of forty-two years' duration. His first appearance was at the Adelphi Theater, Troy, N. Y., in April, 1859, as George Shelby, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and he was successively leading man and star, manager and dramatist. In addition, he was a thoroughly capable stage manager. His first play was "Hearts of Oak," produced at Chicago in 1878. Next came "The Minute Man," and later "Drifting Apart" and "Margaret Fleming." His biggest success was "Shore Acres," first played at Chicago in 1892. "Sag Harbor" was first brought out at Boston, October 24, 1899. The action of the play was placed at Sag Harbor, a village on Long Island, which in the old days



ISABEL, IRVING.

was a prosperous whaling port. With remarkable fidelity to nature he transferred to the theater the quaint characters of the village, and throughout the play was notable for the rich quality of its humor. Captain Marble, as presented by Mr. Herne, was one of those lovable characters of which his Nathaniel Berry in "Shore Acres," was so delightful a type. Mr. Herne died at New York, June 2, 1901.

Mrs. John Drew, who was regarded as one of the most versatile actresses ever seen on the American stage, played her last engagement at the Newark Theater, Newark, N. J., January 9, 1897, as the Duchess of Rulford, in "The Sporting Duchess." Her last appearance on any stage was at the benefit given to Edwin F. Knowles at the Montauk Theater, Brooklyn, N. Y., May 13, 1897, when she acted in a little sketch entitled "The First Jury of Women." Her first important speaking character was Agib in "Timour, the Tartar," at the Liverpool Theater, when but a child.

Her first appearance in America took place at the Walnut Street Theater, Philadelphia, as the Duke of York to the elder Booth's Richard III. First appeared in New York at the Bowery Theater, March 3, 1828. She went to the Arch

Street Theater in Philadelphia in February, 1853, and assumed the management of this theater August 31, 1861, and thereafter until her tours as a special attraction in star combinations, her name was identified with the house. She was perfectly at home in tragedy or comedy, but perhaps Lady Teazle and Mrs. Malaprop are the two best remembered creations of this lady. As Mrs. Malaprop she made her ludicrous verbal blunders with the most sublime unconsciousness, and embodying the part as she alone could do it. When the Jefferson-Florence combination was formed in 1889, Mrs. Drew was engaged and was the next player of interest and importance in the cast. She died at Larchmont, N. Y., August 31, 1897.

George L. Fox, most famous as a pantomimist, made his last appearance on the stage at Booth's Theater, New York, November 27, 1875, as Humpty Dumpty, a part he had played over 1,200 times. Mr. Fox made his first appearance at the Tremont Theater, Boston, in 1830, when but five years of age, and after nearly half a century before the footlights, shattered in health and broken in mind, he disappeared from the public view. He died at Cambridge, Mass., October 24, 1877.

Charles R. Thorne, Jr., made his last appearance on the stage at Booth's Theater, New York, January 9, 1883. Mr. Thorne appeared in an elaborate revival of "The Corsican Brothers," in the dual role of Louis and Fabian. After the second performance he was taken ill and unable to leave his bed, and the theater was closed. The first part Mr. Thorne played was that of George Shelby, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in 1854. He died at New York, March 10, 1883.

Fanny Davenport made her last appearance on the stage at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, March 23, 1898, as Cleopatra. Miss Davenport's first appearance on the stage was at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, as the Child in "Metamora." Her first appearance in New York was at Niblo's Garden, February 14, 1862, as King Charles II., in "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady," her father as Ruy Gomez, and her mother as the Duchess of Terranueva. Her first appearance in Augustin Daly's company was at the Fifth Avenue Theater, New York, September 29, 1869, as Lady Gay Spanker, in "London Assurance." She produced Sardou's play of "Fedora" in 1883; "La Tosca" in 1888; "Cleopatra" in 1890, and "Gismonda" in 1894.

Miss Davenport died at Duxbury, Mass., September 26, 1898.

William J. Florence made his last appearance on the stage at the Arch Street Theater, Philadelphia, November 14, 1891, playing the part of Zekiel Homespun in "The Heir at Law." Mr. Florence made his professional debut at the Richmond Hill Theater, New York, December 6, 1849, as Peter, in "The Stranger." On October 15, 1889, Mr. Florence and Joseph Jefferson made their joint appearance at the Star Theater, New York, in "The Rivals," Mr. Jefferson in the part of Bob Acres and Mr. Florence as Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Mrs. John Drew was engaged for the part of Mrs. Malaprop. Mr. Florence died at Philadelphia, November 18, 1891.

The last appearance on the stage of Joseph Haworth took place at the Victoria Theater, New York, May 2, 1903, as Prince Dimitri in "Resurrection." For years Mr. Haworth was accounted one of the very best actors on the American stage. He was assuredly one of the most studious and intellectual members of the dramatic profession in this country, and through his whole career his influence was always toward the betterment of stage art. He was a man of

unusually broad mental attainments, a master of the mechanics of acting, and in temperament a thorough artist. When he was eighteen years old Mr. Haworth encountered the chance that opened to him a career on the stage. He was permitted to recite "Shamus O'Brien" at a benefit performance. Charlotte Crampton was attracted by his personality and earnestness, and intrusted to him the role of Buckingham in a performance that she was about to give of "Richard III." This performance took place at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, Ohio, in 1873, and was his first professional appearance. Mr. Haworth has been in the support of many noted stars. He played Romeo to Mary Anderson's Juliet, and was with John McCullough when that gentleman's breakdown occurred. When Mr. McCullough was stricken he fell into Mr. Haworth's arms, and was borne by him from the stage. He was also at various times leading man for Clara Morris, Margaret Mather and Julia Marlowe. Mr. Haworth was found dead in bed at a hotel at Willoughby, Ohio, August 28, 1903.

Margaret Mather made her last appearance on the stage at the Burlew Opera House, Charleston, W. Va., April 7, 1898, as Imogen in

"Cymbeline." Miss Mather made her stellar debut at McVicker's Theater, Chicago, August 28, 1882, as Juliet. Her first appearance at New York was in the same character, and took place at the Union Square Theater, October 13, 1885. Miss Mather died at Charleston, W. Va., April 7, 1898, shortly after she had finished her performance. They brought her to Detroit, Mich., to be buried beside her mother. Arrayed in the robes she had so often worn as Juliet, she was laid in state, and her face was gazed upon by thousands. It was on an Easter Sunday that she was laid in her grave.

Sol Smith Russell made his last appearance on the stage at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, December 18, 1899. "The Hon. 'John Grigsby'" was the play, and during its performance Mr. Russell broke down, and after which he was never able to appear again. His first appearance on the stage was at the Defiance Theater, Cairo, Ill., in 1862, where he sang between the acts and played the drum in the orchestra. The first part he acted was a negro girl in "The Hidden Hand."

Later he joined the Berger Family of bell ringers, and made a tour eastward with them. His comedy work gained such notice that he

branched out for himself as a humorous lecturer. His success here brought him an engagement, in 1867, with the stock company at the Chestnut Street Theater, Philadelphia, under Colonel William E. Sinn's management. More tours in monologue followed, and then his first New York engagement, at Lina Edwin's Theater, in 1871. Augustin Daly engaged him in 1874, and on August 24 of that year he made his debut with the Daly Stock Company at the Fifth Avenue Theater as Mr. Peabody in "What Could She Do? or Jealousy." He left the company the next season, but rejoined it in 1876. While under Mr. Daly's management he played many comedy roles with success.

In 1880 Mr. Russell made his debut as a star, appearing in "Edgewood Folks," a comedy written especially to suit him. Though his own work was admirable and his company excellent, the first season's tour was a failure pecuniarily. The following season the tide turned, and for the next four years Mr. Russell toured prosperously in "Edgewood Folks," and became firmly established as a star. For one season thereafter he was the comedian at the Boston Museum. Then he resumed starring, playing in three seasons "Felix McKusick" and "Be-

witched." Then came "A Poor Relation" in 1889-1890; "The Tale of a Coat," produced at Daly's Theater in 1890, and later, "Peaceful Valley," "April Weather," a revival of "The Heir at Law," and "A Bachelor's Romance."

At the death of Mr. Russell the stage lost one of its quaintest and most lovable characters. His odd, unctuous performances will never be forgotten by those who saw him. His wealth of dry humor was equaled by his supply of tenderness and pathos. Throughout the west and south Mr. Russell enjoyed his greatest popularity, and there no actor held a warmer place in the affections of the public. Mr. Russell died at Washington, D. C., April 28, 1902.

Stuart Robson's last appearance on the stage was at the Burtis Opera House, Auburn, N. Y., April 25, 1903, as the Dromio of Syracuse, in "A Comedy of Errors." Few actors had a more interesting career or were better and more favorably known to the theater-going public than Stuart Robson. Born at Annapolis, Md., March 4, 1836, he at an early age manifested an aptitude for the stage, and when a mere youth, in company with Edwin Booth and John Sleeper Clarke, who later married a sister of Mr. Booth, he took part in amateur productions at Balti-

more, the performances often being held in a barn or some other place equally devoid of proper accessories.

His first professional appearance was on the stage of the Baltimore Museum, January 5, 1852, since which time he had been actively identified with the theatrical profession. One of his earliest successes was as Captain Crosstree in a burlesque entitled "Black-Eyed Susan," in 1870. For several years prior to forming a partnership with William H. Crane, he was connected with stock companies, playing in various parts of the country. His first work with Mr. Crane was in "Our Boarding House," by Leonard Grover. "The Henrietta," Bronson Howard's famous work, was another monumental example of the ability of these two men, and for his clever work in that production Mr. Robson will probably be best remembered always as Bertie, the Lamb.

One of the notable achievements of his long career was the magnificent revival of "A Comedy of Errors," in which both he and Mr. Crane were eminently successful. "The Merry Wives of Windsor" also formed another link in the chain of successes which attended the efforts of these two comedians. Mr. Robson died at New York, April 29, 1903.

OLD-TIME MINSTRELS.

Where are those good old minstrel troupes that used to fill our opera houses with music, mirth and song? Where have those good old singers gone, with their voices sweet and pure, and whose songs touched the hearts of the audience? Where are those two good old end men, with their snow-white vests and mouth that stretched from ear to ear, whose songs and comic ditties brought the house down with a roar?

Minstrelsy at one time was our most popular style of stage entertainment, and almost every city of importance had its permanent minstrel halls, which were generally filled to their capacity. At one time in New York there were Hooley and Campbell's Minstrels on the Bowery, and Bryant's, White, Cotton and Sharpley's, the San Francisco and Kelly and Leon's Minstrels, all had permanent homes on Broadway within a few blocks of one another. Hooley's Minstrels had a permanent organization in Brooklyn for many years.

The style of minstrel entertainment has changed somewhat from the old-time minstrel show. It used to be that when the curtain rose you would see from fifteen to twenty men seated in a semi-circle on the stage, with two end men, and all in evening dress. Sweet singing and clean humor was given for about forty minutes, and then for the olio, which consisted of a female impersonator, clog or jig dancing, a sketch, a banjo player, a quartette of singers, or perhaps of brass, a song and dance team, and close the performance with a burlesque opera or a walk-around. No elevated stage, no spectacular equipment, no Shakespearean first part, no bicycle riders, no acrobats or horizontal bars.

The introduction of the negro as a stage person was caused by the demand for a novelty in this wise, and the individual acts of T. D. Rice and others had become famous through the opportunities offered them for a hearing while the stage was being prepared for a change. But there had never been a double act produced in this manner, nor had there been offered any performance by more than one person with a counterfeit presentment of burnt cork. Dan Emmett had appeared as a colored fiddler, Billy Whitlock as a negro banjoist, and Frank Brower had

rattled the bones in black face. Dick Pelham, another negro impersonator, was famous for juggling the tambourine to music.

American minstrelsy was born at 37 Catherine Street, New York. The spot is sacred ground to a few veterans of the profession, who have made names for themselves in the strictly legitimate line of dramatic art, for the best known theatrical boarding house of the forties was located there.

The place was kept by Mrs. Elizabeth Brooks, who, according to tradition, was a mother to those who sought a home at her house. There was no theater above Canal Street then, and the professional colony was so small that every actor, singer, or person connected with a theater or place of amusement was on speaking terms with the others.

Dan Emmett was a popular member of Mrs. Brooks' household. One day in 1842 Billy Whitlock, another boarder, was aiding him to rehearse a new negro melody, Emmett playing his fiddle and Whitlock accompanying him on the banjo. Brower dropped in on his way to the theater and joined them with the bones, Pelham calling later with his tambourine. For the first time the quartette played together, and

the effect was so striking and musical that some one who heard the rehearsal suggested that the four men play in public as a quartette.

The Virginia Minstrels, now indelibly recorded in the history of the American stage, was formed that day. It was arranged that the four men were to test the departure before the public of New York, but an unsurmountable obstacle was encountered. No manager could be found who would give the new organization an opportunity to appear on the regular boards.

The great resort for the rank and file of the profession in the fifth decade of the century was a hotel kept at 36 Bowery, by Jonas Bartlett. There the circus performers lived during their visits to New York to appear in the single ring arenas of the circuses of that time. Much sympathy was extended to the Virginia Minstrels, and Uncle Jonas, as he was called, offered the use of his dining-room to the newly formed aggregation. A stage was improvised in the billiard room, and the first performance created a sensation. The ready wit of the minstrels and their topical conversation caught the town, and in a few days they were installed for a season in old Library Hall at that city.

So, from the four men who accidentally met

in Mrs. Brooks' boarding house in 1842, in primitive fashion, thousands have since entertained the people of every land and race and created melodies which have brought sweet memories of childhood to generations of men. While it had its origin and introduction with the rough furniture of a Bowery billiard hall for a stage setting, the quaint music of the sons of Ham is now produced by a complete operatic orchestra and with a scenic picture which costs thousands of dollars for the opening part.

The greatest minstrel organization ever known was the San Francisco Minstrels. Every old performer and theatergoer will grow reminiscent at the mention of Birch, Wambold, Bernard and Backus. It was indeed a rare combination. There seemed to be a bond of sympathy between those men, and they worked together so harmoniously on the stage that the people in the audience were affected by it. They used to take their audiences into their confidence and make it a sort of family circle affair, and they would spring impromptu gags on one another about things that had happened during the day. Birch and Backus were the end men. Backus had a large mouth and depended a great deal on boisterous methods, while Birch, who

exhibited a row of ivories in black face, talked to the interlocutor in a quiet, colloquial way. Bernard was the interlocutor, and he was one of the few middle men that have been an absolute attraction in themselves. Wambold was the greatest tenor that ever put on burnt cork. Had his voice received the proper cultivation he would have been one of the greatest singers that ever lived. Bernard retired from the business before the San Francisco Minstrels became a thing of the past. Backus and Wambold died well off, while poor old Birch died in poverty. They made the world happier and brighter by their presence, and when they died they left no successors.

Kelly and Leon's Minstrels was also a popular organization in days gone by. They took the building at 720 Broadway, New York, which had been formerly known as Hope Chapel, and converted it into a cosy minstrel hall. The house was opened October 1, 1866. There were seventeen in the first part. Frank Moran was on the bone end, Johnny Allen, tambourine, and Edwin Kelly, interlocutor. Delehanty and Hengler made their first New York appearance at this house, August 12, 1867.

On December 11, 1867, a professional mati-

nee was given at the Fifth Avenue Opera House, then at Broadway and Twenty-fourth Street, New York, which was largely attended. Sam Sharpley, who was then conducting a minstrel hall at 514 Broadway, and Mr. Leon got into an argument in front of the house after the performance, Sharpley claiming that Delehanty and Hengler, who were billed to appear at Kelly and Leon's, were under contract to him. Hot words passed and blows were struck. Friends of both parties interfered, and a few minutes later Tom Sharpe, a brother of Sam Sharpley, lay dead on the sidewalk, from shots fired by Edwin Kelly, and Sam Sharpley had shot Kelly in the head, severely wounding him. The house was then closed and remained so until December 17. Mr. Kelly was later placed on trial for murder and acquitted.

Both Kelly and Leon made their reappearance the following year, but business began to decline and they soon after gave up the house. Several others tried to keep the place open but without success. On November 25, 1872, Kelly and Leon again took possession, and three days later the building was destroyed by fire. The theater was not rebuilt, and Kelly and Leon's Minstrels soon after passed into history.

There are striking comparisons between the present and past methods of minstrel entertainment. Public taste in any country is liable to change, but in the United States it is especially capricious, and in no activity of life, perhaps is this fact more noticeable than on the stage. The forms of entertainment that amused the public and paid the managers years ago are largely obsolete to-day. To the cultured mind the bills now no doubt read better, and the performances are more refined, but for real, unadulterated fun the past and the present in this relation are not to be compared. Nowadays who ever hears of a song and dance team? When the old song and dance performers died, and few of them are on this side of the final curtain, their line of business like that of the minstrel generally, seemed to go out of date.

McIntyre and Heath of the old ones are really about the only team which started in as black face song and dance men who maintained their reputation and continued popular. For thirty years they retained their popularity because they dropped the song and dance form of performance and appeared in short sketches, which gave their original fun-making propensities a more attractive foundation. Tom Lewis and Sam J.

Ryan for a number of years presented the old-time minstrel acts on the vaudeville stage and were always well received.

The minstrel business has been gradually declining, and sooner or later that phase of stage entertainment will be abandoned, for a time at least. Then it will probably be revived, and we may get a taste of the good old-time minstrelsy, and the plantation melodies that were once so popular. Many of the monologists and other vaudeville performers are recruited from the minstrel ranks. The jokes are of a better order than in former days, and there is less illiteracy among performers. Nowadays a man must keep abreast of the times, be in touch with current events, and give the public timely stuff.

It was a long time ago that Emerson, Allen and Manning's Minstrels were organized and toured the country. Billy Emerson, Johnny Allen and Billy Manning were known as fine performers in their time, and now all of them have passed away. Their company was a success from the start. It was not long, however, before Mr. Allen drew out of the organization and became a German comedian. He had a play called "Schneider, or the House on the Rhine," written for him, and after a long and



ROBERT EDESON.

successful run at the Olympic Theater, New York, took the play on the road, where it was everywhere greeted with crowded houses. He was always surrounded with a good company, among whom were Alice Harrison, Little Mac, George H. Maxwell, Sid C. France, and others of equal prominence.

Emerson and Manning continued the company for some time, when differences arose as to policy and they separated. Emerson was a favorite in the cities, and had no trouble filling his time in the week stands, while Manning took to the one-night stands, where the most of his popularity had been gained. The company headed by Emerson was known as the "Big Sunflower Minstrels." The members wore flashy clothes, and on the street were generally attired in black velvet sack coats bound with wide black braid, loud check trousers cut spring bottom. Custom at that time allowed a tall silk hat to be worn with this style of dress. Diamonds were large and plentiful, and in addition every member carried a gold-headed cane at all times. By the profession this troupe was generally referred to as the "Gold-headed Cane Minstrels." Emerson prospered, Manning did not.

One Sunday evening at Cincinnati, where the Emerson company had played a big week at the Grand Opera House, the members were gathered at a well known resort drinking beer, listening to the music and telling stories. The Manning company was to open the next night at Covington, over the river on the Kentucky side, and its members all came over to Cincinnati to spend the evening. Manning strolled up Vine Street with no particular destination in view, and happened to look into the resort where the Emerson party were enjoying themselves, when one of the number called out "Hello, Bill." Emerson turned his head and there stood his old partner, pale, emaciated and shabbily dressed. They had not spoken to each other for a long time, but when their eyes met past differences were forgotten, and Emerson started for the door and soon had his arms around his old friend, and led him to the table, where a seat was prepared for him. The pleasure of the reunion as well as the attentions shown him deeply affected Manning, and he took but little part in the festivities.

The party had several tables put together around which they were assembled, and when it came a person's turn to treat he would rap on

the table with his cane, and at times raise its gold top in the air to summon the waiter as well as to call attention to the cane. The turn to treat soon came round to Manning. The gentleman next to him had ordered the previous round for the party, calling the waiter by rapping on the table with his cane as the others had done before him. There sat Manning without a cent in his pocket, a smile showing through the ashen pallor of his face. His ready wit had not deserted him, for he looked up at Emerson and said: "Say, Bill, you rap for me. I haven't any cane."

A BIT OF HISTORY.

It was in the latter part of the fifties that the music hall business broke out in New York. Wood's Minstrels at that time occupied a small theater at 444 Broadway, which was first opened as a minstrel hall by Henry Wood in opposition to the Christy Minstrels, then located at 472 Broadway. Mr. Wood was very successful, especially as he secured George Christy, who, leaving E. P. Christy, took the bone end of Wood's troupe, with Jim Budworth on the tambourine end. The company being a strong one soon carried the town, and the original Christy giving up the business, they had the minstrel field practically to themselves. After remaining at that house for two or three years, Mr. Wood moved his company to a new and larger hall on the west side of Broadway, near Prince Street, which became known as Wood's Marble Hall.

Robert W. Butler soon after took possession of the hall at "444," and opened the first variety theater in the city. Specialties were few at that

time but a strong company was secured. Tony Pastor, who had been a circus clown up to this time, later joined the company, and became famous as a comic singer.

This theater was a long, narrow hall with a low ceiling. Smoking was allowed, and when the little red curtain was raised a bill was presented that included three or four negro acts, banjo playing, clog dancing, comic singing, a ballet, a fancy dance or two, and a pantomime. This was the vaudeville show of that day.

In the summer of 1865, Mr. Pastor secured the theater at 201 Bowery, formerly occupied by Hooley and Campbell's Minstrels. This was a neat little place. No smoking was allowed and it soon became the leading variety theater. Many members of the opening company had come from "444" with Tony, and for the first season there was little change in the style of entertainment. The next year it was different, and novelties were sought for, some being brought from across the water. Among the first specialists at this house was Walter Brown, the champion oarsman, who swung Indian clubs. They were called Kehoe clubs in those days because they were made by a man named Sim Kehoe. They were cumbersome things and generally used at athletic exhibitions.

Nellie Clark was the first lady club swinger and DeWitt Cooke the first to do a juggling act with them. Harry Gurr, the first man-fish, performed under water in a large glass tank, and Millie Tournor was the first lady to do the flying trapeze. Naomi Porter was the first lady jig dancer, and Jennie Benson the first lady to do a clog. The first female double song and dance was done by Addie LeBrun and Helene Smith. The first magician on the vaudeville stage was Prof. Robert Nickle, and Herr Holtum was the first to come along with a cannon ball act. A couple of new acts from Europe were Leggett and Allen in a pedestal clog dance, and James McDonald, who danced on a high pedestal with a pair of skates.

Will Carleton, a famous Irish singer and dancer, was brought from Europe about this time and made an instantaneous hit. Then the sketch teams sprang up. John and Maggie Fielding introduced their Irish sketch, "Barney's Courtship," in 1868, and Baker and Farron a German sketch called "Schneider's Courtship," about the same time. Bowman and Harris made their first New York appearance in their unique black face specialty during the same season, and Mlle. Louise, the first lady drummer in vaudeville, appeared on the same bill.

At one time Mr. Pastor engaged a pedestrian called Young Miles to do a walking act on his stage. A timekeeper was selected from the audience, the stage manager would tell how many laps there were to the mile, and away he would go around the stage. The mile was generally made in eight minutes. Would they tolerate anything like that now?

Johnny Thompson is the oldest of the musical artists on the stage. He played on a number of musical instruments in a specialty called "The Lively Moke," as far back as 1864. Master Allie Turner, the infant drummer, did a drum solo at Barnum's Museum a year later. W. B. Harrison sang extemporaneous songs, accompanying himself on the violin. Matt O'Reardon introduced the musical glasses to the stage, and E. C. Dunbar an instrument called the Musette. Conway and Kerrigan had an act where one played the bagpipes while the other danced. The first cornet player of note to do a solo on the stage was Jules Levy, who played in the olio with Allen, Pettingill, Delehanty and Hengler's Minstrels many years ago.

Mortimer Williams had a specialty that was called "Half Bushel Measure Jig," which was danced on the inside, outside, and all over a

half bushel measure, and Signor Bueno Core, a fire king, finished his act by heating an iron plate red hot in the presence of the audience, and dancing upon it with his bare feet. The Hanlon Brothers were the first to introduce the bicycle, then called velocipede, to the stage, and Alice Harrison the first lady to ride a bicycle on the stage.

Marietta Ravel danced on a tightrope at the Canterbury Varieties, New York, in 1860, and a couple of years later El Nino Eddie, a very small boy, did an act of this kind. Alfred Moe was the first to do a roller skating act on the stage. Later he took a partner named Goodrich and they did a double skating act. Carrie Moore was the first female skater on the stage. Charles E. Collins, a comic vocalist and dancer, came over from England in 1863, and became a great attraction in a vocal dancing act which he called "The Cure." Prof. Hilton was the first ventriloquist in vaudeville.

Billy Courtwright and J. W. McAndrews each made a phenomenal hit in one character. In the knock-about, jump-about, hammer the floor exhibition during which he sang "Flew, Flew," Courtwright was for years a star attraction among variety theatergoers. A valise

and an umbrella were part and parcel of the performance. He created a great deal of fun for many years by this one performance, but after a while, like most of the old one-part performers, really outlived his power to amuse. J. W. McAndrews, the "Watermelon Man," confessed long before he died that he could only do this one turn, and for years nobody wanted to see him in anything else.

Bobby Newcomb, by long odds the most graceful and pleasing single song and dance performer—this is admitted by theater people to-day—who ever appeared on the variety stage, was a prime favorite up to his death. "Love Letters" was perhaps his most popular song and dance. He was not old at his death, yet he had been before the public for a quarter of a century. He was adopted when quite young by Billy Newcomb, the once famous minstrel and took his name. A team of song and dance men, who are now well nigh forgotten, but who will be readily recalled by theatergoers of less than a quarter of a century ago, as top liners among the black face knockabouts of the variety stage were Lester and Allen. They were easily the best in this line among their contemporaries, and were prime

favorites. They will be recalled as two of the original Big Four, their partners at one time in this aggregation being Smith and Waldron.

Another team of the song and dance variety, but of slightly more refined characteristics, and in white faces instead of black, was Sheridan and Mack. They appeared in German specialties largely, and in their day were considered the best in their line. They were the originators of their line. Charley Diamond, the Milanese minstrel, a graceful dancer and a rather sweet singer, was likewise a one-part performer, but he was a popular attraction, and was rated among the high-priced variety people. He sang and danced to a harp accompaniment, carrying the harp strung on his shoulders. He, too, was original in his line, and it is not recalled that he ever had a direct imitator.

Many claim the distinction of being the first to do a monologue, and it would be hard indeed to give an opinion as to who was the originator of this specialty. Archie Hughes used to do a specialty in the latter part of the sixties in which he would tell gags between the verses of a song called "George, the Charmer."

A young fellow once claimed that he was

the first to do a cakewalk on the stage. He did not seem to know that Edward Harrigan wrote a song, "Walking for Dat Cake," which included some fancy promenade steps by the participants, in the early seventies. The first tramp in vaudeville was Johnny Wild in a sketch called "A Terrible Example," about the same time. William Horace Lingard was the first to do a quick change act in this country, and Annie Hindle was the first male impersonator. Major John E. Burk introduced us to the fancy zouave drill, and Johnny Williams gave us the first glimpse of good dancing with his Lancashire clog. Tom Bollas was about the first German singing comedian, and Nick Norton and Billy Emmett were the first German team, working together at Buffalo, N. Y., in 1864.

The Olympia Quartet (Keough, Randall, Sullivan and Mack), started out together in 1877, but were not the first. Before them were the "Ham-Town Students" and the "Four Prophets," who sang negro jubilee songs.

The first pugilist on the vaudeville stage was Sam Collyer. As to this gentleman's versatility, it need only be said that on one bill at Pastor's on the Bowery he did a triple clog

dance with his two "sons," played the banjo in a sketch called "The Challenge Dance," and closed the show with a drama called "Dan Donnelly, the Champion of Ireland," in which he played the title role and gave a boxing exhibition with Barney Aaron. At other times, he played the aged darkey in "Uncle Eph's Dream," and occasionally would give a fine exhibition of club swinging.

There used to be a lot of good acts on the stage that we do not see any more. There was King Sarbro with his slide for life; Link Look, fire eater and sword swallower; A. W. Maflin, the spade dancer; Crossley and Elder in their Caledonian sports, and Harry Leslie, the tight rope walker, who carried a man on his back from the stage to the upper gallery. Yank Adams had a billiard table on the stage, and made all kinds of caroms and fancy shots, using his fingers instead of a cue to propel the ball.

Of the old-time legitimate actors, are best remembered Edwin Forrest in "Metamora" and "Coriolanus," Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams in "The Connie Soogah," Frank S. Chanfrau as Mose, John E. Owens as Solon Shingle, Edwin Adams as Enoch Arden, John S. Clarke as Toodle, Frank Mayo as Davy

Crockett, Charlotte Cushman as Lady Macbeth, Matilda Heron as Camille, and Maggie Mitchell as Fanchon.

Some of the grand performances given in by-gone days were those of "Oliver Twist," for the benefit of the Chicago fire sufferers in 1871, in which Lucille Western played Nancy Sykes. Augustin Daly gave a grand production of this play at the Fifth Avenue Theater, New York, May 19, 1874, with Charles Fisher as Fagin, Louis James as Bill Sykes, Fanny Davenport as Nancy, Bijou Heron as Oliver, and James Lewis as the Artful Dodger. The revival of "The Octoroon" at Barnum's Museum in 1867, with Milnes Levick, George Brookes and Mrs. J. J. Prior in the cast; J. W. Wallack in "The Bells," at Booth's Theater in 1872, and the benefit for the family of Dan Bryant at the Academy of Music, New York, April 29, 1875. At the last named entertainment a chorus of minstrel singers sang "Massa's in the Cold, Cold, Ground," in a manner never to be forgotten. On that day benefit performances were given in ten different theaters at New York, for the widow and children of Mr. Bryant, the receipts of which together with the donations amounted to over \$16,000.

P. T. Barnum lost three of his museums by fire—the one on the corner of Broadway and Ann Street, July 13, 1865; at Broadway near Spring Street, in March, 1868, and on Fourteenth Street, opposite Tammany Hall, December 24, 1872. In 1866 three theaters burned in New York. The American Theater, better known as "444," on February 15; the Academy of Music, May 22, and the New Bowery Theater, December 15. Niblo's Garden was destroyed by fire May 7, 1872, and Winter Garden, March 23, 1867. An attempt was made to burn this theater on November 25, 1864. The Confederate plot to set fire to the hotels and theaters of New York was to be carried out that night, and the Lafarge House, which adjoined the theater, was set on fire by the conspirators. The house was crowded, the three brothers Booth—Junius Brutus, John Wilkes and Edwin—appearing in "Julius Cæsar," for the benefit of a fund to erect a statue of Shakespeare in Central Park. The firmness and presence of mind of the police alone prevented a terrible loss of life. A Confederate officer named Kennedy was arrested for being implicated in the plot, convicted, and hanged at Fort Lafayette three months later.

THE "SHAKEDOWN."

On the ledgers of most of the amusement enterprises will be found a curious item of expense, which to the profession is known as a "shakedown." It is the result of an adage that it is perfectly legitimate to beat the showman.

Why is it that lawyers, business men and town officials who are irreproachable in their conduct towards their fellow men during the remainder of the year, set their wits to work the minute a stand of show bills goes up? When the village lazybones wants some money to carry him along for the rest of the year without the trouble of working for it, he proceeds to fall through the seats, and a lawyer will soon show up with an attachment for the manager to stay right where he is until his client has received a few hundred dollars for fancied injuries. As the showman cannot stop for a single day without damaging his prestige and canceling valuable dates, he pays up, and calls it a "shakedown" on his ledger.

An alderman who made a demand on the

manager of the leading theater in his city for ten seats for an attraction playing to advanced prices was told that it would be impossible to grant his request, but the house would provide seats for himself and wife. This would not do. The tickets had been promised to his constituents and if not forthcoming there would be trouble. Reason was out of the question, and the city father vowed vengeance. It was not long after that an ordinance was presented to the city council regulating the scale of prices to be charged in theaters, the attention of the fire department was called to the insufficient fire protection and the building department got busy suggesting expensive alterations. All proceedings came to a sudden stop when the manager subscribed five dollars towards purchasing a gold badge for presentation to the alderman, and which was duly entered in the "shake-down" column.

Nearly all of the large traveling organizations have on their staff one to whom all complaints and grievances are referred. He is called either a "squarer" or a "handy-boy." His duties are to protect the company from losses of all kinds, especially "shakedowns." For nearly half a year he follows the white tents. Every

morning he is up at the break of day, and the last to retire at night. His services are liable to be required at any minute. Incidentally he will interview the mayor when the license is thought to be excessive, and on the way back pick up a small boy who has got tangled up in the parade, and safely land him on the sidewalk, or perhaps take a frightened horse by the head until the caliope has passed.

It is necessary that he should be a man of sound judgment, a good talker, affable at all times, and with enough knowledge of common law to hold his own with the pettifogging lawyer, who is a constant source of trouble. With Chesterfieldian grace he must calm the woman who has been caught in the jam at the ticket wagon, and just as politely inform those who are following the company for the purpose of fleecing its patrons to get away and stay away from the show, giving them at the same time to understand if they are again seen around the lot a few canvasmen will be turned loose at them.

On a Sunday morning during the season of 1887, the train carrying the Miller, Okey and Freeman Circus rolled into Easton, Pa., where the company were to exhibit the following day.

When the employes started to unload the cars they were stopped by the authorities with the information that they would not be allowed to unload or haul their belongings through the streets on Sunday. The "handy-boy" soon discovered it was the work of a so-called law and order league, and sought out the officers of the society and asked permission to unload the animals and erect the horse and cook tents, promising to leave all other work until the following day. Those having the matter in charge refused to allow work of any kind to be done. The city officials were appealed to, but gave no satisfaction. The "handy-boy" saw but one way out of the dilemma. He called on the president of the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals and stated his case. It was shown how much suffering would be caused by the animals being confined in crowded cars for a whole day. Arrangements could be made for feeding the people at hotels and restaurants if they would only allow the dumb creatures to be properly fed and cared for. The two societies at once commenced a fight for supremacy. The cause of the humane society was espoused by many, and the company was allowed to unload and put up shelter for its animals, and the



ETHEL BARRYMORE.

cook tent to feed the employes. The following day the rest of the canvas was put up, two performances given, and the company went away leaving the Law and Order League and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals engaged in a fight that was a long and bitter one.

The proprietor of a well-known minstrel company, himself a musician of note, took great pride in the band of the organization, the members of which were handsomely uniformed and selected with great care, each being a soloist on the instrument he played. A set of gold instruments were manufactured expressly for them, and the band was billed as "The \$10,000 Challenge Gold Band. The Best Band Traveling!"

During the parade in a small Ohio town a horse shied, and in consequence a slight damage was done to a buggy belonging to a resident of the town, who rushed to a lawyer's office and began a suit for damages. The manager was taken before a justice of the peace on a civil warrant, and in the complaint appeared the following: "And then and there a body of mountebanks, commonly called minstrels, in odd, grotesque, and unusual dress, and carrying with them a number of brass, wooden, and

other horns, bugles, trumpets, cymbals and drums, did on said horns, bugles, trumpets, cymbals and drums, make and perform loud, hideous and discordant noises and sounds to the great discomfort and annoyance of the citizens of said city and county, then and there lawfully assembled, and by reason of said loud, hideous and discordant noises and sounds, did then and there frighten horses, mules, and other beasts of burden in use by said citizens," and so on. Experience had taught the manager that a fight was useless and he settled, paying twenty times the amount of the damage. He left the court room with a look of sorrow on his face. He did not care for the money. It was what they said about the band.

One of the small towns in Illinois which had been founded by Quakers and populated principally by members of that sect, gave no encouragement to traveling companies and would always refuse permission to the circus. The advance representative of a circus company wished to give a performance in the town, and knowing the feeling of the authorities on the subject, called on one of the leading business men and sought his aid in bringing the company to the place. The case was presented to

the merchant in a business-like manner; he was told of the crowds that would come from the country, the money that would be spent by the visitors, and on seeing that his arguments were having no weight on his auditor, the agent stated that the date on which they wished to visit the town happened to be pay day with the company, and their three hundred employes would be liable to spend a goodly sum with the storekeepers. Several other business men were called in to listen to the story, which was repeated for their benefit, and after a conference among them the agent departed with the desired permission, much elated at his success.

The show arrived as advertised, and was the first spread of canvas ever put up in the place. Just as the morning parade was about to take place three sober-faced town officials called at the ground and asked to see the party in charge. The manager received them politely, thinking they wanted to look over the outfit, and was about to detail one of the men to show them around, when the visitors informed him that they were given to understand the company employed three hundred people in different capacities and wanted to take down their names before the license to exhibit would be signed.

The heads of departments were quickly gotten together and tables were arranged for the officials who were to take the names. The company carried less than one-half of the number mentioned but that did not matter. One of the men in a red coat would be registered as a member of the band, later in a gray coat and under a different name as a driver, and again in overalls as a hostler, and so on until the required number was obtained, and the officials departed as quietly as they came.

No one could imagine what was up. Here were men who had passed through all kinds of "shakedowns" trying to figure out what was to be the outcome of the visit of the three mysterious Quakers. Great care was exercised all through the day so there could be no cause for complaint by anyone. Everything passed off in an orderly manner, but not until the last car was loaded and the train had left the town did the management feel easy. The company left a man behind to see what might turn up, and his report a few days later explained all.

It seemed the Quakers were anxious to abate the saloons in their midst, and to do this the straggling village must necessarily be incorporated as a city, and under the laws of the

state no town with less than one thousand population could be incorporated. They had waited until the circus came along, a census was taken, the three hundred names thus gained showing an excess of the required number of people and soon followed the incorporation. It was a case of "shakedown" pure and simple, but this was one of the times that the showman was not the loser.

It is surprising to see how many people have claims on the amusement enterprise for favors and will make trouble if they do not get them. The man who hauls the baggage wants tickets for everybody he knows, or look out for damage to the belongings of the company. Around the railway station there are several who must be looked after or something will happen to make you more careful in the next town. Then come the city and county officers, the constables and policemen. Not one of them was ever known to come alone, it seeming to be their duty to pick up all they can on the way and bring them along. The city clerk who has done nothing but receive his regular fee for making out the license, drops in with several of his friends and feels insulted if you do not admit all of them. You must not forget the bill poster, he also

has a lot of friends. Slight him and you might as well cut that town out of your visiting list, for if you should come again your paper could not be found with a search warrant. Around the hotel you must show no favoritism. Passes for everybody, from proprietor to bell-boy, or you may ring the bell to your heart's content, and between the kitchen and dining-room help you will get all that is coming to you for daring to bring a show into town and not provide them with tickets.

These people have been paid for all the services they have rendered, then they demand more. In other walks of life this would be called blackmail. In the amusement world they prefer to call it a "shakedown."

It is strange how much time and sometimes money will be spent to gain free admission to a place of amusement. A company was playing an interior town in New York, and an old farmer hunted up the manager at the hotel and proceeded to become friendly. He bought drinks and cigars and was so good natured he could not be shaken off. After he had hung around all day and was still patting the manager on the back, he was asked the reason for his kind attention, and in an honest way replied:

"Well, you are the man who gives out free tickets to the show and I thought mebbe I could work in on you."

As a reward for his honesty he was given a season pass, and pains were taken to explain to him that while the company would be in that town but one night, the pass would be good wherever the show played during the season. The old chap was tickled half to death, and that night he was the first one in the theater and the last one to leave. He was at the depot the next morning and went along to the next town. In fact, he followed on for a week, and was ready to stand treat at any time. At the end of a week he began to get uneasy and count up his change, and when it was seen that he was about ready to let go he was asked if he had enough of theatricals.

"It's my money that has give out," he replied. "I'm right down to sixty cents, and have got to telegraph for money to get back home. If I'd only had time to prepare for it I'd have sold some cattle and gone right through to California with you. By John, but I hate to give up this pass."

"How much will you take for it?" the man-

ager asked, curious to know what value he set on it.

“Well, bein’ as you give it to me in the first place, and bein’ as everybody has used me first rate, I’ll tell you what I’ll do. Gimme my fare home and fifty dollars in cash and she’s yours.”

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Complaints have frequently been made by American actors filling engagements in England, especially in London, that they seldom receive courteous treatment while there. The coldness of the audiences, the merciless criticism of the press, and other annoyances to which they are subject, has a tendency to impress on the mind a concerted attempt by the English people to embarrass the actor, and a disposition to show a hostile feeling against American artists and enterprises.

Of course, allowance must be made for national prejudice that can never be wholly effaced. The English playgoer strenuously upholds the right to hiss a performance as one of the prerogatives of his admission fee, or if he feels so disposed, to sit through the play in solemn silence. While there are a number of American actors who have met with hospitality, fair play and appreciation in England, at the same time there are many more who have been received in a manner far different from what they deserved.

While a generous welcome generally awaits the English actor's visit to our shores, there have been cases where the Englishman's pathway was not strewn with roses. Edmund Kean was received on his opening night at New York with such an uproar that he could not be heard, and at Boston he was assailed by a veritable rain of apples, potatoes, gingerbread, and bottles filled with asafoetida. A few years later William C. Macready had to flee for his life. No violence was offered to Barry Sullivan, but his treatment was far from courteous.

It seems rather strange that in all the biographies and reminiscences that have been written by prominent players, not one of them mentions the name of Barry Sullivan, one of the best Shakespearean readers and scholars of his day. Even in Joseph Jefferson's delightful autobiography, no mention is made of Mr. Sullivan, although Mr. Jefferson played Graves to the Evelyn of Mr. Sullivan in the comedy of "Money," at the Princess Theater, Melbourne, Australia, in 1862. A supper was tendered those gentlemen and the two captains commanding the ships that took them out to Australia.

As a man Mr. Sullivan was not very well

liked. To some he appeared cold and distant, and his jealousy of other actors was almost childish. Yet, with these failings, he was one of the most versatile actors the stage ever knew—equally good in tragedy, comedy, Irish drama and farce. He was also an admirable manager. He was master of all the duties and details connected with a theater, from those of call boy up.

Barry Sullivan's first appearance in America was made at the Broadway Theater, New York, November 22, 1858, in the character of Hamlet. Personations of Claude Melnotte, Macbeth, Shylock, and Richard III. followed. A month later he opened at Burton's Theater in the same city, at which house he was principally supported by William Davidge, J. H. Allen, Fanny Morant and Ada Clifton.

In some of the cities afterward visited he encountered a spirit of malignant persecution. During his first engagement at the Walnut Street Theater, Philadelphia, he was charged with spitting at Harry Perry, who was playing Richmond, in the last act of "Richard III," the partisans of that actor construing a characteristic bit of stage business on the part of the Irish tragedian into a personal insult to their favorite.

There can be no doubt, furthermore, that the ill-feeling excited by this mistaken impression was considerably aggravated by a remarkable passage at arms which Mr. Sullivan had at this time in this very theater with the great Edwin Forrest. When not acting himself, the stentorian American tragedian had a habit of going to see whatever rival player happened to be in the neighborhood, and noisily expressing his disapproval of any passage not delivered to his liking. It has been said that during this engagement Mr. Forrest went to see him play Hamlet, and was so disgusted with Mr. Sullivan's resemblance to Mr. Macready that he annoyed both players and audience by frequent interruptions and other evidences of disapprobation. It may be of interest to this generation to know that Mr. Forrest's hatred of Macready developed into an international question, and culminated in the Astor Place Opera House riot in May, 1849, when it was necessary to call out the military to quell the mob.

At the time of Mr. Forrest's second visit to London, which occurred in 1845, he appeared at the Princess Theater, London, as Macbeth. On this occasion he was hissed, which indignity he ascribed to the intrigues of Macready. The

following year Mr. Forrest hissed Macready's Hamlet at Edinburgh. On his return to this country, Mr. Forrest played to houses crowded night after night, for a month or more. He was then at the height of his popularity; it was before the Forrest divorce suit brought his name so unpleasantly and so unhappily before the public.

Mr. Forrest was much beloved by that singular and now extinct product of New York life, the Bowery boy. The volunteer fire department gave birth to the Bowery boy, who worked for his living on week days, and on evenings and holidays aimed only to be a dandy and a fireman.

His hair was cropped at the back of his head as closely as scissors would cut, while the long front locks were stiffened with bear's grease, and then brushed until they shone like glass. His face was closely shaven, as beards in any shape were considered effeminate, and so forbidden by his creed. A black, straight broad-brimmed silk hat was worn with a pitch forward and a slight inclination to one side, intended to impart a rakish air. A large shirt collar turned down and loosely fashioned so as to expose the full proportions of a brawny neck;

a black frock coat with skirts extending to the knee; a flashy satin or velvet vest, cut so low as to expose the entire bosom of an embroidered shirt; trousers tight to the knee, thence gradually swelling in size to the bottom so as to nearly conceal the feet encased in well-polished boots—these with much jewelry, a voice modeled after that of the fire trumpet, and a language all his own completed the picture of the Bowery boy—first at fires, devoted patron of the theater, and loyal to his friends and his country. Rough, rather than tough, he scorned to use any weapons save those that nature gave him. Few there were in the days of his glory that could compel his reverence.

The volunteer fireman at that time was a vast power in New York. He received no compensation from the city. Where his duty led him there he went; and when honest motives prompted him he acted accordingly.

The fire boys fairly idolized Jenny Lind. She gave \$3,000 to the Widows' and Orphans' Fund of the Fire Department, and to show their gratitude, the firemen held a public meeting, and in a gold box, purchased by subscription for the purpose, conveyed to the singer the resolutions passed at the meeting. On the lid of the

box was a scroll with this inscription: "The Firemen of New York to Miss Jenny Lind, September 13, 1850." They also gave her a handsome rosewood bookcase containing Audobon's "Birds and Quadrapeds of America." At one of her concerts these new found friends quite upset the singer's gravity by crowding the house and on her appearance rising to their feet and welcoming her with three cheers.

Catharine Hayes was another of their favorites. She gave a concert for their Fund and they never forgot it. When this lady arrived in California she found that many of these New York boys had preceded her in the search for gold, and each had constituted himself an advance agent to herald her coming. Miss Hayes was a great success in California, but through the failure of her bankers, she lost all. A benefit was given her and the fire boys had charge of the affair. The seats were sold at auction. The bidding on the first seat was spirited. An admirer bid as high as \$1,050, but finding he was contending against a wealthy fire company, withdrew. The company finally paid \$1,250 for the coveted seat, and the gentleman took second choice for \$1,000.

To these loyal fellows Mr. Forrest was the

greatest actor in all the world. An insult to him was an insult to them. They seemed banded together as one. On a banner carried by one of the companies was this inscription: "The injury of one is the concern of all," but this motto was simplified by them with the saying "Hit one, hit all." Their loyalty to country was shown at the outbreak of the civil war, when a regiment of 1,200 of these brave laddies was organized by Colonel Ellsworth, and one of the first to arrive for the defense of the capital. In one case, every single member of a fire company volunteered for two years of the war. In the old New York Volunteer Fire Department one company was known as Forrest Engine, No. 3, and another as Edwin Forrest Hose, No. 5, in honor of the great tragedian. Metamora Hose, No. 29, was named in honor of one of Mr. Forrest's most famous characters, that of the Indian chieftain.

On May 7, 1849, Mr. Macready was announced to appear at the Astor Place Opera House, New York, as Macbeth. The friends of Mr. Forrest well remembered the insult that their favorite claimed had been offered him in England simply because he was an American, and not because of his art. They filled the

house and when Mr. Macready appeared a storm of hisses was launched at him. Cheers were given for Mr. Forrest and groans for the Englishman. Finding it impossible to give the performance, the curtain was dropped and the audience dismissed. This way of treating a visitor to our shores did not meet the approval of all, and a petition signed by many of the city's most prominent men was presented to Mr. Macready, asking him to finish his engagement and the authorities assured him of protection.

On Thursday evening, May 10, he again appeared in the character of Macbeth. This night thousands came to see what would happen to the English actor. His treatment was much worse than he had previously received, and he narrowly escaped with his life. In the rioting that followed twenty-two persons were killed and thirty-six wounded. He was obliged to fly from the city to save himself from violence, and went to New Rochelle, N. Y., where friends kept him in seclusion. Shortly after he sailed from Boston to his home.

On February 2, 1852, Mrs. Forrest, under her maiden name, Catharine Sinclair, made her theatrical debut playing Pauline and Lady Teazle, at Brougham's Lyceum, then on the

south-west corner of Broadway and Broome Street, New York. The Forrest divorce suit at that time was the all pervading topic of discussion and interest; and public feeling was strongly for or against the contending parties. It was feared that the scenes of the Astor Place riot would be repeated. The crowds were enormous. Indoors a large body of police were on hand to preserve order, and the Seventh and Twelfth Regiments of the National Guard were drawn up on Broome Street in case their services were required. There was no disturbance, it not being deemed safe or expedient to interfere with the performance.

Returning from his American trip, which extended as far as California, Mr. Sullivan made his reappearance in London at the St. James' Theater, August 20, 1860, as Hamlet. His second and last engagement in this country was under the management of Jarrett and Palmer, and began at Booth's Theater, New York, August 30, 1875. The contract called for one hundred performances in the principal cities of the country, twenty-one to be given at this theater.

On the opening night he was escorted to the theater by the famous Sixty-ninth Regiment,



EZRA KENDALL.

the city's representative Irish organization. The regiment, more than 1,000 strong, in full uniform, helped to pack the house. Immense crowds blocked the streets and a large force of police was necessary to keep a passage for the cars. No seats were to be had at the box office, and speculators were selling what they had secured at five dollars each. The crowd began to collect around the theater early in the evening and by eight o'clock fully 20,000 persons surrounded the building. The theater could only accommodate 3,000, so the remainder were contented to wait outside until midnight in order that they might get a glimpse of Mr. Sullivan, and have the satisfaction of escorting him to his hotel with bands and a torchlight procession. The Irish colors were much in evidence, the exterior as well as the interior being handsomely draped, and the orchestra gave a program of Irish selections. The play was "Hamlet," with James F. Cathcart as the Ghost, Frederick B. Warde as Laertes, and Louise Hibbert as Ophelia.

On the same night E. L. Davenport, a formidable rival, played the Dane at the Grand Opera House, two blocks away. In his support were Robert Johnston as the Ghost, Joseph

Wheelock as Laertes, and Laura Don as Ophelia. This theater was profusely decorated inside and out with American flags, and the orchestra played national airs, in which the audience joined in singing. After the performance the supporters of the American Hamlet marched through the streets, singing patriotic songs, to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where Mr. Sullivan was being serenaded by the band of the Sixty-ninth. The police were prepared for any clash that might happen between the rival factions, but none occurred.

In July, 1886, Henry E. Abbey made overtures to Mr. Sullivan for a tour of this country to continue forty weeks, and to include the larger cities of the United States and Canada, but the offer was declined on account of ill-health. In the following year he bade farewell to the stage, when he brought his engagement at the Royal Alexandra Theater, Liverpool, to a close on June 4, 1887, with an impersonation of Richard III. Not long after this, while he was telling friends who were visiting him some reminiscences of his early days, he fell back in his chair stricken with paralysis. He wasted away under the devastations of this terrible disease, and on May 3,

1891, in the presence of his entire family he quietly passed from earth. Five days later all that was mortal of poor Barry Sullivan was laid in its last resting place in the beautiful Glasnevin Cemetery at Dublin, Ireland.

PATRIOTISM OF STAGE FOLKS.

A party of stage folks were gathered to pay their last respects to an actor who had passed away. A carefully arranged American flag on the casket showed that he had also been a soldier. Flowers were the tributes of friends, the flag the tribute of the entire nation.

There was a time when there were a large number of veterans of the civil war in the profession. Each fought for what he deemed the right, and on their respective memorial days loving hands strew flowers on the grave of the actor who fought for the cause that won, and with the same feeling decorate the grave of the one whose cause was lost. It would take much space to record all their names. Thousands of stage folks who made noble sacrifices to serve their country have passed away, among whom will be found such names as Daniel H. Harkins, William E. Sheridan, Henry C. Miner, Harry Kernell, Nate Salsbury, and others of equal prominence.

It might be well to also mention Jean Daven-

port Lander, who ranked among the most accomplished tragic actresses of her day. She became the wife of Colonel Frederick W. Lander, a civil engineer, in 1860. When the war broke out Colonel Lander joined the Union army, was made a general and killed in battle on March 3, 1862. Mrs. Lander, who at the time of her marriage had retired from the stage, did not return to it for several years, preferring in the meanwhile to devote herself to the cause in which her husband's life had been given up. That cause she served as a hospital nurse at Washington, and later she took entire charge of the hospital department at Port Royal, S. C., and rendered good service to her country in administering aid and comfort to the wounded and dying soldiers. Charlotte Cushman gave benefit performances at New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington and Baltimore for the relief of sick and wounded soldiers, realizing the sum of \$9,000, which was turned over to the United States Sanitary Commission.

James E. Murdoch, one of the greatest of American tragedians, was under engagement to open at Pittsburg during the excitement caused by the attack on Fort Sumpter. On his arrival there he found that his youngest son

had enlisted and started for Washington with the Cincinnati Zouave Guard, and had passed through Pittsburg only a few hours before his arrival there. Though Mr. Murdoch's name was on the bills for that night he determined to follow his son, and locking up his trunks and sending them to his home in Ohio, he solemnly asserted he would never act again until peace was declared. He had hoped to serve as a soldier, but his health broke down and after two attempts, he gave up the idea of serving in the field and devoted himself to the sick and wounded, reading to and encouraging the men in the field, visiting the hospitals, and giving benefits all over the country for the aid of the Sanitary Commission. He was appointed an aide on the staff of General Rousseau, and for four years devoted himself to the cause.

Charles Wyndham, one of the most popular English actors that ever visited our shores, always pointed with pride to his service in our civil war. In the cosy study in his pretty home in St. John's Wood Park is to be seen suspended over the mantelpiece the sword which he wore as brigade surgeon of the Nineteenth Army Corps, during the Seven Days' and Red River campaigns. Mr. Wyndham was ap-

pointed to this position by Major-General N. P. Banks, after an introduction given to him by P. T. Barnum. Dan Rice did much for the soldiers while in the field, and at the close of the war erected a monument to the memory of those who died in defense of their country. This monument, which is one of the finest in the state, is located in one of the public squares at Girard, Pa.

Among the women of America who made themselves famous during the rebellion was Pauline Cushman. While playing at Wood's Theater, Louisville, Ky., in March, 1863, she forsook the stage and entered the Federal service as a scout and spy, and was at once detailed to carry orders between Louisville and Nashville. She was subsequently employed by General Rosecrans, and for many months attached to the Army of the Cumberland. She visited the Confederate lines time after time, and rendered her country invaluable service. She was twice taken prisoner, but managed to escape without giving away any of the secrets entrusted to her by the Federal government. It was just after Nashville was taken that the little woman was captured while making a trip near that city. Again she managed to escape

only to be recaptured the following morning. They held to her this time and found in her garters papers which proved conclusively that she was a scout and spy. Arrangements were being made to hang her when the Union forces marched into the town and took possession. For meritorious services she was given the brevet of major, and afterward became known in theatrical circles as Major Pauline Cushman.

At one time Adah Isaacs Menken became interested in military affairs and was elected captain of a company at Dayton, Ohio. On her travels her commission as an officer was placed on exhibition in the lobbies of the theaters where she played, and attracted much attention. During one of her engagements at Albany, N. Y., she paid a visit to the armory of the Twenty-fifth Regiment of that city, and was hospitably received. At her benefit a few days later, she sang a song dedicated to that regiment. During the civil war she frequently got in hot water by expressing herself a little too freely as a secessionist. She was very fond of decorating her rooms with Confederate flags everywhere she went. While playing at Baltimore, then under military rule, she was arrested and placed under guard during the reign of Provost

Marshal Fish, but was treated with consideration on account of her manifold charms of manner and person. Charlotte Crampton abandoned the stage when informed that her son had enlisted in the Union army for the war. Although at that time more than a middle-aged woman she became a vivandiere, and followed her boy's regiment through the campaign.

At the first call for troops a number of theatrical men met on the stage of the New Bowery Theater, New York, to recruit a company for the Eighth New York Infantry. George L. Fox was elected a lieutenant in the company and served at the front with the organization during the entire period of its service. Nearly all the members of the company were in some way identified with the theatrical profession. About the same time recruiting was going on at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, for a company in the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts Infantry. On its organization Lawrence Barrett was elected captain. When this company went to the front William J. LeMoyne was its first lieutenant, and when Mr. Barrett resigned Mr. LeMoyne was advanced to the vacant position. He was badly wounded at the battle of South Mountain. A company

was recruited for the Fifth Michigan Infantry at the National Theater, Detroit, Mich., and a number of stage folks signed the roll. E. T. Sherlock, at that time manager of the house, became its captain. He was soon promoted to be major, and was killed by a shell while leading his regiment at the battle of Chancellorsville, Va., in May, 1863.

In January, 1861, a call was sent out among the theatrical profession requesting their attendance on the stage of the Varieties' Theater, New Orleans, for the purpose of organizing a military company to assist in the defense of the city, and if necessary to be offered for service in the cause of the Confederacy. The original idea of having none but those connected with the stage was closely carried out, and over one hundred names were obtained at this meeting. The organization selected the name of "The Cocktail Guards," and John E. Owens, at that time the manager of the house, was chosen captain. Among those prominent in theatrical life who assisted in the formation and became active members of the company were Mark Smith, Carlo Patti, Thomas W. Davey, Harry Hawk, Luke Schoolcraft, M. W. Lef-

Kingwell, Louis Sharpe, Fred Maeder and Thomas B. MacDonough.

When General George B. McClellan was removed from the command of the army in 1862, it caused much bitterness among the soldiers in the field. He had the love and confidence of his men, many of whom openly declared he was the victim of political intrigue. Septimus Winner at the time composed a song entitled "Give Us Back Our Old Commander," and because of the sentiments it expressed stirred up so much feeling that its publication was stopped by the war department. The song was prohibited in public places. A singer in a Philadelphia theater was stopped in the middle of a verse by the authorities, and a New York manager, who after asking legal advice on the subject, announced the song for a certain evening, was informed by the provost marshal of the city that if he allowed the song to be sung all connected would be locked up in Fort Lafayette.

In the summer of 1863, Madeline Hardy, adopted daughter of Peter Richings, and for many years a member of the Richings Opera Company, began an engagement at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, then under

the management of David Bidwell. While there the song, "Death of Stonewall Jackson" was written, and Miss Hardy being a great favorite in New Orleans and a typical southern girl, the piece was dedicated to her. It created such an excitement that General Sheridan, who at that time was commanding the troops in the city, martial law having been declared, forbade Miss Hardy singing the song. The following evening she wore a white dress with a red ribbon suspended from the left shoulder. Red and white were the Confederate colors, and they were worn without thinking of causing any trouble. General Sheridan resented it and sent a squad of soldiers with orders to remove her entire wardrobe from the theater. This was done and a riot nearly resulted, but was finally averted.

No regiment, north or south, had so many members of the theatrical profession in its ranks as the Ninth New York Infantry (Hawkins' Zouaves). While at Roanoke Island in 1862, the soldiers formed "The Zouave Minstrel and Dramatic Club." A building was assigned to them which was soon converted into a theater. From the ranks came the scene painters, theatrical mechanics, experienced property men, and

costumers to make and care for the wardrobe. An orchestra was soon gotten together of musicians who had often received the plaudits of metropolitan audiences. No matter what the play the parts could always be filled with professional actors.

A regular admission fee was charged and the season proved so successful that after paying all expenses, the sum of \$400 was turned over to the hospital fund. Crowds came from all the camps on the Island, many frequently were turned away, and the natives were simply astounded at the versatility of the soldiers. There were many actors in the companies of this regiment selected to make the gallant charge at Roanoke Island, the first bayonet charge of the war. When the command to charge was given the men responded instantly, and dashed forward. Within five minutes they had swarmed over the parapet and through the embrasures, and the battle was won. Many lives were lost, but no men ever died more bravely.

A few years after the close of the civil war, a young fellow started out as advance representative of a company touring the smaller cities of the south. Arriving at a town in South Carolina, where his company was booked to play,

he met the agent of another company which was to play the town four days previous to him, and who should have had his work done and on his way. He was full of trouble. He claimed that in all his theatrical experience he had never met such a tough proposition to do business with as the manager of that place. The manager, who was also the bill-poster, would do nothing for him, and he was compelled to do all his own advertising and bill-posting and at that could only get up his printing in out-of-the-way places.

Expecting the same kind of treatment, the young man started out to find the manager and make himself known, and to his surprise was greeted most cordially. The two had not conversed long when he was informed that if he would get his billing matter ready it would be put up that afternoon. When all was ready to start out, it was noticed that three of the manager's fingers were missing. Handing him the package of printing, the more fortunate agent took up the two heavy buckets of paste and followed. In a short time a stand of his bills was posted on the most conspicuous bill board in town. They were fairly under way with another stand when the disappointed agent

came along and began to abuse the manager for his lack of attention and the poor showing of his paper. The manager stopped his work and turned his gaze toward a badge that was displayed on the breast of the agent. It was the symbol of the Fourteenth Army Corps of Sherman's command, a little golden acorn hanging from a miniature American flag. Pointing to it with his wounded hand he said: "People that has them kind of ornaments on them generally has niggers do their work."

There are still a number of veterans of this terrible conflict prominently before the public. The side on which they fought should not be asked. Time has effaced all differences, and when the last of those who so honored their profession shall have passed away, let us hope that we will find them

"Wearing robes of spotless white,
Not coats of gray and blue."

THE ACTOR AND THE ACTORS' FUND.

A tragedian of national reputation, supported by a capable company, was acting a series of Shakespearean characters at a theater in a western city. At another house but a couple of blocks distant, at the same time, appeared a young prize-fighter, who having just won the championship was thought a fit subject for theatrical honors. The tragedian played to empty seats, while the pugilist was turning away hundreds at every performance. One night the real actor addressed his audience and concluded by saying he did not see why the theater-going public should give its patronage to prize-fighters, outlaws, and men of those classes, and refuse to recognize true art.

In the hotel lobby one day the tragedian was approached by a little fellow dressed in the height of fashion, who thus accosted him: "Say, what do you mean by goin' 'round knockin' me an' me show?"

"I beg pardon, sir, but I do not know you," replied the actor.

"You know me all right, all right. I'm the attraction at the opposition house, that's who I am," said the little fellow.

"Indeed? Well, if that is so," retorted the actor, "I feel doubly sure that the remarks I made in reference to you, sir, were perfectly appropriate."

"Say, old man, we'll let it go at that," replied the pugilist. "We're both troupers and ought to be good fellers, and if that's the way you feel about it, I'll accept your apology."

The theatrical profession is recruited from all stations in life. Of course, there are some who are really born in the business. In that class we have John Drew, Edgar L. Davenport, George M. Cohan, Henry B. Harris, and hundreds of others whose parents were well-known actors and managers before them. Porter J. White, Frederick Hallen, Mark Sullivan, Otis Shattuck and Charles J. Ross are among the many who entered the profession when very young.

Then there are others who have left trades and professions to enter the theatrical arena. Taking a few names from the list of prominent

managers it will be noticed that A. M. Palmer was a librarian at New York; G. E. Lothrop, a physician at Boston; William Harris, cigar-maker, St. Louis; Edward Harrigan, ship caulker, New York; E. D. Stair, newspaper publisher, Howell, Mich.; George H. Nicolai, bookkeeper, Milwaukee, Wis. Daniel Frohman was an errand boy in the office of the New York Tribune, and Oscar Hammerstein was in the tobacco business before he took upon himself the task of erecting and managing theaters. Richard Hyde, of Hyde and Behman, was a hat maker, and his partner, Louis C. Behman, was a clerk.

John W. Vogel was a druggist at Chillicothe, Ohio, before he became identified with the minstrel branch of the profession, and Al. G. Field was a house painter at Columbus, Ohio. A. R. Warner was a clerk in a music house at Detroit Mich., and Charles A. Altman was employed in a jewelery store at the same city. William C. Cameron was a furniture dealer at New York; and William T. Keough, reporter, Charleston, S. C. Samuel Tuck was a dealer in chandeliers, and Elmer E. Vance was a telegrapher.

Among the actors we have Frederick Warde,



CHRYSTAL, HERNE.

who was articled to a law firm at London, and Frank C. Bangs took to the stage because he could not make money at the law. Otis Skinner nailed up boxes in a dry goods house and edited a small paper at Hartford, Conn. Eugene O. Jepson wrote wrappers for the Hartford Post, and Joseph Wheelock was a sailor.

Eben Plympton was a machinist when he lived at Boston, and Henry Lee was a butcher in his father's shop. Henry E. Dixey was a dry goods clerk at Boston before he danced into celebrity as the hind legs of a paper-mache heifer. Louis Morrison was a photographer, and Willie Edouin's "Fun in a Photograph Gallery" was based on Mr. Edouin's experiences in the same trade. Harry Lacy laced shoes for his customers in a Detroit shoe shop. Cyril Searle was a job printer in England and a Herald compositor at New York. Robert C. Hilliard was in a broker's office.

Sam Bernard was a decorator and paper-hanger, Nat M. Wills was a printer, Hal Stephens a druggist, and George Sidney worked in a hat factory. George W. Monroe was a type founder, Harry Linton held a position of trust with the Wells-Fargo Express

Company, and Billy B. Van started out to be a scene painter.

It is said that more printers turn actors than people of any other trade. Few actors leave the stage if they gain success on it, although a few of them go into management, and journalism lures them once in a while. J. Bernard Dyllyn was a plumber at San Francisco; Charles A. Mason, a tinsmith at Indianapolis; Peter Randall, tailor, Boston; Mark Murphy, bartender, San Francisco; Joe Flynn, compositor, New York; Frederick Mosely, hotel clerk, St. Paul, Minn.; Joseph J. Dowling, engineer, Pittsburg; Harry Mills, jeweler, New York; J. Royer West, confectioner, Lancaster, Pa.; and Harry Blocksom, iceman, Philadelphia.

Sam Morton was a candymaker and so was Harry Vokes. John G. McDowell was a cracker baker, and R. J. Jose a blacksmith. Happy Ward was a tobacco stemmer at Richmond, Va.; Charles Savan, paperhanger, Grand Forks, N. D.; William E. Hines, pressfeeder, New York; Bobby Gaylor, butcher, New York; and Charles W. Young, cabinetmaker, Beaver Falls, Pa.

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On June 8, 1882, the people of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, passed an act incorporating the Actors' Fund of America. The articles of incorporation contained the names of 184 of the most prominent members of the different branches of the profession, headed by the following, who became the first Board of Trustees:

Lester Wallack, Albert M. Palmer, Edwin Booth, Edward Harrigan, Henry E. Abbey, William Birch, William Henderson, Joseph Jefferson, John F. Poole, Marshall H. Mallory, Phineas T. Barnum, Lawrence Barrett, William J. Florence, Joseph K. Emmett, Henry C. Miner, John H. Haverly, and William E. Sinn.

The object of the new organization was to advance, promote, foster and benefit the condition and welfare of persons belonging to the theatrical profession and their families, and the destitute sick belonging to the theatrical profession. The term theatrical profession including all persons pursuing the profession of and earning their livelihood solely by acting, singing, dancing, managing or performing in theaters, opera houses, music halls or circuses, as well as any and all persons wholly dependent

upon the business of amusements for their livelihood. At the same time, the American Dramatic Fund Association was authorized and empowered to unite with and merge its funds and moneys with the funds and moneys of the Actors' Fund.

The dues were placed at two dollars per year, but on payment of fifty dollars a life membership could be secured. The revenues are mostly obtained, however, from the elaborate benefit performances given throughout the country by the theatrical profession in general, some of these performances being the grandest ever known in the history of the stage. There have also been a large number of bequests and donations to the Fund.

One of the first benefits given for the Actors' Fund took place at Haverly's Theater, New York, March 13, 1882, M. B. Curtis and his company appearing in "Sam'l of Posen." On April 3 of the same year, matinee benefit performances were given in fourteen theaters at New York, also the Brooklyn theaters. A number of donations were announced from the different stages on that day, James Gordon Bennett giving \$10,000. The benefit at the Boston Theater, April 12, 1883, was one of the

grandest affairs that ever took place at that city, as well as one of the most successful financially.

A triple performance for the benefit of the Actors' Fund took place February 4, 1886, under the management of Augustin Daly, Lester Wallack and A. M. Palmer. At two o'clock on that day Mr. Wallack's company appeared at Wallack's Theater in the second act of "The Rivals;" at three o'clock they appeared at Daly's Theater in the fourth act, and at four o'clock they appeared at the Madison Square Theater in the last act. Mr. Palmer's company appeared at two o'clock at the Madison Square Theater in the first act of "Engaged;" at three o'clock they appeared at Wallack's Theater in the second act, and at four o'clock at Daly's Theater in the last act of the same play. Mr. Daly's company appeared at Daly's Theater at two o'clock in the first act of "Love on Crutches;" at three o'clock they appeared at Wallack's Theater in the second act, and at four o'clock they appeared at Wallack's Theater in the last act of the same play. Mr. Wallack addressed the audience at Daly's, Mr. Palmer at Wallack's, and Mr. Daly at the Madison Square.

When the Actors' Fund fair was held at the

Madison Square Garden, New York, in May, 1892, the younger members of the profession had a chance to show of what service they could be when the opportunity presented itself. A noble band of ladies and gentlemen of the stage volunteered their services to the cause and took the heavy burdens from the shoulders of the older ones. They took charge of the booths where goods were displayed, and engaged in friendly rivalry over the disposal of their wares, and some eagerly sought votes for friends whom they wished to see the possessors of the valuable prizes. To prove that their work was well done, it need only be said that it was the most successful affair of the kind ever held in this country, financially and otherwise.

It is without doubt the greatest organized charity in the entire world. It is harmony that keeps it so. The names of the most famous stars and the theatrical mechanic are inscribed on the same page. The manager who donates his theater, or the actors who cheerfully journey from other cities to take part in benefit performances, do not seem to think they are doing a bit more for the good work than the man who has charge of the lights or the girl who is selling programs and flowers in the lobby.

The Actors' Fund Home at West New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y., opened its doors on May 8, 1902, with the Rev. George C. Houghton and Joseph Jefferson delivering the opening prayer and address. A home with every modern improvement, with over fifty rooms, lighted by electricity, plenty of light, air and heat. It has a library, billiard room, pool room, in fact everything requisite to make our old friends comfortable. The actors, the managers and the public contributed over \$100,000 to erect and furnish this home, and the Actors' Fund of America owns the home free of any incumbrance.

The ceremonies commenced at three o'clock in the afternoon. Daniel Frohman, First Vice-President of the Actors' Fund, presiding. Mr. Frohman read a telegram sent by Nat C. Goodwin, Maxine Elliott, James O'Neill and others from San Francisco, tendering their greetings and congratulations and saying that they were giving a benefit that day for the Actors' Fund Home, and would send a check for \$2,000. He then introduced Mr. Jefferson, who said, in part:

"First, I will speak of the importance of this home—the great importance of it. The theatri-

cal profession is increasing year after year, and it stands to reason that in years to come there will be many of our profession who, through sickness, distress, old age and many of those unfortunate incidents that are apt to follow human existence, will need a sanctuary and a shelter for their old age. And let me say that those who become inmates of this home can enter it without that mortification which usually accompanies the reception of charity for the reason that they have, themselves, directly and indirectly, contributed to the fund that has raised this beautiful home. So that when they accept it they will be in the seat of their inheritance.

“Mr. Al. Hayman was the first contributor by the munificent sum of \$10,000 for this home. He has lived with it a year, and he has nobly done his work. The comfort, even the elegance—and I say even the elegance advisedly—of the home as it stands now are so manifest that it will be a great comfort to those who enter it as a sanctuary for help during their declining years. Mr. Hayman gave this sum with the understanding that a large sum should be contributed by the theatrical profession. I believe you know with what promptness they came for-

ward and poured in their donations to the Fund. Subscriptions ranging from \$25 to \$1,000 poured in until the sum required was raised within a few days."

Mr. Hayman being called upon spoke as follows:

"There stands your home. I am only sorry that one who was very dear to you, who labored daily to bring about this home, is not here to see it. I refer to the late president of the Actors' Fund, Louis Aldrich. If the little I have done to help erect this home meets with your approbation. I shall feel more than rewarded. I hope in later days, when I look back at the good the home will do, and the many that it may shelter, that I can look back with the same degree of satisfaction at the manner in which you will sustain this home. We have got the home. It is beautiful, as you will see when you go through it, and it is up to you, ladies and gentlemen, brothers of the profession, to keep in ease and comfort, for the remainder of their lives, the many brothers and sisters that have worked with you."

BURNING OF THE BROOKLYN THEATRE.

The presence of mind of the actor in time of the gravest danger has been to the advantage of theatergoers on more than one occasion, and it is known where actors have held an audience in laughter while the house force were fighting a fire on the stage, and had time to place a man at each exit to handle the audience in case of danger.

The notion that real heroism is inseparable from war is passing, and there is less inclination today to deify a man merely because he has had a hand in a few skirmishes or even real battles than there is to consider those qualifications of unselfishness which find manifestations in other capacities than shooting, killing and maiming. It is, of course, true that a war affords opportunities for what we are accustomed to class as heroism in superlative degree, but it is not the only thing that affords opportunities.

There has been no more adequate demonstration of this than was given by Eddie Foy, the

comedian of the "Bluebeard" company, that was playing in the Iroquois Theater, Chicago, when that theater was destroyed by fire on the afternoon of December 30, 1903, and 578 persons lost their lives. He was the one cool individual in the whole theater. When the flames from the burning scenery were roaring over his head, when he was perhaps the only one who was fully aware that the fire could not be controlled, he stood at the front of the stage and sought to calm the people.

Between exclamations he bent over toward Herbert Dillea, the orchestra leader.

"Start an overture!" he commanded. "Start anything. For God's sake, play, play, play, and keep on playing."

The brave words were as bravely answered. Dillea raised his wand, and the musicians began to play. Better than any one in the theater they knew their peril. They could look slantingly up and see that the 300 sets of scenery all were ablaze. Their faces were white, their hands trembled, but they played, and played.

Dillea—his ranks already thinning out in the orchestra pit—struck up the "Sleeping Beauty and the Beast" overture. Of the thirty odd musicians in the pit not over half a dozen re-

mained to follow Dillea and his baton. But the little fellow, ashen pale, his eyes glued on the raging mass of flame above, never whimpered. He kept right on, and only left his post when the flames drove him away from his leader's stand.

Perhaps these two brave fellows did not accomplish much. The results of their efforts can never be reduced to numbers. And yet the words, the music, and the example may have had an effect which saved many.

During a performance of "If I Were King," which was presented by Edward H. Sothern at the Providence Opera House in April, 1902, burning stage grass for a few moments threatened to take on a realism that was to result in an interesting panic. The lighting for the garden scenes in the second and third acts was done from overhead, instead of from the wings. A broken arc light carbon, falling into the dyed excelsior that serves for grass, started a furious blaze. The women in the audience began to get excited as the fire ran over the stage, but Mr. Sothern kept on saying his lines, and methodically stamping out the flames until all were extinguished. His presence of mind brought

him rounds of applause from the auditors, and the play went on.

Other incidents have occurred to show that actors can personate in dead earnest the self-possessed, dashing heroes whom they portray so perfectly in the mimic world. Some years ago Lester Wallack appeared in a performance of a play called "Home," at his own theater in New York. Shortly after he appeared in the character of Colonel White, only to be ordered from the house of his stage father, a person in the audience called out to him in alarm, "Look behind you!" As he turned he saw that the candle on the mantelpiece had burned down to the socket, and the paper wrapped around it had caught fire to the imminent danger of a curtain which in another second would be ablaze. Mr. Wallack coolly drew the candlestick away from the curtain, holding it while the hot wax fell fast upon his hand and repeated his lines as if nothing had happened. Had he shown the slightest nervousness it might have caused one of those panics in which the spectators lose their wits and stampede like a lot of sheep. Soon the house, assured by his manner and the extinguishing of the flames, burst into a round of applause. Mr. Wallack

repeated the lines, "Well, the Governor has turned me out of the house"—and added impromptu—"but I have the satisfaction of knowing that I have been instrumental in saving the place from destruction by fire."

During the production of "Faust" at the Trimble Opera House, Albany, N. Y., in October, 1871, there was a narrow escape from a serious accident. It was in the temptation scene where Lottie Angus appeared as a beautiful witch, arrayed in a costume of the lightest kind of gauze. This scene was attended with a display of fireworks, and the dress of the fair tempter caught fire. For a moment the audience was treated to a sensation not on the bills, but Harold Fosberg, the Faust of the evening, was equal to the situation. Seeing the danger, with one sweep of his arm he tore the burning drapery from the frightened lady, and she sprang behind the scenes unharmed. The next night she was not so fortunate. Contrary to orders, fireworks were again used. Her drapery caught fire, and this time she was severely burned.

Blanche Walsh had a narrow escape from serious injury during the presentation of Tolstoi's "Resurrection" at the Victoria Theater,

New York, in April, 1903. A lamp used in one of the scenes set fire to Miss Walsh's hair and she rushed from the stage. Joseph Haworth, her leading man, caught her in the wings and extinguished the flames before the lady had been seriously burned. Then she went on with the scene as if it were a part of the play.

An unknown number of people owe their lives to John Philip Sousa. On one occasion he was playing to an audience of 12,000 people at St. Louis, when the electric lights in the hall suddenly went out. Some one shouted "Fire!" and an ominous rustle made itself heard through the gloom. Rap, rap, went Sousa's baton, and without an instant's hesitation the band burst forth into "Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be?" The uneasy rustle turned to a ripple of laughter, and when this air was rapidly followed by "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By" a roar of merriment showed that the situation was saved.

The cool head of Florence Reed, when she was leading lady of the Fifth Avenue Theater Stock Company at New York, once saved Mr. Proctor's playhouse from possible destruction. Just before the end of the farce, "Who is

Brown?" a grate fire used in the scene got out of order and blazed up dangerously near a lambrequin used for draping the mantelpiece. Miss Reed noticed it at her entrance, and while delivering her lines threw a quick aside to some one in the wings, giving the alarm without betraying her agitation to the audience. Paul McAllister, who was also on the stage at the time, walked over and tried to stamp out the flames, repeating his lines at the same time. Frederick Bond, as the butler, walked in at this juncture with a pail of water, and pretending to put coal on the fire, made a quick finish to what might have developed into a serious catastrophe. None of the players lost either their heads or their lines, and the play went on smoothly to the end as though nothing had happened.

Great care is now exercised for the protection of the theatergoers in case of fire, and many theaters have an organized force among their employes for such emergencies. Their plan of defense is a simple one, and is started by numbering sixteen employes in each theater. The first-floor ticket taker is No. 1, the chief usher is No. 2, the aisle ushers follow as Nos. 3, 4, 5 and 6, the orchestra leader is No. 7, and then come nine of the men on the stage and in the

flies to complete the sixteen. At the first sign of fire or smoke in any part of the theater Nos. 1, 7, 8 and 12 hear a buzzer conveniently placed near them, to be sounded only in case of fire, and not loud enough to alarm the audience.

At the first sound No. 1 quietly tells the chief usher and his assistants to look sharp, talk quietly but firmly to folks who may become excited, assure them there is no immediate danger, and aid them in leaving their seats, if they insist on doing so, in orderly fashion. The orchestra leader immediately strikes up a patriotic air. If the fire is on the stage, the stage manager orders the asbestos curtain rung down, and steps to the footlights to assure the audience that there should be no excitement as there is no immediate danger. Other stage employes move quickly and quietly to the fire hydrants, two men to each, and while one attaches the hose the other carries the nozzle as near to the place of conflagration as possible. The man at the hydrant then awaits the word from the stage manager to turn on the water.

It was on December 5, 1876, that the Brooklyn Theater was burned. The number of killed and missing at this fire was never known. Those identified numbered 284, among whom

were the well-known actors, Claude Burroughs and H. S. Murdoch. The play of the "Two Orphans" was being performed. The full cast was as follows, and with the exception of Miss Morant, Miss Vernon and one or two of the minor characters, all the members were in the theater at the time of the fire:

Chevalier de Vaudry.....	Charles R. Thorne, Jr.
Count de Linieres.....	H. F. Daly
Picard	Claude Burroughs
Jacques Frochard.....	J. B. Studley
Pierre Frochard.....	H. S. Murdoch
Marquis de Presles.....	J. G. Peakes
Doctor of the Hospital.....	H. B. Phillips
La Fleur	H. W. Montgomery
Officer of the Guard.....	John Mathews
Martin	L. Thompson
De Mailly.....	M. J. Clements
D'Estres	George Dalton
Footman	E. Lamb
Antoine	R. Struthers
Henriette.... {	The {
Louise..... {	Two Orphans {
La Frochard.....	Mrs. Farren
Countess de Linieres.....	Fanny Morant
Sister Genevieve.....	Ida Vernon
Marianna	Kate Girard
Julie	Ethel Allen
Cora	Miss L. Cleves
Sister Therese.....	Mrs. L. E. Seymour

Miss Claxton (Louise) was lying on the



GEORGE M. COHAN.

straw pallet in the last act, and Mr. Murdoch (Pierre) was delivering his lines when the two heard a whisper of "Fire!" from behind the scenes, and looking up saw flames issuing from the flies. Mr. Murdoch stopped, but Miss Claxton said in an undertone: "Go on, they will put it out; there will be a panic; go on!" He resumed, Mrs. Farren (Mother Frochard) entering in the meantime. The stage hands were all the while trying to stop the flames unnoticed by the house, and Miss Claxton delivered her little speech to Jacques, "I forbid you to touch me!" which was greeted with applause. Meanwhile the audience had begun to suspect something, and with Miss Claxton's words, "I will beg no more," the actors were forced to move by reason of falling embers, and the audience rose to their feet. When the blazing fragments began falling thick and fast the audience made a rush for the doors, and the struggle for life began. The ushers tried to enforce order in the maddened crowd, without avail. Those who were not trampled to death were suffocated by smoke.

The actors held their ground as long as possible, but had to look out for themselves. Claude Burroughs (Picard) escaped from his dressing

room only to meet death, and Mr. Murdoch was never seen again. The four people on the stage displayed much coolness and bravery under the trying circumstances and in urging the audience to depart leisurely, or there would have been a much worse stampede—possibly a heavier loss of life. Mr. Studley was the last to leave the stage. Pointing to his associates, who were begging the people not to get excited, he spoke the last words in the history of that theater, which were: "Keep cool. We are between you and the flames!"

The occupants of the orchestra chairs and parquet had but little difficulty in making good their escape, but at least two-thirds of the audience were in the dress circle and gallery. The lowest estimate of the number in the gallery was that about six hundred people were in that portion of the house, and from these were most of the deaths. The exit from the first balcony was down a single flight of stairs in the rear of the vestibule. Down these stairs the people came in scores, leaping and jumping in wild confusion. The gallery exit was through a tortuous passage which made escape next to an impossibility, and was soon choked up with struggling human beings, who were either

trampled to death or suffocated by smoke before the roof of the theater fell about half an hour after the flames broke out. It was nearly morning before the extent of the loss of life was known, and the morning papers went to press announcing that only two lives had been lost. Daylight revealed scores of charred bodies in the ruins.

The last man within the burning building had looked around the lower auditorium and saw no one there, but in the extreme end of the top-most gallery were imprisoned hundreds of souls suffocated by the volumes of smoke that poured down from the burning roof, and who gave no sign that they were miserably perishing there. The following morning when the flames were fully under control and the firemen began their search among the ruins, the exploration of a dreadful pit just beyond the door leading into the street discovered a sight that made strong men pale and faint, and disclosed a scene which is to be recorded as almost unparalleled in history. There, piled one upon another in every attitude of struggling despair, was a mass of charred and agonizing figures, just as they had fallen with the end of the

gallery above, where they had met altogether their horrible deaths.

About one hundred of the victims were given a public burial at Greenwood Cemetery on one of the stormiest days ever known. The grave was a circular trench fourteen feet wide and eight feet deep. The earth from the trenches was piled up in the center and formed a cone twenty feet high. The inclemency of the weather prevented the carrying out of the full program. As one by one the hearses and wagons came up and deposited the coffins in a row, the German singing societies united in singing Abt's "On Every Height There Lies Repose."

When all were placed in the trench the Rev. Dr. Parker read the burial service and Mayor Schroeder scattered earth on the coffins. After the benediction a chorus of sixty singers from the German societies of Brooklyn sang Kullak's "Abendlied," beginning:

"Under the greenwood there is peace."

IN FOND MEMORY.

Junius Brutus Booth, after his farewell performance at the St. Charles Theater, New Orleans, November 19, 1852, took passage for Cincinnati on a Mississippi steamer. He became very ill when the boat had started up the river, fever set in, and he died November 30, 1852, far from home and without one of the dearly loved family near, as he peacefully passed away. Edwin Forrest was found dead in his bed by a servant in his palatial residence at Philadelphia, December 12, 1872. Surrounded by all that wealth and taste could give, he died alone, deprived in his last moments of a friend to return the last pressures of his stiffening hand. James W. Wallack, Jr., an actor of exceptional charm and talent, was compelled to retire from the stage on account of failing health. He went south for the strength he never found, and he died in a sleeping car a short distance from Richmond, Va., on his way from Aiken, S. C., to New York, May 24, 1873. George W. Jamieson, a favorite actor of his

time, was instantly killed by an express train on the Hudson River Railroad, near Yonkers, N. Y., on the night of October 3, 1868.

Walter Montgomery, a protege of Charles Kean and one of the most promising actors the country had ever seen, was found in a dying condition by a friend who had rushed into his room after hearing a pistol shot, in September, 1871. Whether it was murder or suicide has been a question never settled. He had been married but four days previous to Winnetta Montague, an actress of handsome form and features, who at his funeral wore her bridal wreath, which she scattered in his grave. This lady died at New York, May 27, 1877, her beauty a wreck, her means exhausted, and was buried by the charity of the profession. Peter Richings, the venerable actor and manager, died January 18, 1871, from injuries received from being thrown out of a wagon.

Walter Prior and H. C. Page, quite prominent in theatrical life, were killed in the Orange Riot at New York, July 12, 1871. Both were members of the Ninth Regiment of the National Guard, and fell in the sharp fighting that occurred at Eighth Avenue and Twenty-fifth Street, between this regiment and the mob.

They were given a military burial from a church on the north-east corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, and laid to rest in Woodlawn Cemetery, New York.

Edouard Remenyi, the great Hungarian violinist, dropped dead on the stage of the Orpheum Theater, San Francisco, Cal., on the afternoon of Sunday, May 15, 1898, while playing his first vaudeville engagement. He had played two or three classical pieces and responded to an encore with "Old Glory." The audience of nearly three thousand people were carried away with enthusiasm, leaving their seats in their excitement, and the applause was deafening. Remenyi, in response to this, began to play Delibe's "Pizzicati." He had completed but a few bars when he fell forward on the stage and was picked up dead.

It was at the same city that Henry J. Montague passed away. He had been acting at the California Theater in "Diplomacy," and made a great hit, playing to enormous business. He was compelled to retire from the cast for a time on account of illness. As the receipts of the theater had greatly diminished during his absence, he determined against the advice of his physician to play again. The exertion was too

much for his enfeebled condition, and he died suddenly soon after. It had been arranged to leave Mr. Montague at San Francisco when the company returned east. A short time before his death he said to some members of his company: "Boys, I am not to be left; the doctor says I can go home with you." A few days later, he who but a few years before had come to our country a bright and handsome youth, and by his charming manners had become an idol to the profession, lay dead in a lonely room in a hotel, and in a strange city far from all his relations.

Alexander Herrmann, the magician, who had appeared in nearly every city of importance in the civilized world, died suddenly from heart failure while traveling in his private car, near Great Valley, N. Y., December 17, 1896. Pat Rooney, the famous Irish comedian, died on a ferry boat while crossing the North River from Jersey City to New York, March 28, 1892.

Mark Smith was on his way from Milan, Italy, to America, and fell speechless in the depot at Paris. He was taken to the St. Antoine Hospital, where he died August 11, 1874. His remains were brought to this country, and

the funeral services were held at "The Little Church Around the Corner" two months later. Edward Eddy died of apoplexy at the Island of Jamaica, December 16, 1875. His body was brought to New York and buried from the Masonic Temple, January 11, 1876. Augustin Daly died at Paris, June 7, 1899. The remains were brought to New York, for interment, the funeral services being held in St. Patrick's Cathedral at that city.

During the run of "The Black Crook" at Niblo's Garden, New York, in 1873, appeared a bright little musician about seven years old by the name of James G. Speaight. Not much larger than the violin he carried, dressed in a bright court suit of blue satin, with powdered wig, silken hose and buckled shoes, he seemed the smallest performer who ever stood behind the footlights. As a musician he certainly was phenomenal. He not only played solos on his violin, but conducted the large orchestra, standing on a pile of music books in the chair of the leader that he might be seen by the musicians he led. At the close of the run of "The Black Crook," December 6, 1873, he was taken to Boston, where he played in "The Naiad Queen," and led the orchestra of the Boston

Theater until the night of January 11, 1874. The following morning the little fellow was found dead in bed.

While protecting from insult one of the ladies of the "Diplomacy" company of which he was a member, Benjamin Porter was shot and killed at the railroad station at Marshall, Texas, by James Currie, a noted Texas desperado, in 1879. Maurice Barrymore was at the same time severely wounded.

Thomas A. Daly died July 20, 1892, from the effects of a severe beating given him by a cowardly set of ruffians armed with stage braces and clubs, and employed as stage hands at the Academy of Music, Chicago, then under the management of Dan Shelby.

P. S. Gilmore, a musician of note and director of one of the most famous military bands of the country, conducted his band at the St. Louis Exposition on the afternoon of September 24, 1892. After the performance he went to his hotel and two hours later was found dead in his room. Castell Brydges, one of the best singers the stage ever knew, was found dead in his bed at the Sherman House, Mt. Clemens, Mich. But an hour or two before he had gathered the employes of the hotel in the dining

room and sang for them. William Davidge died on a railway train at Cheyenne, Wyoming, August 7, 1888, while en route to San Francisco, with the Madison Square Theater Company, of which he was a member. His death was due to heart failure. The body was brought to Brooklyn, N. Y., for burial.

Actors as a rule love to die in harness. The great Moliere was playing in his own creation, "Le Malade Imaginaire," when he broke a blood vessel. Gallantly he struggled on to the falling of the curtain, and then in a dying state was taken to his home. Charles B. Bishop died on the stage during a performance of "Lord Chumley," at the Lyceum Theater, New York. J. J. Prior, a fine actor of the old school, died in his dressing room at Toledo, Ohio, and John Howson, a clever comedian, was all dressed and ready to step on the stage at Troy, N. Y., December 16, 1887, when without a moment's warning he was called by the messenger of death. At the time he was with Lotta's traveling company. George Jordan died in his dressing room at London, England, November 15, 1873. He was playing Pygmalion in "Pygmalion and Galatea."

Charles A. McManus was found dead in his

bed in a hotel at Big Rapids, Mich., on the morning of December 11, 1888. He was a member of the company supporting Mlle. Rhea, and had played the previous night. Frank Clements was instantly killed at Newark, N. J., May 8, 1886, by being run over by a locomotive. He was in the support of Mme. Modjeska at the time. Edwin F. Mayo, while conversing with some friends at the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, February 19, 1900, suddenly reeled and fell to the floor. When picked up he was dead.

On the afternoon of May 10, 1873, a large audience assembled at Wakefield's Opera House, St. Louis, to witness a performance of "Mazeppa," one of the most popular of the equestrian dramas of that day. Leo Hudson was the star of the occasion, and introduced her famous trained horse, Black Bess. Miss Hudson was a daring equestrienne, possessing a strong and sweet voice, an exquisitely modeled form and a handsome face. Her fine rendition of the part made her a favorite throughout the country, and crowded houses greeted her everywhere.

Many will remember the story of the dashing young hero, fair of face and figure, who,

after conquering all of the royal gladiators that dared to cross swords with him, proves equally adept in love affairs, and becomes known as "the idol of all the women, and the envy of all the men." The fair Olinska, a daughter of the reigning household, and betrothed to another, being found in his embrace, the populace are assembled and in the presence of their ruler he is accused of treason and branded as a spy by his jealous rivals. The Castellan, who rules his people with an iron hand, orders him seized and stripped of his raiment, and, without a chance to be heard, he is condemned to be tied on the back of a wild horse and turned loose in the mountains. The sentence goes into effect at once. As the Castellan cries out: "Bring forth the fiery, untamed steed!" the horse is brought on by several attendants, who, at the command, "Bind strong, hempen lashings about the villain's loins," tie the victim to the back of the infuriated beast. When all is ready the sentence is concluded with: "Let the beacon fires be lighted on the mountain tops, and may his fate strike terror throughout all Poland!"

Amid the shouts of the onlookers and the burning of red fire the steed starts on a mad rush up the mountain with its precious burden

on its back. On this occasion the horse started up the run as usual. It crossed the first and second sections in safety, and was fairly started on the third, when the horse was seen to slip. It struggled hard but could not regain its feet, and with a loud crash both horse and rider were precipitated to the stage. Before the audience had time to realize what had happened the curtain was rung down, and everybody about the place rushed to her assistance. She was picked up and borne bruised and bleeding to her home. The injuries she received proved serious, and she died at the same city, June 2, 1873.

Lucille Western died suddenly in her room in the Pierrepont House, Brooklyn, N. Y., January 11, 1877, in the midst of an engagement she was playing at the Park Theater, under Colonel Sinn's management. Pneumonia was the cause of her death. She was playing Nancy Sykes in "Oliver Twist," and Margaret Rookley in "The Child Stealer," and fulfilled her engagement up to the Wednesday night of the week for which she was engaged. She appeared in the former character at the matinee on that day, against the orders of her physician, but toward the end of the play she was unable to speak above a whisper. In the last act, when

Nancy Sykes draws herself across the stage, covered with blood, after the fierce encounter with her husband, Bill Sykes, he having discovered that "Yer tried ter give me up ter the perlice, did yer?" (a piece of stage realism in which Miss Western excelled), she was physically incapable of going on, and one of the stock actresses took her place. She was taken to the Pierrepont House in a coach, and about eight o'clock that night passed away.

It was on the night of November 30, 1882, that Frank Frayne shot and killed Annie Von Behren on the stage of the Coliseum Theater, Cincinnati. Frayne was playing in "Si Slocum," a sort of travesty on "William Tell," and took the part of Si Slocum and Miss Von Behren that of Ruth Slocum, his wife. Si, who had been taken prisoner, was to get his freedom if he shot an apple from his wife's head while standing with his back toward her. He had performed the feat in the principal cities of the country, but on this night a catch spring gave way, and the bullet from his rifle struck Miss VonBehren in the forehead and she fell to the floor. Frayne ran to her side and fell in a faint beside her. She died within half an hour.

In 1898 Ethel Marlowe died from heart disease at the Empire Theater, New York, during a performance of "The Christian." Her sister, Virginia Marlowe, in 1896, and her father, Owen Marlowe, in 1876, also died on the stage in view of the audience.

To die on the stage while bowing acknowledgement of an encore was the fate of Jennie Reed, an elocutionist, who was giving readings at Lansingburg, N. Y., in November, 1902. She had finished a selection, and in response to an encore, stood bowing to her audience. Suddenly she gasped, threw up her hands and fell face forward on the stage. She did not regain consciousness, and died, the fall having fractured her skull.

Consumption had fastened itself on Irma Golz, an opera singer who was well known in Austria. Her physician was compelled to apprise her of the fact, and order the cancellation of arrangements for a tour of Europe and America. At midnight she asked that she be removed from her bed to an arm chair, and that she be dressed in the costume of her favorite character in "La Traviata." Having said farewell to her husband and relatives, the room was brilliantly illuminated at her request, and

her brother played Mendelssohn's "Fruehlingslied" on the piano. The dying woman followed the music with her voice until with the words "earth to earth," she fell forward to the floor, dead.

A sad ending, indeed, was the lot of poor Polly McDonald. Her clothes caught fire and she was burned to death at the City Hotel, Providence, R. I., in 1891.

IN POSITIONS OF HONOR AND TRUST.

Actors very often disappear from the public view, and it is wondered what becomes of them. Were they dead, it would be given to the world by the newspapers. But where are they? In some cases the favorites of bygone days are pushed aside and younger ones have taken their places. What pleased in their day is not wanted now. Some tire of theatrical life and seek other occupations. Not many leave it with a competency. Some retire to the farm to spend their days in peace and quiet. Others take up a mercantile life. We find them in all kinds of business and in different localities.

It very often occurs that those in the profession are called to positions of honor and trust by the people. They seem to be especially fitted to fill positions in the public service. The discipline to which they have been subjected in the theater, and the knowledge that success can only be attained by close attention to the needs of the people, are of great help to them.

Furthermore, there has never been a case where one of them ever violated the confidence and trust reposed in him. Of course, it would be impossible to here attempt to name all those who have been thus honored, but some of those prominent in the amusement world may prove of interest.

Nathaniel P. Banks was an actor, and played Claude Melnotte to the Pauline of Charlotte Cushman in "The Lady of Lyons." He became a major-general of volunteers and one of the most conspicuous figures in the civil war. He was governor of Massachusetts for two terms, and also served many years in the House of Representatives, and as speaker of that body. Daniel McAuley, who rose to the position of major-general in the civil war, and who was mayor of Indianapolis for three or four terms, was an actor.

H. A. W. Tabor was in theatrical life many years before he became governor of Colorado. He also served in the United States Senate from that state, and filled the position with marked ability and dignity. Heber Wells, who became governor of Utah, was an amateur actor of much talent. When James H. Stoddart went to Salt Lake City to put on "Saints

and Sinners" for a week's run, under the auspices of an amateur association, Mr. Wells played the part of Ralph Kingsley in a manner that would have been creditable to any professional actor. George W. Peck, who was responsible for "Peck's Bad Boy," became mayor of Milwaukee, and later governor of Wisconsin.

Robert Taylor was an amateur violinist of ability as well as a leading lawyer when he accepted the Democratic nomination for governor of Tennessee. His own brother was his opponent in the race, having received the Republican nomination. When "Governor Bob," as the people loved to call him, went on his campaign he took his instrument along and interspersed his speeches with sweet music, and fiddled himself not only into the hearts of the people, but into the governorship of the state. C. G. Conn was a professional musician in his youth, being recognized as a player of merit on the cornet. Through an accident a serious injury occurred to his lip, and he was forced to give up this instrument. He did not become discouraged, however, but turned his thorough knowledge of brass instruments into good use and started a small factory for their manu-

facture. This factory, which was located at Elkhart, Ind., became one of the largest in the world. Mr. Conn was elected mayor of his city, and also to a seat in the state legislature. He afterwards became a member of congress from his district.

Charles H. Crisp was an actor before he became successively judge, member of congress, and speaker of the house. Julius Cahn left the stage for a seat in congress from California. Henry C. Miner, the manager of many theaters, was sent to congress from his district in New York, and James J. Butler, manager of the Standard Theater, St. Louis, was elected to congress from that district. Timothy D. Sullivan for many years represented his district in the state assembly of New York, and later was given a seat in congress by his constituents. Dan Rice once had congressional aspirations, and put up a strong campaign, but was defeated. Will E. English served a term in congress from his district in Indianapolis.

John B. Rice retired from the stage and became mayor of Chicago, a position he held for many years, and also served as a member of congress. He was one of the pioneers of the theater in the west, and all the famous actors

of by-gone days appeared under his management. Charles Glidden, a once popular banjoist, became mayor of Astoria, Oregon.

Thomas M. Patterson, a senator from Colorado, at one time was a circus manager, being associated with two other young men from his home city, Crawfordsville, Ind. John T. Ford was elected president of the city council of Baltimore, Md., and by force of circumstances was acting mayor of the city for two years, and filled the office with marked ability. He was manager of the theater in which President Lincoln met his death. He was arrested at the time and kept in confinement for a short period. It was clearly proven that he knew nothing of the conspiracy and he was discharged and exonerated from all blame.

James E. Boyd, at one time manager of Boyd's Opera House, Omaha, Neb., was elected governor of his state. Robert Taylor Conrad, who gave to the stage several plays of distinction, served the city of Philadelphia as mayor. His first play, "Conrad, of Naples," was produced by James E. Murdoch. He wrote "Jack Cade" for A. A. Addams, who failed in it. Mr. Conrad rewrote the play for Edwin Forrest,

changing the name from "The Noble Yeoman" (its original title) to "Jack Cade."

E. B. Sweet landed in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in advance of "Washburn's Last Sensation" many years ago. He liked the town and the people. They elected him an alderman, and he served in that capacity for a long time. Louis C. Behman was an alderman at Brooklyn, N. Y. King Cobb, manager of the Grand Opera House, Evansville, Ind., became chief of police at that city.

Kyrle Bellew at one time held a commission in the British navy, being attached to the cruiser "Conway," and for eight years followed the sea. Thomas Brougham Baker, actor and manager, was the adopted son of John Brougham. He made his first appearance on the stage in 1847, and played regularly with the old stock companies until the outbreak of the civil war, when he enlisted in the Union army. He won rapid promotion and before the close of the war had attained the rank of colonel. It was almost entirely due to his personal efforts that the National Cemetery was established at Washington. When peace was declared Mr. Baker returned to the stage and made a number of long tours in America and

in England with John Brougham, Laura Keane and other stars. After permanently retiring from the stage Mr. Baker re-entered the government service as assistant transportation agent in the quartermaster's department of the army. He remained in this position until his death.

A. Oakey Hall, who served as district attorney and also as mayor of New York, astonished the public shortly after the expiration of his term of office, by appearing as Wilmot Kinslow, a lurid character, in a play called "The Crucible," at the Park Theater, Broadway and Twenty-second Street, at that city. Charles H. Hoyt was elected to a seat in the legislature from his district in New Hampshire. James B. Camp filled the office of city treasurer at Louisville, Ky., and Emil Bourlier for many years was secretary of the fire department at the same city. Neil Bryant held a position in the treasury department at Washington, D. C., and Bill Nye was postmaster at Laramie, Wyoming. Buffalo Bill was a member of the state legislature of Nebraska, and also served on the governor's staff in the same state. It does not very often occur that a person in amusement circles becomes the president of a national bank,

yet P. T. Barnum and Pawnee Bill were both honored by elections to this position.

John Howard Payne, author of "Brutus" and sixty other plays, as well as the celebrated song, "Home, Sweet Home," and at one time styled the "American Roscius" in England, retired from theatrical life and was appointed United States Consul at Tunis, which he held for some time. Thomas Nast, the artist and lecturer, and who should be justly accredited to the amusement world, was appointed United States Consul at Guayaquil, Ecuador. Both of these gentlemen died at their posts. Charles Pope, the actor-manager, was for a long time United States Consul at Toronto, Canada.

John A. Lane, an actor who was long in the support of Booth, Barrett, and Modjeska, retired from the stage to accept a position of responsibility and trust in the Philadelphia post-office. Bingley Fales, an actor of great promise, became assistant prosecuting attorney of Wayne County, Mich. James W. Lingard, after retiring from the profession, held a position until his death in the revenue service at New York. John J. Enright was appointed postmaster at Detroit, Mich., during the administration of President Cleveland.

John Whallen was appointed chief of police at Louisville, Ky., and during his administration the department was brought up to a high standard of efficiency. He also served on the staff of the governor of the state with the rank of colonel. Walter L. Thompson gave up theatrical life to become a policeman at New York, passed through all the grades to the position of inspector, and was retired with that rank after more than forty years' service. James Canoll left the profession for a place on the police force in the same city. He rose to the rank of captain and was in command of the Ninth precinct at the time of his death. Henry Doehne gave up a position as musical director at McVicker's Theater, Chicago, for a place on the police force of that city, but soon tired of it; and James Carroll, once a popular minstrel, became a detective sergeant at Brooklyn, N. Y. John McVicker, a former vaudeville performer, became a justice of the peace at Boston, Mass., and "Biff" Hall, a writer on theatricals, was a police magistrate at Chicago at the time of his death.

Lon Hayle, a once famous dancer, became an officer in the Kansas City fire department, and many modern fire appliances are of his invent-

ing. To him belongs much of the credit for the world wide reputation of that department. Alexander McBride, a favorite actor, was elected an alderman at Philadelphia, and continued in office up to the time of his death. James McColgan was manager of the International Comique, and William J. Gallagher one of the managers of the Grand Central Theater, when elected aldermen from their respective wards at the same city. Jeppe Delano became an alderman at Niles, Mich., and Louis Epstein represented the second ward in the common council at Chicago. W. W. Rapley was for a long time a councilman at Washington, D. C.

Charles Welch, one of the pioneer vaudeville managers of the west, was for four years an alderman at Detroit, Mich., and James H. Kelly left the sawdust arena for the position of deputy city clerk at the same city, which he held for many years. Patrick Conly was an alderman at St. Paul, Minn., and James Fleming left the box office to become a harbor master at New York, where he remained for many years. Joseph H. Tooker was the mayor's marshal, school trustee, and managed a New York theater at the same time. Eugene E. Schmitz, musical

director of the Columbia Theater, San Francisco, Cal., was elected mayor of that city in 1901, and again in 1903, and his administration was marked by much ability. Many of his ideas for the beautifying of the city and improvements in public service were successfully carried out.

Mason Mitchell, a popular leading man, enlisted in the famous regiment of rough riders organized at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, and commanded by President Roosevelt. He was severely wounded at San Juan in the gallant charge up the hill. Mr. Mitchell was honored by an appointment as United States Consul at Zanzibar by his former commander soon after the close of the war. Hugh and Henry P. O'Neill were clever gymnasts and known in the amusement world as the Goldie Brothers. When they retired from the profession they became school teachers, and both were made principals of public schools at New York. To them was entrusted the work of preparing the first ritual in use by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

J. J. McCloskey, both actor and author, on his retirement from professional life, accepted a position in the City Court at New York,



FLORENCE REED.

which he filled for many years. Hubbard Taylor Smith, the song writer, became vice-consul general of the United States at Cairo, Egypt. Mr. Smith is best known as the author of "Listen to My Tale of Woe," and other compositions. One of his songs, "Sweethearts and Wives," is sung on every naval vessel throughout the world at mess on Christmas night.

Duncan B. Harrison, actor and manager, offered his services to his country during the Spanish-American war, and rapidly rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel of volunteers. Ezra Kendall was an officeholder at one time. The following is an entry which stands on the records of the town of Olean, N. Y., in minutes of the village trustees' meeting of July 7, 1876: "Moved and carried that for the sum of one dollar Mr. E. Fremont Kendall be licensed as public crier and bell ringer for the village of Olean."

INCIDENT AND STORY.

Theatrical folks have strange experiences; some are funny and others are far from it. They adapt themselves to circumstances, and as a rule nothing surprises them.

Henry Irving and his company were playing "Faust" at the time of the great blizzard at New York in March, 1888. The house where they played was one of the very few theaters in the city open that night. Next day Mr. Irving was accused, in a good-humored way, by the press of hard-heartedness in compelling the members of his company to go to the theater on such a terrible night. They had never seen a blizzard before, and none of them realized what it was like. Every single member of the company, however, turned up, and they played to one of the most crowded and enthusiastic audiences they had ever acted to in their lives.

The house was packed from floor to ceiling with—dead-heads. Every seat in the house had been sold, but the weather was too bad for those who had paid to care to go out. On the

other hand, many of the theaters being closed and the actors not playing, they went to see Mr. Irving. There was hardly an actor in New York who was not at the performance, which was a unique one under the circumstances.

* * * * *

At McVicker's Theater, Chicago, April 23, 1879, Edwin Booth was playing in "Richard the Second," and had reached the soliloquy in the prison scene of the fifth act, when suddenly a man in the balcony fired a shot at him with a pistol. Mr. Booth, looking up, saw a man leaning over the balcony railing and raising his pistol for a second shot. The shot was fired and then Mr. Booth slowly rose, stepped to the front of the stage and looked inquiringly towards the balcony. He saw the would-be assassin, saw the pistol raised for the third shot, turned around, and deliberately walked back out of sight. In the meantime, his assailant was seized from behind, and was not permitted to pull the trigger for the third time. Much coolness was displayed by Mr. Booth, who in a short time reappeared on the stage and finished the act. The shots were fired by a stage-struck lunatic named Mark Gray. He was promptly arrested and confined. He said he

was a clerk, a resident of St. Louis, Mo., twenty-three years old, had for three years been preparing to kill Mr. Booth, and much regretted his failure. For some time he was confined in the lunatic asylum at Elgin, Ill., but ultimately was released through the intercession of friends. Mr. Booth had one of the bullets set in a gold cartridge, and kept it as a memento, wearing it attached to his watch chain.

* * * * *

During the tour that Kyrle Bellew and Mrs. Potter made around the world they appeared before the smallest audience ever heard of. Not only was it the smallest, but it was the most amusing. The place was Hyderabad, India, and the audience contained two people. One of these was the mizan, the chief native prince of India.

The mizan had an English secretary, and this youth urged the potentate to send a train of elephants and a retinue of servants to meet the actors when they arrived at the railway station. This he did, and they were borne in state to the royal palace at Hyderabad. There they had two days of delightful repose until the mizan should desire their presence to interpret the great English playwright. They appeared be-

fore his lordship, and delivered scenes from the Shakespearean tragedies and comedies. The mizan sat high on his throne of brilliant stones, shaded by a canopy, and every once in a while Mr. Bellew would say to Mrs. Potter under his breath, "What strict attention he does pay. I wonder if he understands it?" To this Mrs. Potter would reply: "He has not moved in twenty minutes." And this was true. It was not until they were leaving the palace that it was found out from the English secretary, who had been the other auditor, that his highness, the mizan, had slept in supreme comfort during the entire recital.

* * * * *

An incident that was not soon forgotten happened at a benefit for the Elks at Denver, Col. The performance was made up of volunteered acts. One of these was the shambles scene from "Virginius," presented by Frederick Warde, and another was a negro act by Johnny Ray, whose turn came just ahead of Mr. Warde's, which was unfortunate for both of them. Ray's act was ended when a big property bug descended from the flies, hooked itself on to his belt at the back—with his assistance, of course—and then lifted him kicking

and gasping, to the upper regions. As he disappeared the curtain fell and he was to have been lowered to the stage. The rope, however, caught in the pulley, and try as hard as they could, the stage hands failed to release him.

There hung Ray dangling in thin air, with that leather belt eating its way into his tender waist places. When they found they could not get him down, up went the curtain and on came Mr. Warde. He knew Ray was up there. He could not forget it. Every moment or two he would look in that direction and slide away from beneath him. He forgot his lines, he forgot the business, and when Ray groaned—that belt hurt him so—he all but bolted from the stage. Finally, however, he managed to seize the knife, and, advancing toward Virginia, was about to inflict the fatal stab when something gave way. It was that belt. Down came Ray, lighting on his feet like a cat, squarely between the Roman father and his child. Mr. Warde dropped the knife and doubled up, and poor Virginia went into hysterics as a mighty roar arose from the crowded house.

* * * * *

Despite all that is occasionally said to the contrary, there are many hotels in thriving cities

in the New England states that are decidedly primitive in their accommodations. There are mornings when water either for the bath or for laving is not to be obtained because the pipes are frozen. William H. Crane thought he reached the limit in one city in New Hampshire. He got to the hotel from the opera house about half-past eleven, and in getting his key asked that some ice water be sent him.

"Can't do it," said the young man, with the red tie, who stood behind the desk.

"Why not?" asked the actor.

"Well, you see," he replied, "there's a troupe in town and we are short of pitchers."

A burly, red-faced fellow, who was warming himself at the stove, was an interested listener and he burst into a loud and hearty laugh as he howled: "Be the troupers rushing the growler?"

* * * * *

There is a favorite story of the theater that used to be told, and well told, by Augustin Daly, and concerned a resident of New Jersey who went to New York to see the sights and determined to attend the performance of "The Forty Thieves." Stepping up to the box office he laid down a five dollar bill and asked for one of the best seats. A punched coupon and three

dollars were handed him. When he asked what the ticket cost and was told two dollars, it was evident he had not calculated higher than half a dollar.

"Two dollars to see 'The Forty Thieves,' eh?" he repeated.

"Yes, sir," replied the treasurer.

"Well, keep your durned seat!" exclaimed the Jerseyman, picking up the three dollars change. "I don't think I care to see the other thirty-nine."

* * * * *

It is related that Mr. Mansfield once sent for a well-known actor to consult about undertaking a part in his proposed revival of "Julius Cæsar." The actor was one of those that appreciate their own importance.

"Good morning," said Mr. Mansfield, with unwonted cheeriness, as the gentleman appeared. "You know I am preparing 'Cæsar.' I have a capital part for you; but before we go into details as to that let me know your salary." As he spoke he turned to his desk to adjust some memoranda.

"Four hundred dollars," replied the actor.

Mr. Mansfield continued his work, with his back turned toward his visitor, but replied

pleasantly: "You will please shut the door when you go out, won't you?"

* * * * *

Away out in Nebraska, one Sunday night, a dramatic company was sidetracked at a somewhat wild little village, judging from the cowboys on horseback who were prancing around the rough railway station.

Cowboys are a quick-witted lot. They soon found out that the company carried a band, and presented a vigorous request for a serenade. The leader demurred on the ground that the music might interfere with the services of a little church, lighted brilliantly, not far from the station. One of the cowboys said that when people out there went to church at night, every member carried his or her own coal-oil lamp; and that custom accounted for the very bright light streaming from the small windows of the church.

"Stranger," said one of the cowboy gang, "will y' play after church is out?"

"Yes," the leader grudgingly replied, "if our train is still here we'll play when church is out."

Quick as a flash the cowboys wheeled on their horses, and at a signal dashed away at

break-neck speed. Soon a great racket was heard over the hill, where the church was situated. Pistols popped as if an old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration had been let loose. Then, in a twinkling, the sound of flying hoofs returned, the cowboys crowded up around the station platform again, and their leader shouted:

"Tune up, and let her go, stranger; church is out!"

* * * * *

A story is told of Richard Harding Davis, who makes no pretense of being a pianist, but who does play the guitar and sing well. Having composed a musical setting to Kipling's "Danny Deever" with that instrument, he picked it out, quite in the secrecy of his home, on the piano. The accompaniment to his voice consisted of a few chords, which from frequent repetitions he fixed in his memory.

One night Mr. Davis was at an evening party of musical people, many of them celebrated composers. As a joke some one asked him to play one of his own compositions. To every one's surprise, he consented, and boldly went to the piano, where he eyed the keys in a puzzled way. Turning to Paderewski, he said:

"I can't find the starting note. I composed my tune on a Steinway, and this is a Weber. Where should the note that is under the W on a Steinway be on a Weber?"

* * * * *

When Ward and Vokes were playing a western town a few years ago, they noticed during rehearsal that the cornet player in the orchestra was very bad; in fact, he was making notes on his instrument that neither one of them had ever heard before, or had any idea could be produced. The comedians stood the discord for a time, and then realized that they must get rid of the offending musician, or the night performance would certainly be ruined. When rehearsal was over, Mr. Ward called the musician aside, and told him that he thought the music was too difficult for him to read, and not to come around that night as he would not be allowed to play. At the night performance the musician showed up with his instrument, but was stopped by Mr. Ward, who said: "Look here, old man, I thought I told you not to come around here to-night. Now you might as well go home as we will not let you play."

The musician looked at Mr. Ward for a minute and then said: "Well, I guess I will

play to-night or you fellows don't play. I want you to understand that I am the mayor of this town, and I won't give you any license."

* * * * *

Joseph Jefferson was playing on one occasion at Minneapolis when a committee waited on him and asked if he would not consent to appear at a benefit to be given the next afternoon in aid of the families of several firemen who had been killed shortly before while in the performance of their duties. Mr. Jefferson consented to appear and deliver a talk on the drama.

The next afternoon found a large gathering of professionals, including a number of vaudeville performers, all feeling honored to participate in an affair of that kind, especially as they were to "play with Jefferson." Many stood in the entrances as Mr. Jefferson began his address on the drama, and were deeply interested in what that distinguished player was saying, when suddenly a frivolous young woman came upon the scene. She was blonde of tress and wore short pink skirts. The song and dance artist was indelibly stamped on her. At the moment Mr. Jefferson, with rare eloquence, was referring to the comedies of

Wycherly and Sheridan and Goldsmith, all were startled to hear, in a loud whisper from somewhere back in the wings, a shrill, girlish voice saying: "Hi, Mame, who's on now?"

The song and dance lady turned her head, and whispered back: "I dunno. Some old guy doin' a monologue."

INDEX.

- Abbey, Henry E., 118, 119, 136, 294, 313.
Abbey, Schoeffel, and Grau, 216.
Abbott, Emma, 167.
Aberle, Jac, 126, 127, 128.
Aberle, Lena, 126, 127, 128.
Adams, Edwin, 103, 132, 133 268.
Adams, Lucille, 177.
Adams, J. P., 150.
Adams, Maude, 21.
Adams, Yank, 268.
Addams, A. A., 350.
Aldrich, Louis, 110.
Aldrich, Thos. Bailey, 79, 319.
Allen, Ethel, 328.
Allen, J. H., 285.
Allen, Johnny, 253, 256.
Altman, Charles A., 310.
Ames, Emil, 113.
Anderson, Mary, 133, 145, 243.
Anglin, Margaret, 121, 122.
Angus, Lottie, 324.
Arbuckle, Maclyn, 222, 223.
Archer, Belle, 173.
Asche, M. G., 49, 52.
Ashton, John L., 112.
Atzerodt, George, 234, 235.

Backus, Charles, 135, 252, 253.
Bailey, James A., 210.
Baker and Farron, 262.
Baker, Thomas Brougham, 351, 352.
Bangs, Frank C., 192, 220, 311.
Banker, Ed, 113.
Banks, Dolly, 174.

Banks, Maj.-Gen. N. P., 299, 347.
Barilli, Ettore, 127.
Barnum, P. T., 108, 150, 270, 299, 313, 353.
Barrett, Lawrence, 76, 77, 105, 117, 118, 133, 140, 187, 215, 216, 301, 313.
Barron, Charles, 122, 135.
Barry, Billy, 112.
Barrymore, Ethel, 130.
Barrymore, Georgia Drew, 131, 167.
Barrymore, Maurice, 131, 338.
Bartlett, Jonas, 251.
Bass, Alden, 105.
Bateman, H. L., 191.
Behman, Louis C., 112, 310, 351.
Belgarde, Adele, 180.
Bellew, Kyrle, 351, 360, 361.
Benedict, Alden, 110.
Bennett, James Gordon, 314.
Benson, Jennie, 34, 262.
Bentley, Rev. Walter E., 146.
Bergman, Carl, 195.
Bernard, Caroline Richings, 172.
Bernard, Sam, 311.
Bernard, W. S., 252, 253.
Bernhardt, Sarah, 139, 169, 220.
Bidwell, David, 304.
Bingham, Amelia, 137, 210.
Birch, William, 135, 252, 253, 313.
Bishop, Charles B., 339.
Bispham, David, 130.

- Bispham, William, 79.
Blocksom, Harry, 312.
Blume, John H., 49, 52.
Bollas, Tom, 267.
Bond, Frederick, 327.
Boniface, Stella, 135.
Boos, Addie, 174.
Booth, Agnes, 135, 138.
Booth, Asia (Mrs. J. S. Clarke), 103.
Booth, Edgar, 79.
Booth, Edwin, 69, 70, 76, 77, 78, 79, 104, 107, 114, 116, 117, 133, 140, 187, 188, 216, 227, 231, 235, 270, 313, 359, 360.
Booth, Mrs. Edwin (Mary Devlin), 79, 166.
Booth, Mrs. Edwin (Mary F. McVicker), 79, 117, 166.
Booth, John Wilkes, 103, 226, 227, 229, 231, 232, 233, 234, 270.
Booth, Joseph, 235.
Booth, Junius Brutus, 103, 226, 333.
Booth, Junius Brutus, Jr., 117, 227, 270.
Bosworth, Harry, 49, 52.
Boucicault, Dion, 135.
Bourlier, Emil, 352.
Bouton, Mabel, 174.
Bowers, Mrs. D. P., 131.
Bowman and Harris, 262.
Bowron, William Lloyd, 48, 50, 52.
Boyd, Belle, 175.
Boyd, James E., 350.
Bradley, Jimmy, 190.
Brady, James W., 53.
Braham, Joe, 190.
Brewer, John H., 53.
Brookes, Mrs. Elizabeth, 250, 252.
Brookes, George, 269.
Brooklyn, May, 177.
Brougham, John, 131, 132, 187, 192, 351, 352.
Brower, Frank, 249.
Brown, Walter, 261.
Brown, William Hallam, 52.
Bruce, Miriam, 138.
Bryant, Dan, 157, 163, 269.
Bryant, Neil, 352.
Bryant, William Cullen, 107, 134.
Bryant, W. T., 113.
Brydges, Castell, 338.
Bryton, Frederick, 104.
Buchanan, McKean, 186.
Budworth, Jim, 260.
Buffalo Bill, 110, 352.
Bulwer, Mr., 71, 72.
Burdette, Robert J., 148.
Burk, Major John E., 267.
Burke, Master Joseph, 179.
Burrongs, Claude, 328, 329.
Burton, William E., 187.
Butler, Etta, 175.
Butler, James J., 349.
Butler, Robert W., 260.
Byron, Oliver Dond, 20.
Cahn, Julius, 349.
Cameron, William C., 310.
Camp, James B., 352.
Campbell, Bartley, 110.
Campbell, John C., 57.
Cannon, Pete, 159.
Canoll, James, 354.
Carleton, Will, 34, 48, 53, 159, 262.
Carmencita, 175.

- Carnecross, J. L., 157.
Carroll, James, 354.
Carter, James, 52.
Carter, Mrs. Leslie, 20.
Carter, William, 52.
Castellan, Mlle., 195.
Castlemary, 216.
Castleton, Kate, 173.
Cathcart, James F., 293.
Cayvan, Georgia, 129.
Chamberlyn, A. H., 108.
Chanfrau, Frank S., 268.
Chappelle, W. J., 105.
Chin Fong, 85.
Christy, E. P., 154, 260.
Christy, George, 260.
Clark, James, 57.
Clark, Nellie, 262.
Clarke, Annie, 121, 122.
Clarke, Corson W., 71.
Clarke, Creston, 138.
Clarke, John S., 246, 268.
Claxton, Kate, 328, 329.
Clay, Anna, 171.
Clements, Frank, 340.
Clements, M. J., 328.
Cleveland, President, 353.
Cleves, Miss L., 328.
Clifford, Edwin, 105.
Clifton, Ada, 285.
Cline, Emma, 195.
Cobb, King, 351.
Coghlan, Charles, 135.
Coghlan, Rose, 135, 141.
Cohan, George M., 309.
Coleman, Edward, 115.
Collins, Charles E., 264.
Collyer, Sam, 267.
Cone, Spencer, 149.
Conly, Patrick, 355.
Conn, C. G., 348, 349.
Conner, Edmon S., 73.
Conrad, Robert Taylor, 350.
Conquest, Ida, 21.
Conway, Mrs. F. B., 180.
Conway and Kerrigan, 263.
Cooke, DeWitt, 262.
Cooke, George Frederick, 104.
Corbett, Sergeant Boston, 233.
Core, Signor Bueno, 264.
Cotton, Ben, 163.
Cotton, Ben., Jr., 113.
Couldock, Charles W., 115.
Courtwright, Billy, 264.
Crabtree, Lotta (Lotta), 117, 146.
Crampton, Charlotte, 243, 301.
Crane, William H., 16, 139, 247, 363.
Creese, Lizzie, 167.
Crisp, Charles H., 349.
Crosman, Henrietta, 210.
Crossley and Elder, 268.
Currie, James, 338.
Curtis, M. B., 314.
Cushman, Charlotte, 65, 117, 134, 135, 145, 166, 180, 269, 297.
Cushman, Pauline, 299, 300.
Dalton, George, 328.
Daly, Augustin, 22, 25, 29, 140, 152, 153, 193, 241, 245, 269, 315, 337, 363.
Daly, Charles P., 79.
Daly, Chief Justice, 106.
Daly, H. F., 328.
Daly, Judge Joseph F., 78.
Daly, Thomas A., 338.
Damrosch, Dr. Leopold, 107.
Damrosch, Walter, 130.
Davenport, E. L., 166, 186, 187, 192, 193, 293.
Davenport, Edgar L., 309.

- Davenport, Fanny, 166, 241, 242, 269.
 Davey, Thomas W., 18, 105, 302.
 Davidge, William, 285, 339.
 Davis, Charles L., 110.
 Davis, Fay, 130.
 Davis, Jessie Bartlett, 140, 152.
 Davis, Rev. Edward, 149.
 Davis, Richard Harding, 366.
 Dawson, Rev. W. J., 148, 149.
 Deemer, Justice, 182.
 Delano, Jeppe, 366.
 Delehanty and Hengler, 164, 253, 254.
 Denvil, Rachael, 171.
 DeReszke, Jean, 216.
 DeTry, Mlle., 196.
 DeVivo, Diego, 115.
 Devlin, Mary (Mrs. Edwin Booth), 79, 166.
 Diamond, Charley, 266.
 Dickinson, Anna, 180.
 Dickson, Charles, 14.
 Dillea, Herbert, 321, 322.
 Dixey, Henry E., 311.
 Dodson, J. E., 138.
 Doehne, Henry, 364.
 Don, Laura, 294.
 Donnelly, Thomas, 53.
 Donniker, John B., 113.
 Dougherty, Hugh, 52, 157.
 Dowling, Joseph J., 312.
 Downing, D. L., 194, 195.
 Drew, John, 16, 131, 309.
 Drew, Mrs. John, 20, 167, 239, 240, 242.
 Dryden, Harry, 113.
 Dunbar, E. C., 263.
 Dyas, Ada, 135.
 Dyllyn, J. Bernard, 140, 312.
 Eddy, Edward, 52, 104, 186, 337.
 Edeson, George R., 14, 158.
 Edeson, Robert, 14, 15.
 Edouin, Willie, 311.
 Edwards, Henry, 141.
 Eldridge, Lillie, 70.
 Elliott, Maxine, 19, 152, 317.
 Ellsler, John, 105.
 Ellsworth, Colonel, 290.
 El Nino, Eddie, 264.
 Emerick, George H., 110.
 Emerson, Billy, 112, 164, 256, 257, 258, 259.
 Emmett, Dan, 249, 250.
 Emmett, J. K., 21, 110, 161, 313.
 Emmett, William (Billy), 112, 267.
 English, Will E., 349.
 Enright, John J., 353.
 Epstein, Louis, 355.
 Ethel, Agnes, 167, 193.
 Evans, Lizzie, 20.
 Evans, Thomas, 105.
 Eytinge, Harry, 104.
 Fairbanks, Avonia, 184.
 Fales, Bingley, 353.
 Farren, Mrs. 328, 329.
 Farrettee, Signorita, 195.
 Fatma, Sing Hpoo, 176.
 Faversham, William, 129.
 Fechter, Charles, 34, 105, 106, 131, 186, 187, 188.
 Fenton, Mabel, 140, 212.
 Field, Al. G., 310.
 Fielding, John and Maggie, 262.
 Fielding, May, 152.
 Fish, Provost Marshal, 301.
 Fisher, Charles, 106, 269.

- Fisk, Colonel James, Jr., 191,
192, 193, 194 195, 196, 197,
198, 200.
Fiske, Mrs. (Minnie Maddern),
18, 145.
Fitch, Clyde, 138.
Flagg, Chaplain, 201.
Fleming, James, 355.
Florence, Mr. and Mrs. W. J.,
198, 216.
Florence, William J., 108, 141,
242, 313.
Flynn, Joe, 312.
Ford, John T., 350.
Forepaugh, Adam, 108.
Forrest, Edwin, 12, 13, 70, 71,
72, 73, 76, 108, 120, 186,
268, 286, 287, 289, 290, 291,
333, 350.
Forrest, Mrs. Edwin, 170, 291.
Fosberg, Harold, 324.
Foster, Stephen C., 106, 154,
155.
Four Prophets, 267.
Fox, Charles K., 109.
Fox, George L., 70, 109, 188,
240, 301.
Foy, Eddie, 320.
France, Sid C., 257.
Frayne, Frank, 343.
French, Helena (Mrs. W. F.
Hoey), 176.
French, Minnie (Mrs. Charles
E. Evans), 176.
Frohman, Charles, 121, 122.
Frohman, Daniel, 153, 310, 317.
Fulton, Carrie, 174.
Furness, Horace Howard, 79.
Gallagher and Barrett, 140.
Gallagher, William J., 355.
Garwood, Charles A., 106.
Gaylor, Bobby, 312.
Gaynor, Thomas G., 52.
Giesman, Mrs., 48.
Gilbert, John, 105, 131, 135,
140.
Gilbert, Mrs. G. H., 132.
Gilbert, William, 113.
Gilday, Charles, 113.
Gillette, William, 17, 225.
Gilmore, P. S., 338.
Girard, Kate, 328.
Glenn, James, 50, 52.
Glidden, Charles, 350.
Godwin, Parke, 79.
Golden, Grace, 173.
Goldie, Claude, 52.
Goodwin, Nat C., 16, 137, 317.
Golz, Irma, 344.
Gough, John B., 151.
Gould, Jay, 192.
Granger, Maude, 135.
Grant, Gen. U. S., 228, 230,
234.
Granville, Gertie, 171.
Gray, Ada, 177.
Gray, Mark, 359.
Green, George J., 52.
Green, George W., 53.
Greene, Rev. Dr., 151.
Griffin, William G., 52.
Grover, Leonard, 247.
Gurr, Harry, 262.
Guy, George, 53, 112.
Hackett, James H., 116, 147.
Hackett, James K., 17, 129.
Hall, A. Oakey, 195, 352.
Hall, Albert, 52, 56.
Hall, William T. ("Biff"), 110,
139, 140, 354.
Hallam, Lewis, 179.

- Hallen, Frederick, 309.
 Hammerstein, Oscar, 310.
 Ham-Town Students, 267.
 Hanford, Charles, 141.
 Hanley, Lawrence, 141.
 Hanlon Brothers, 264.
 Hardy, Madeline, 174, 303, 304.
 Harkins, Daniel H., 109, 214, 296.
 Harold, David E., 231, 232, 234, 235.
 Harrigan, Edward, 136, 137, 138, 163, 267, 310, 313.
 Harris, Henry B., 309.
 Harris, Miss, 228.
 Harris, Mrs. William, 173.
 Harris, William, 121, 310.
 Harrison, Alice, 257, 264.
 Harrison, Duncan B., 357.
 Harrison, Maude, 328.
 Harrison, W. B., 263.
 Hart, Katie, 174.
 Hart, Tony, 112, 136, 137, 163, 176.
 Harte, Bret, 110.
 Haslam, Maud, 177.
 Hassett, Kate, 174.
 Hastings, Alice, 173.
 Haverly, J. H., 112, 313.
 Hawk, Harry, 302.
 Hawkins, Lew, 140.
 Haworth, Joseph, 138, 242, 243, 325.
 Hayes, Catbarine, 289.
 Hayle, Lon, 354.
 Hayman, Al., 318, 319.
 Haynes, Minna Gale, 138.
 Henderson, William, 313.
 Hengler, John M., 187.
 Henry, Hi, 98.
 Henriot, Mlle., 169.
 Herford, Beatrice, 130.
 Herne, James A., 12, 150, 238, 239.
 Heron, Bijou, 269.
 Heron, Matilda, 132, 269.
 Herrmann, Alexander, 236.
 Hibbert, Louise, 293.
 Hicks, Charles C., 186.
 Hill, Etta Edmunds, 174.
 Hillard, Robert C., 311.
 Hilton, Prof., 264.
 Hindle, Annie, 267.
 Hines, Wm. E., 312.
 Hoey, William F. ("Old Hoss"), 108, 217.
 Hoffman, Frederick, 53.
 Hoffman, Gov. John T., 195.
 Holland, George, 25, 26, 29, 30.
 Holland, Mrs., 31.
 Holmes, Billy, 158.
 Holtum, Herr, 262.
 Home, Rev. John, 148.
 Hooley and Campbell, 248, 261.
 Houghton, Rev. George C., 32, 317.
 Houghton, Rev. Dr. George H., 23, 27, 32, 33, 78.
 Howard, Bronson, 138, 216, 247.
 Howard, Carrie, 177.
 Howson, John, 339.
 Hoyt, Caroline Miskel, 176.
 Hoyt, Charles H., 109, 352.
 Hoyt, Flora Walsh, 176.
 Hudson, Leo, 340.
 Hughes, Archie, 52, 223, 224, 266.
 Hunter, Grace, 173.
 Hyde, Richard, 310.

- Irish, Annie, 138.
Irving, Henry, 22, 65, 358.
Irving, Isabel, 21, 22.
Irvini, Will, 113.
Irwin, Flora, 20.
Irwin, May, 20.
- Jack, John, 132.
Jack, Sam T., 113.
Jackson, Stonewall, 175.
James, Louis, 16, 210, 269.
Jamieson, George W., 71, 106, 333.
Janaushek, Mme., 210, 211.
Jarrett and Palmer, 117, 134, 292.
Jefferson, Joseph, 25, 26, 79, 133, 134, 141, 242, 284, 313, 317, 368.
Jennings, John, 113.
Jepson, Eugene O., 311.
Jerome, Ella, 174.
Johnson, President Andrew, 234, 235.
Johnson, Eastman, 79.
Johnston, Robert, 293.
Jones, Rev. C. H., 148.
Jones, George (Count Joannes), 109, 184, 185.
Jordan, George, 339.
Jose, Richard J., 312.
- Kean, Charles, 104, 215, 334.
Kean, Edmund, 104, 215, 284.
Keene, Laura, 132, 168, 230, 352.
Keene, Thomas W., 74.
Kehoe, Sim, 261.
Kelcey, Herbert, 141.
Kellogg, Gertrude, 141.
Kelly and Leon, 248, 253, 254.
Kelly and Violette, 140.
Kelly, Edwin, 253, 254.
Kelly, Rev. Francis H., 147.
Kelly, James H., 112, 355.
Kelly, J. W., 112, 162.
Kendall, Ezra, 15, 357.
Kent, John T., 49, 52.
Keough, William T., 310.
Kernell, Harry, 112, 217, 296.
Kernell, John, 112.
Kidder, Kathryn, 21.
Kimball, Moses, 122.
King Sarbro, 268.
Kiralfy Troupe, 34.
Knight, George S., 103, 135, 216, 217.
Knight, Joseph, 57.
Knowles, Edwin F., 110, 239.
Koehler, Charles, 141.
Kynock and Smith, 34.
- Lacy, Harry, 311.
Lamb, E., 328.
Lancaster, A. E., 31.
Lander, Col. Frederick W., 297.
Lander, Jean Davenport, 297.
Landis, Dr., 183.
Lane, John A., 141, 353.
Langhorn, Frank, 49, 53.
Langtry, Mrs., 129.
Lawrence, Bishop, 145.
Lebrun, Addie, 262.
Lee, Henry, 311.
Leffingwell, M. W., 302.
Leggett and Allen, 262.
LeMoyne, W. J., 301.
Leon, Francis, 254.
Leonard, Joseph, 52.
Leslie, Harry, 268.
Lester and Allen, 265.
Lester, Billy, 112.

- Levi, Maurice, 16.
 Levick, Milnes, 104, 141, 269.
 Levy, Jules, 194, 195, 263.
 Lewis, James, 78, 110, 269.
 Lewis, Tom, 255.
 Lincoln, President, 199, 227, 350.
 Lincoln, Mrs., 228.
 Lind, Jennie, 123, 166, 288, 289.
 Lingard, Alice Dunning, 168.
 Lingard, James W., 52, 56, 353.
 Lingard, William Horace, 267.
 Ling Look, 268.
 Linton, Harry, 311.
 Little Mac, 113, 257.
 Loftus, Cissy, 22.
 Lothian, Napier, Jr., 79, 108.
 Lothrop, G. E., 310.
 Lotta, 117, 146.
 Louise, Mlle., 262.
 Love, James H., 104.

 McAllister, Paul, 326.
 McAndrews, J. W., 113, 264, 265.
 McAuley, Daniel, 347.
 McBride, Alexander, 355.
 McCaull, Col. John A., 103.
 McClellan, Gen. George B., 303.
 McCloskey, J. J., 356.
 McColgan, James, 355.
 McCullough, John, 76, 76, 133, 134, 218, 227, 243.
 McDonald, George F., 48, 50, 52, 56.
 McDonald, James, 262.
 McDonald, Polly, 345.
 McDonald, Sadie, 176.

 McDowell, John G., 312.
 McIntyre and Heath, 255.
 McManus, Charles A., 339.
 McVicker, John, 354.
 McVicker, Mary F. (Mrs. Edwin Booth), 79, 117, 166.
 Macauley, Barney, 20.
 MacDonough, Thomas B., 303.
 MacRae, Bruce, 130.
 Macready, William C., 71, 72, 284, 286, 287, 290, 291.
 Maddern, Lizzie, 18.
 Maddern, Minnie (Mrs. Fiske), 18.
 Maeder, Fred, 303.
 Mafin, A. W., 268.
 Mainhall, Harry, 105.
 Mallory, Marshall H., 313.
 Mallory, Rev. Dr., 147.
 Mannering, Mary, 129.
 Manning, Billy, 113, 256, 257, 258, 259.
 Mansfield, Richard, 364.
 Mantell, Robert, 17.
 Maretzek, Mr., 192.
 Marlowe, Ethel, 344.
 Marlowe, Julia, 18, 19, 130, 243.
 Marlowe, Owen, 344.
 Marlowe, Virginia, 344.
 Martin, Frank, 105.
 Martin, Robert S., 53.
 Martinetti, Louis, 113.
 Mason, Charles A., 312.
 Mason, Henry, 57.
 Mather, Margaret, 171, 172, 243, 244.
 Mathews, John, 328.
 Maxwell, George H., 257.
 May, Jessie, 171.
 Mayo, Edwin F., 103, 340.

- Mayo, Ella, 176.
Mayo, Frank, 12, 21, 103, 140,
192, 237, 238, 268.
Menken, Ada Isaacs, 169, 170.
300.
Mestayer, William A., 108.
Miaco, Tom, 113.
Milbank, George, 108.
Miles, Colonel, 18.
Miles, Young, 263.
Miller, Henry, 138.
Mills, Harry, 312.
Miln, Rev. George C., 146.
Miner, Henry C., 108, 296,
313, 349.
Mitchell, Maggie, 145, 269.
Mitchell, Mason, 356.
Modjeska, Helena, 119, 141,
340.
Moc, Alfred, 264.
Moliere, 339.
Monier, Virginia, 71.
Monroe, George W., 311.
Montague-West, Alice, 173.
Montague, Henry J., 335, 336.
Montague, Winnetta, 334.
Montez, Lola, 171.
Montgomery, H. W., 328.
Montgomery, Walter, 334.
Moore, Carrie, 264.
Moore, Tom, 165.
Mora, Helen, 174.
Moran, Frank, 114, 253.
Morant, Fanny, 285, 328.
Mordaunt, Frank, 141.
Morlacchi, Mlle., 111.
Morris, Clara, 137, 138, 148,
193, 243.
Morris, Felix, 110.
Morris, Phyllis, 177.
Morrison, Louis, 311.
Morrissey and Emerson, 34.
Morse, Salmi, 118, 119.
Morton, Sam, 312.
Moseley, Frederick, 312.
Mould, J. Wray, 107.
Mudd, Dr. Samuel A., 231, 234,
235.
Mulligan, John, 52, 56, 57.
Murdoch, Daisy, 177.
Murdoch, H. S., 103, 328, 329,
330.
Murdoch, James E., 104, 186,
297, 298, 350.
Murphy, Joseph, 157.
Murphy, Mark, 312.
Murray, Elizabeth, 140.
Nast, Thomas, 353.
Neilson, Adelaide, 168.
Neilson, Alice, 162.
Nevers, Louis, 52.
Newcomb, Bobby, 114, 163,
265.
Newcomb, Billy, 265.
Neyer, Ernest, 53.
Nicholai, George H., 310.
Nickle, Prof. Robert, 262.
Nixon, Samuel S., 148.
Norcross, Joseph, 53.
Norton, Danger, 113.
Norton, John W., 110.
Norton, Nick, 267.
Nye, Bill, 106, 352.
Oberist, John F., 52.
O'Connor, James Owen, 185.
O'Laughlin, Michael, 234, 235.
Olympia Quartet, 267.
O'Neill, Henry P., 53, 356.
O'Neill, Hugh, 52, 356.
O'Neill, James, 13, 118, 317.

- Opp, Julie, 130.
O'Reardon, Matt., 160, 263.
Ott, Joseph, 108.
Owens, John E., 103, 268, 302.
- Paderewski, 366.
Page, H. C., 196, 334.
Palmer, A. M., 17, 79, 140, 310, 313, 315.
Parker, Rev. Dr., 332.
Parsloe, Charles T., 115.
Pastor, Antonio (Tony), 53, 158, 159, 186, 189, 261, 263.
Pastor, Billy, 158.
Pastor, Fernando (Dody), 53, 113.
Patterson, Thomas M., 350.
Patti, Adelina, 127.
Patti, Carlo, 302.
Paull, William, 108.
Pawnee Bill, 353.
Payne, John Howard, 107, 179, 353.
Payne, Louis, 234, 235.
Peakes, James G., 328.
Peck, George W., 348.
Pelham, Dick, 250.
Perry, Harry, 285.
Philip, Adolph, 127.
Phillips, H. B., 115, 328.
Phillips, Rev. Forbes, 147.
Pike, Samuel N., 124, 125, 191.
Pitt, Harry M., 79, 115.
Pixley, Annie, 167.
Platt, E. M., 49, 52.
Plympton, Eben, 141, 311.
Poe, Edgar Allan, 107.
Pomeroy, Louise, 180.
Pope, Charles, 363.
Poole, John F., 53, 313.
Porter, Benjamin, 338.
Porter, Naomi, 262.
Potter, Bishop, 78.
Potter, Mrs., 360, 361.
Power, Wm. H., 111.
Power, Wm. H., Jr., 111.
Pratt, W. W., 149.
Prince Sadi d'Jalma, 34.
Prior, J. J., 339.
Prior, Mrs. J. J., 269.
Prior, Walter, 196, 334.
Putnam, Boyd, 138.
- Queen, Frank, 108, 152.
Queen, John, 53.
- Rachael, 168, 236, 237.
Rafter, Adele, 152.
Ramza, Frank, 114.
Randall, Peter, 312.
Rapley, W. W., 355.
Rapp, Henry, 52.
Rathbone, Major, 228, 229.
Ravel, Marietta, 264.
Ray, Johnny, 361, 362.
Reed, Charlie, 113.
Reed, Dave, 163.
Reed, Florence, 325.
Reed, Jennie, 344.
Reed, Roland, 108.
Rehan, Ada, 20.
Reignolds, Kate, 122.
Remenyi, Edouard, 115, 335.
Rhea, Mlle., 340.
Rice, Billy, 112.
Rice, Dan, 150, 299, 349.
Rice, John, 113.
Rice, John B., 349.
Rice, T. D., 249.
Rich, Isaac B., 121.
Richings, Peter, 303, 334.

- Riggs, T. Grattan, 48, 50, 52, 56, 110.
Rigl Sisters 34.
Ring, Blanche, 138.
Ritchie, Adele, 138.
Robinson, John, 85.
Robson, Stuart, 12, 110, 185, 246.
Rockafellar, George, 52.
Rogers, Benjamin G., 115.
Rooney, Pat, 112, 159, 336.
Roosevelt, President, 356.
Rosa, Patti, 174.
Rosecrans, General, 299.
Roselle, Master Percy, 132.
Ross, Charles J., 140, 212, 213, 309.
Rousseau, General, 298.
Russell, Lillian, 152.
Russell, Sol Smith, 12, 103, 244, 245, 246.
Ryan, Sam J., 266.
Ryman, Add, 189, 190.

Salsbury, Nate, 296.
Salvini, Alexander, 21.
Sanderson, Sibyl, 169.
Sanford, Jim, 113.
Sargent, H. J., 34.
Savan, Charles, 312.
Scanlan, Sadie, 171.
Scanlan, William J., 108, 160, 219, 220.
Schmitz, Eugene E., 355.
Schoolcraft, Luke, 302.
Schroeder, Mayor, 332.
Seaman, Julia, 180.
Searle, Cyril, 311.
Searle, Louise, 177.
Seward, Secretary, 230.
Seymour, Mrs. L. E., 328.
Seymour, Nelse, 56, 113, 189.
Seymour, William, 122.
Shannon, John, 63.
Sharpe, Louis, 303.
Sharpe, Tom, 254.
Sharpley, Sam, 264.
Shattuck, Charles F., 52.
Shattuck, Otis, 309.
Shea, Rev. L. W., 148.
Shean, Rev. William B., 150.
Shelby, Dan, 338.
Sheppard, William, 48, 50, 52.
Sheridan and Mack, 266.
Sheridan, General, 304.
Sheridan, William E., 110, 196.
Sherlock, E. T., 302.
Shinn, Rev. Dr. George W., 145.
Scott-Siddons, Mary, 167.
Sidman, Arthur, 109.
Sidney, George, 311.
Sinn, Col. William E., 14, 1b, 245, 313, 342.
Sinn, Walter L., 103.
Skinner, Otis, 17, 311.
Slavin, Bob, 113.
Smaun, 176.
Smith and Waldron, 266.
Smith, Dexter, 121.
Smith, Helene, 262.
Smith, Hubbard Taylor, 357.
Smith, Mark, 104, 187, 302, 336.
Smith, William H., 62.
Sothorn, Edward A., 104, 110.
Sothorn, Edward H., 17, 130, 322.
Sousa, John Philip, 325.
Spangler, Edward, 234, 235.
Speaight, James G., 337.
Spears, Robert, 52.

- Stair, E. D., 310.
 Stanwood, Harry, 52.
 Stark, James, 186.
 Stebbins, Henry G., 107.
 Steirly, Richard, 49, 53.
 Stephens, Hal., 311.
 Sterger, Rev. A. F., 147, 148.
 Stevens, Emma Maddern, 174.
 Stevenson, Charles A., 135.
 Stewart, Colonel, 229.
 Stewart, Grant, 130.
 St. Felix, Leonora, 174.
 Stoddart, James H., 347.
 Stowe, Emily, 171.
 Stromberg, John, 109.
 Struthers, R., 328.
 Studley, J. B., 328, 330.
 Sullivan, Barry, 186, 284, 285, 286, 292, 293, 294, 295.
 Sullivan, Mark, 309.
 Sullivan, Timothy D., 349.
 Surratt, Mary E., 234, 235.
 Sutherland, Rev. James M. (Bob Hart), 151.
 Sweet, E. B., 351.
 Sykes, Jerome, 109.
 Tabor, H. A. W., 341.
 Tanner, Cora, 14.
 Tayleure, Clifton W., 192.
 Taylor, Robert, 348.
 Texas, Jack (J. B. Omohundro), 110, 111.
 Thoman, Jacob W., 109.
 Thomas, Augustus, 138.
 Thomas, Theodore, 15.
 Thompson, Fanchon, 152.
 Thompson, George W., 50, 52, 56, 104.
 Thompson, Johnny, 125, 127, 128, 263.
 Thompson, Lysander, 115, 328.
 Thompson, Walter L., 354.
 Thorne, Charles R., Jr., 241, 328.
 Tooker, Joseph H., 355.
 Tostee, Mlle., 193.
 Tournour, Millie, 262.
 Tuck, Samuel, 310.
 Turner, Allie, 253.
 Underhill, Rev. Dr. A. F., 138, 148.
 Van, Billy B., 312.
 Vance, Elmer E., 310.
 Vanderfelt, E. H., 141.
 Vandenhoff, George, 132.
 Vandemark, Henry, 48, 50, 52.
 Vanness, John W., 52.
 Van Studdiford, Grace, 152.
 Varian, Nina, 167.
 Verne, Emma, 170.
 Vernon, Ida., 328.
 Vincent, Mrs. J. R., 121, 122, 136.
 Vincent, Warden, 85.
 Vivian, Charles A., 34, 48, 51, 113, 159.
 Vogel, John W., 310.
 Vokes, Harry, 312, 357.
 Vokes, Rosina, 22.
 VonBehren, Annie, 343.
 VonBoyle, Ackland, 147.
 VonRokoy, Irma, 174.
 Waldron, Martha, 138.
 Wallack, J. W., Jr., 71, 269, 333.
 Wallack, Lester, 25, 108, 135, 140, 313, 315, 323.
 Walsh, Blanche, 19, 324, 325.

- Waltz, Fred, 157.
Wambold, Dave, 113, 158, 252, 253.
Wannemacher, Henry, 111.
Ward, Artemus, 106.
Ward, Happy, 312, 367.
Ward, J. Q. A., 106.
Ward, J. W., 34.
Warde, Frederick, 150, 151, 293, 310.
Warfield, David, 13.
Warner, A. R., 310.
Warren, William, 104, 121, 122, 133, 134.
Watkins, Harry, 115.
Weeks, Charles, 149.
Weiss, Rev. John, 149.
Welch, Charles, 355.
Wells, Heber, 347, 348.
Werner, Mrs., 21.
West, J. Royer, 312.
West, William H., 112.
Western, Helen, 166.
Western, Lucille, 166, 269, 342, 343.
Whallen, John, 354.
Wheeler, Bernice, 167.
Wheeler, James, 114.
Wheelock, Joseph, 141, 294, 311.
White, Charles O., 109.
White, Cool, 53.
White, Cotton and Sharpley, 248.
White, Porter J., 309.
Whitlock, Billy, 249, 250.
Wild, John, 111, 267.
Willard, E. S., 19.
Williams, Gus, 34, 161.
Williams, Johnny, 267.
Williams, Mortimer, 263.
Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Barney, 268.
Williams, Odell, 110.
Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. J. C., 135.
Willis, Oscar, 34.
Wills, Nat M., 311.
Wilson, George W., 79, 122.
Wilson, Tommy, 85.
Wilton, Ellie, 171.
Wilton, John G., 49, 52.
Winner, Septimus, 303.
Wirz, Captain, 235.
Witmark, A. S., 138.
Wolfe, Dorothy, 171.
Wood, Charles Winter, 181.
Wood, Henry, 260.
Wyndham, Charles, 298.
Yeamans, Mrs. Annie, 138.
Yeamans, Jennie, 70.
Young, Charles W., 312.
Young, Eliza, 177.
Zebold, George, 114.

